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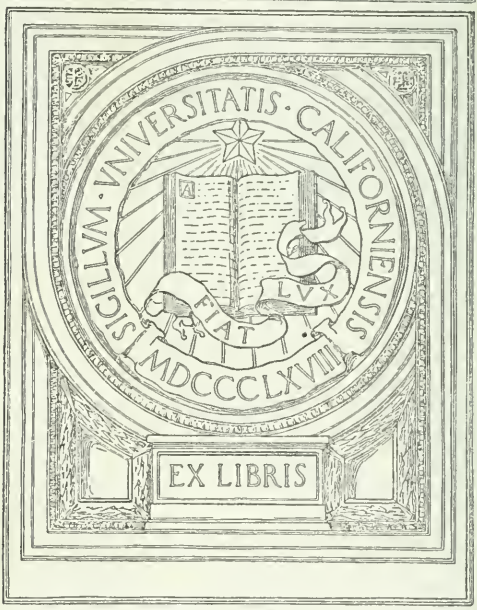

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THE WISDOM OF SIR WALTER

AGENTS

AMERICA . . THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
64 & 66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CANADA . . THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
27 RICHMOND STREET, TORONTO

INDIA . . . MACMILLAN & COMPANY, LTD.
MACMILLAN BUILDING, BOMBAY
309 BOW BAZAAR STREET, CALCUTTA

THE WISDOM OF SIR WALTER

CRITICISMS AND OPINIONS COLLECTED FROM THE WAVERLEY NOVELS AND LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

COMPILED BY
OWEN REDFERN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE REV. JOHN WATSON, D.D.
(IAN MACLAREN)

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1907

Published April, 1907.

PR
5303
R24

ch 8/6/42

PREFATORY NOTE

THE indulgence of the reader is asked for any imperfections which may be found in the compilation of these critiscisms, and opinions; if, however, the publication of this volume should be the means of increasing the already large number of readers of the novels and life of Sir Walter Scott, then the humble efforts of the compiler will be more than rewarded for what to him has been a work of pleasure and enjoyment.

The references are from the sixpenny edition of the Waverley Novels, and from Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' (ten volume edition), by kind permission of the publishers Messrs. A. and C. Black.

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INTRODUCTION

English literature does not afford another body of fiction so wide in its historical range, so varied in its types of character, so genial in its humanity, as the series of romances which will be known while our speech lasts by the felicitous title of the Waverley Novels—felicitous not merely because it is a good sounding word, but because in 'Waverley' Scott struck his characteristic note. It was the distinction of Scott more than any other writer to originate the 'Renaissance of Wonder' in the nineteenth century, and his novels must be judged, not by the standard of historical science, but of sympathetic imagination. It is perfectly true that he places Shakespeare's plays in the mouths of men when, as someone pleasantly remarks, Shakespeare was hardly old enough to rob an orchard; and, on the other hand, he will make Shakespeare die twenty years before his time. When Dr. Dryasdust starts to examine Scott's romances with a microscope, he will find a thousand inaccuracies in detail, and also some intrepid handling of the larger facts, and therefore the junior student of history intent on dates and such-like had better close his Scott and give diligent ear to Creighton and Gardiner in English history, and Hume Brown, Hay Fleming,

and Raitt in Scots history. But if one desires to be introduced to the men and women who made the history, and to see them live and move, not pictures on a wall, but actors on a stage, till he catches the glint of the eye and the flush of the face, till the tears come at the real tragedy, and he laughs aloud at the pleasant comedy, then let him turn to this theatre where the players are ever at their best, because they are simply human, and the play never wearies, because it deals with the perennial drama of humanity. Whatever may be the value of Scott's facts from the standpoint of the historical expert, nothing human was strange to him; everything human lived in his pages, and therefore every one will be richer when he has gathered the wisdom of Sir Walter.

At the wave of his magical wand knights rise before us in their steel armour; loyal, stupid, blundering cavaliers drink 'a health to King Charles'; grim fighting Covenanters sing their Psalms as they face Claverhouse's Dragoons; kind-hearted, absent-minded, doddering antiquaries discourse on their discoveries, real or imaginary; hard-bitten Scots soldiers of fortune like Dugald Dalgetty, and broken, thieving Caterans like Rob Roy, make their hands keep their heads. No one has ever given such a vivid likeness of King James VI., our Scots Solomon, with his awkward body, his foolish mouth, his undoubted learning, his timid nature, his kind heart, his mean ways, and his amazing self-conceit; and every student of morals must be grateful for the masterly study of Louis XI., so orthodox, superstitious, treacherous, cruel, able, a man of rat-like cunning set among the honourable gentlemen of

his court. Mr. Maurice Hewlett has delighted us recently with an artistic portrait of Queen Mary of Scots, but there is not in the 'Queen's Quhair' any passage so convincing as that when Mary in Loch Leven Castle is reminded by tactless Lady Fleming of a certain masque in Holyrood, and her heart breaks forth; and while many a modern novelist has tried his hand upon King Charles II., it is in 'Peveril of the Peak' we get our most vivacious picture of the charming manner, imperturbable good nature, political astuteness, unrecognised cleverness, and unblushing immorality of the merry monarch. Scott is, indeed, in the first line of creative mind, for he has 'definitely succeeded in the ideal reproduction of historical types, so as to preserve at once beauty, life, and truth,' a task which a sound critic declares 'not even Shakespeare himself entirely achieved.'

In this large and wealthy place, the world of men, Shakespeare and Scott roamed at their will, but Scotland was that province where Sir Walter was most familiar, and where his hand was firmest. 'There is,' says Rochefoucauld, 'a country accent, not in speech only, but in thought, which never forsakes the man,' and what Sir Walter did not know about Scotland, with one or two notable exceptions, is not knowledge. He had gone through the length and breadth of the land, and had met, after a friendly fashion, with all conditions. Pawky Scots provosts, like him of Dumfries, who was a 'plain-spoken man,' and kept right with both sides, advising Fairford to 'keek' into his letter of introduction before he delivered it, and hurrying off to

the council lest Bailie Lauries should be trying 'some of his manœuvres'; border sheep-farmers, like big Dandie Dinmond, ready for a fight with a neighbour, either at a fair or in the law-courts; Highland chiefs like MacIvor, poor and proud, but loyal to their cause; country gossips, like the masterful hostess of the Cleikum Inn; pragmatical servants full of argument and advice, like Richie Monoplies and Andrew Fairservice; theological peasants, unwearied in controversy and matchless in distinctions, like David Deans; judges, advocates, country lawyers, schoolmasters, ministers, beggars, fisherfolk, gipsies, Highland clansmen, country lairds, great nobles—he knew them all, not from the skin inwards, but from the heart outwards. Stevenson caught the romantic colour of Scots life, and could describe it with a distinction of style to which Sir Walter has no claim, and in his 'Weir of Hermiston' Stevenson has given a powerful Scots type of the morose order, but he was not in touch with ordinary life. With Stevenson the people are apt to be picturesque figures whom he has lighted upon and brought into his study, as artists catch a model in the street and use him for their work. With Scott the people are gossips, men and women whom he has known upon the Tweed and in the Borderland. He does not thrust perfectly turned phrases into their mouths; but he lets them talk, and is pleased because they say the things which interest him, and especially those things which are sensible and true.

There are books which catch the ear of the people and pass away, having served their purpose; there are

books which remain, and they are the classics. 'The last discovery of modern culture,' a competent writer says, 'is that Scott's prose is commonplace. The young men at our Universities are too critical to care for his artless sentences and flowing descriptions. As boys like lollipops, so these juvenile fops love to roll phrases under the tongue, as if phrases in themselves had any value apart from thought, feeling, great conceptions, or human sympathy.' One is afraid that the present generation is not reading Scott, and is reminded of Ruskin's saying about wondering, not how much people suffer, but how much they lose. It may be that Scott has indulged too much in introductions, and has dared to add notes which are full of instruction; that he has not the trick of sensational plot, and did not anticipate the problem novel. We may grant that his style was not 'precious,' and that he could afford, if he chose, to be ungrammatical. His was the easy undress of someone whose position is assured, and who is indifferent to little conventionalities. He had two gifts which secure him for ever in his place—he could tell a story, and he knew life. With 'Old Mortality,' 'The Antiquary,' and 'The Heart of Midlothian,' together with his Shakespeare, a man might be content. After Shakespeare, he is the chief creative genius of our English literature, and, with Burns, he is the glory of Scots letters.

It is the happy idea of the book to which I have the honour of writing this brief introduction to take the Waverley Novels and Lockhart's 'Life,' one of the half-dozen biographies of literature, and to cream their wisdom. So far as the writer knows, it has not been

done before in this fashion, and it was high time that it should be done. When one considers the quotation books made from authors of limited or fantastic outlook, he is amazed that Scott's criticism of life has not been more frequently and conveniently placed in the hands of readers. This want has been admirably supplied in 'The Wisdom of Sir Walter,' with care and judgment, with a knowledge both of what Sir Walter wrote and what we want to read. The mind of Scott is always worth having, because it is so honest and fair, so charitable and friendly, so shrewd and sagacious. He is not clever: he is wise; he does not tickle you with epigrams: he sums up a situation. When you have read what he says about pride and remorse, about religion and friendship, about English gallantry and English good-nature, about women and children, about Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans, about selfishness and happiness, about dogs and horses, about honour and love, and a hundred other subjects within the range of life, then you are bound to have a saner as well as friendlier outlook upon your fellow-creatures. This book will serve a double purpose: it will excite an appetite for Scott among strangers; it will be a handy book of reference for his friends. And nowhere can one find a weightier or kindlier teacher of practical wisdom than Sir Walter.

IAN MACLAREN.

DECLARATION OF AUTHORSHIP

Chronicles of the Canongate. Intro., p. 671.

> I have only to repeat, that I avow myself in print, as formerly in words, the sole and unassisted Author of all the Novels published as works of the 'Author of Waverley.' I do this without shame, for I am unconscious that there is anything in their composition which deserves reproach, either on the score of religion or morality; and without any feeling of exultation, because, whatever may have been their temporary success, I am well aware how much their reputation depends upon the caprice of fashion; and I have already mentioned the precarious tenure by which it is held as a reason for displaying no great avidity in grasping at the possession.

Chronicles of the Canongate. Appen., p. 729.

> He meant, then, seriously to state that, when he said he was the author, he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading.

THE WISDOM OF SIR WALTER

Absent-mindedness. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XVI., p. 256.

Bewildered amid abstruse researches, metaphysical and historical, Mr. Cargill, living only for himself and his books, acquired many ludicrous habits, which exposed the secluded student to the ridicule of the world, and which tinged, though they did not altogether obscure, the natural civility of an amiable disposition, as well as the acquired habits of politeness which he had learned in the good society that frequented Lord Bidmore's mansion. He not only indulged in neglect of dress and appearance, and all those ungainly tricks which men are apt to acquire by living very much alone, but besides, and especially, he became probably the most abstracted and absent man of a profession peculiarly liable to cherish such habits. No man fell so regularly into the painful dilemma of mistaking, or, in Scottish phrase, *miskenning*, the person he spoke to, or more frequently inquired of an old maid for her husband, of a childless wife about her young people, of the distressed widower for the spouse at whose funeral he himself had assisted but a fortnight before; and none was ever more familiar with strangers whom he had never seen, or seemed more estranged from those who had a title to think themselves well known to him. The worthy man perpetually confounded sex, age, and calling; and when a blind beggar extended his hand for charity, he has been known to return the civility by taking off his hat, making a low bow, and hoping his worship was well.

Accomplishments. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 125.

A great deal of accomplishment and information may be completely reconciled with liveliness, fun, good-humour, and good breeding.

Actions. The Pirate. Chap. XV., p. 424.

There is so much of base alloy in our very best (unassisted) thoughts, that it is melancholy work to criticise too closely the motives of our most worthy actions; at least we would recommend to everyone to let those of his neighbours pass current, however narrowly he may examine the purity of his own.

Adversity. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 249.

My countrymen, taken in their general capacity, are not people to have recourse to in adverse circumstances. John Bull is a better beast in misfortune.

Advice in Sickness. Life of Scott. Vol. X., pp. 217, 218.

Be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.

Advice. Life of Scott. Vol. IV., p. 111.

Good advice is easily followed when it jumps with our own sentiments and inclinations.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XVIII., p. 627.

It frequently happens, that the counsel which we reckon intrusive when offered to us unasked, becomes precious in our eyes when the pressure of difficulties renders us more diffident of our own judgment than we are apt to find ourselves in the hours of ease and indifference; and this is more especially the case if we suppose that our adviser may also possess power and inclination to back his counsel with effectual assistance.

Affection. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXVII., p. 298.

Perhaps one ought to be actually a Scotsman to conceive how ardently, under all distinctions of rank and situation, they feel their mutual connection with each other as natives of the same country. There are, I believe, more associations common to the inhabitants of a rude and wild, than of a well-cultivated and fertile country; their ancestors have more seldom changed their place of residence; their mutual recollection of remarkable objects is more accurate; the high and the low are more interested in each other's welfare; the feelings of kindred and relationship are more widely extended, and, in a word, the bonds of patriotic affection, always honourable even when a little too exclusively strained, have more influence on men's feelings and actions.

Affection. Rob Roy. Chap. X., pp. 565, 566.

'You do not know the genius of that man's country, sir,' answered Rashleigh—'discretion, prudence, and foresight are their leading qualities; these are only modified by a narrow-spirited, but yet ardent patriotism, which forms as it were the outmost of the concentric bulwarks with which a Scotchman fortifies himself against all the attacks of a generous philanthropical principle. Surmount this mound, you find an inner and still dearer barrier—the love of his province, his village, or, most probably, his clan; storm this second obstacle, you have a third—his attachment to his own family—his father, mother, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, to the ninth generation. It is within these limits that a Scotchman's social affection expands itself, never reaching those which are outermost, till all means of discharging itself in the interior circles have been exhausted. It is within these circles that his heart throbs, each pulsation being fainter and fainter, till, beyond the widest boundary, it is almost unfelt. And what is worst of all, could you surmount all these concentric outworks, you have an inner citadel, deeper, higher, and more efficient than them all—a Scotchman's love for himself.'

Age. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 61.

In youth, we have many companions, few friends perhaps; in age, companionship is ended, except rarely, and by appointments. Old men, by a kind of instinct, seek younger associates, who listen to their stories, honour their grey hairs while present, and mimic and laugh at them when their backs are turned. At least that was the way in our day, and I warrant our chicks of the present brood crow to the same tune.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 391.

When old people can be with the young without fatiguing them or themselves, their tempers derive the same benefits which some fantastic physicians of old supposed accrued to their constitutions from the breath of the young and healthy. You have not—cannot again have, their gaiety or pleasure in seeing sights; but still it reflects itself upon you, and you are cheered and comforted.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. V., p. 310.

Spirits and cleanliness, and freshness of mind and body, made old age lovely and desirable.

Age. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 388.

When a certain period of life is over, the difference of years, even when considerable, becomes of much less consequence.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Intro., p. 731.

The general fact is undeniable—all men grow old, all men must wear out; but men of ordinary wisdom, however aware of the general fact, are unwilling to admit in their own case any special instances of failure.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XXI., p. 434.

Muttering to himself, after the custom of solitary and neglected old age.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. IV., p. 23.

The aged almost always sympathize with the enjoyments of youth, and with its exertions of every kind, when the mind of the spectator rests on its natural poise, and is not disturbed by inward envy or idle emulation.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XXIII., p. 611.

Age is easily propitiated by attentions from the young.

Agitation. Woodstock. Chap. XV., p. 73.

That nervous agitation to which brave men as well as cowards are subject; with this difference, that the one sinks under it, like the vine under the hailstorm, and the other collects his energies to shake it off, as the cedar of Lebanon is said to elevate its boughs to disperse the snow which accumulates upon them.

Alarm. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXVIII., p. 260.

What is inexplicable is usually alarming.

Ale. Ivanhoe. Chap. XVIII., p. 566.

The abbot's good ale (for Burton was already famous for that genial liquor).

Ambition. Chronicles of the Canongate. Intro., p. 671.

Human purposes, in the most trifling as well as the most important affairs, are liable to be controlled by the course of events. Thus, we begin to cross a strong river with our eyes and our resolution fixed on that point of the opposite shore on which we purpose to land; but, gradually giving way to the torrent, are glad, by the aid perhaps of

branch or bush, to extricate ourselves at some distant and perhaps dangerous landing-place much farther down the stream than that on which we had fixed our intentions.

America. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 15.

One must deprecate whatever keeps up ill-will betwixt America and the mother country; and *we* in particular should avoid awakening painful recollections. Our high situation enables us to contemn petty insults, and to make advances towards cordiality.

American Description of Sir Walter's Father. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 229.

They are funny people the Americans: I saw a paper in which they said my father was a tailor. If he had been an *honest tailor*, I should not have been ashamed of the circumstance; but he was what may be thought as great a phenomenon, for he was an *honest lawyer*, a cadet of a good family, whose predecessors only dealt in pinking and slashing doublets, not in making them.

Americans. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 242.

They are a people possessed of a very considerable energy, quickened and brought into eager action by an honourable love of their country and pride in their institutions; but they are as yet rude in their ideas of social intercourse, and totally ignorant, speaking generally, of all the art of good breeding, which consists chiefly in a postponement of one's own petty wishes or comforts to those of others. By rude questions and observations, an absolute disrespect to other people's feelings, and a ready indulgence of their own, they make one feverish in their company, though perhaps you may be ashamed to confess the reason. But this will wear off, and is already wearing away. Men, when they have once got benches, will soon fall into the use of cushions. They are advancing in the lists of our literature, and they will not be long deficient in the *petite morale*, especially as they have, like ourselves, the rage for travelling.

Anger. Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. V., p. 688.

The short and hasty expressions of anger which Highlanders call a *fuff*.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXVIII., p. 138.

Anger is at least as much akin to disappointment as pity is said to be to love.

Angling. The Antiquary. Chap. XIX., p. 427.

A skilful angler, by means of his line, maintains an influence over the most frantic movements of his agonized prey.

Anguish. The Antiquary. Chap. XLII., p. 505.

Let those go see who will—I like it not—
For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp,
And all the nothings he is now divorced from
By the hard doom of stern necessity:
Yet it is sad to mark his altered brow,
Where Vanity adjusts her flimsy veil
O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant anguish.
Old Play.

Animals. The Antiquary. Chap. VII., p. 387.

It is said that even the brute creation lay aside their animosities and antipathies when pressed by an instant and common danger.

—— Castle Dangerous. Chap. XIX., p. 880.

All animals, according to their various nature, express their sense of the approaching tempest: the cattle, the deer, and other inhabitants of the walks of the forest, withdraw to the inmost recesses of their pastures; the sheep crowd into their fold; and the dull stupor of universal nature, whether animate or inanimate, presages its speedily awaking into general convulsion and disturbance, when the lurid lightning shall hiss at command of the diapason of the thunder.

—— The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XXXVI., p. 371.

Even dumb animals can distinguish when men are driven on by the furious energy of irresistible passion, and dread to cross or encounter them in their career.

Animosity. Life of Scott. Vol. III., p. 365.

Life is too short for the indulgence of animosity.

Antiquary Shop. Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. V., p. 690.

No shop is so easily set up as an antiquary's. Like those of the lowest order of pawnbrokers, a commodity of rusty iron, a bag or two of hobnails, a few odd shoebuckles, cashiered kail-pots, and fire-irons declared incapable of

service, are quite sufficient to set him up. If he add a sheaf or two of penny ballads and broadsides, he is a great man—an extensive trader. And then, like the pawnbrokers aforesaid, if the author understands a little leger-demain, he may, by dint of a little picking and stealing, make the inside of his shop a great deal richer than the out, and be able to show you things which cause those who do not understand the antiquarian trick of clean conveyance to wonder how the devil he came by them.

Anxiety. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. I., pp. 742, 743.

Most men have known the influence of brief but ruling moments at some period of their lives. The moment when a lover passes the window of his mistress—the moment when the epicure hears the dinner-bell—is that into which is crowded the whole interest of the day; the hours which precede it are spent in anticipation; the hours which follow, in reflection on what has passed; and fancy, dwelling on each brief circumstance, gives to seconds the duration of minutes, to minutes that of hours.

—— Redgauntlet. Chap. VII., p. 448.

Anxiety and fear are at least as thirsty as sorrow is said to be.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXX., p. 147.

To those who have anxious hearts, trifles give cause of alarm.

—— Guy Mannering. Chap. LII., p. 336.

The painful anxiety natural to a proud mind, when it deems its slightest action subject for a moment to the watchful construction of others.

Apologies. Castle Dangerous. Chap. V., p. 829.

There is a civil way of seeming to believe any apology which people are disposed to receive in payment, without alleging suspicion of its currency.

Arbitrators. The Surgeon's Daughter. Pref., p. 739.

Reader, did you ever, in the course of your life, cheat the courts of justice and lawyers, by agreeing to refer a dubious and important question to the decision of a mutual friend? If so, you may have remarked the relative change which the arbiter undergoes in your

estimation, when raised, though by your own free choice, from an ordinary acquaintance, whose opinions were of as little consequence to you as yours to him, into a superior personage, on whose decision your fate must depend *pro tanto*. His looks assume a mysterious if not a minatory expression: his hat has a loftier air, and his wig, if he wears one, a more formidable buckle.

Architecture. The Abbot. Chap. XIII., p. 47.

Rich yet chaste architecture referred its origin to the early part of the fourteenth century, the best period of Gothic building.

Aristocracy. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXXI., p. 319.

People of quality ought never to seem in a hurry.

Ark. Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XIX., p. 480.

The ark of the patriarch received all ranks without distinction, whether clean or unclean.

Army. Life of Scott. Vol. III., p. 160.

Our army is a poor school for genius—for the qualities which naturally and deservedly attract the applause of our generals, are necessarily exercised upon a small scale.

Art. Ivanhoe. Intro., p. 495.

Nothing can be more dangerous for the fame of a professor of the fine arts than to permit (if he can possibly prevent it) the character of a mannerist to be attached to him, or that he should be supposed capable of success only in a particular and limited style. The public are, in general, very ready to adopt the opinion, that he who has pleased them in one peculiar mode of composition, is, by means of that very talent, rendered incapable of venturing upon other subjects. The effect of this disinclination, on the part of the public, towards the artificers of their pleasures, when they attempt to enlarge their means of amusing, may be seen in the censures usually passed by vulgar criticism upon actors or artists who venture to change the character of their efforts, that, in so doing, they may enlarge the scale of their art.

There is some justice in this opinion, as there always is in such as attain general currency. It may often happen on the stage, that an actor, by possessing in a pre-eminent degree the external qualities necessary to give effect to

comedy, may be deprived of the right to aspire to tragic excellence; and in painting or literary composition, an artist or poet may be master exclusively of modes of thought, and powers of expression, which confine him to a single course of subjects. But much more frequently the same capacity which carries a man to popularity in one department will obtain for him success in another, and that must be more particularly the case in literary composition than either in acting or painting, because the adventurer in that department is not impeded in his exertions by any peculiarity of features, or conformation of person, proper for particular parts, or by any peculiar mechanical habits of using the pencil, limited to a particular class of subjects.

Art. Waverley. Intro., p. 1.

The last touches of an artist contribute to heighten and finish the picture, though an inexperienced eye can hardly detect in what they consist.

—— Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XXXII., p. 551.

There are some works of art, the defects of which are not seen till they are injudiciously placed in too strong a light.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Intro., p. 372.

In the fine arts, there is scarce an alternative betwixt distinguished success and absolute failure.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Intro., p. 372.

A lamentable proof of the great truth, that in the fine arts mediocrity is not permitted, and that he who cannot ascend to the very top of the ladder, will do well not to put his foot upon it at all.

Assistance. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XIV., p. 421.

We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads to press them to the bottom,
As I must yield with you I practised it;
But now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you.

'*New Way to Pay Old Debts.*'

Astrology. Guy Mannering. Chap. IV., p. 206.

The belief in astrology was almost universal in the middle of the seventeenth century; it began to waver and become doubtful towards the close of that period, and in the beginning of the eighteenth the art fell into general disrepute, and even under general ridicule. Yet it still retained many partisans, even in the seats of learning. Grave and studious men were loth to relinquish the calculations which had early become the principal objects of their studies, and felt reluctant to descend from the predominating height to which a supposed insight into futurity, by the power of consulting abstract influences and conjunctions, had exalted them over the rest of mankind.

Atheism. Quentin Durward. Chap. XXXIV., p. 166.

The Bohemian had gone where the vanity of his dreadful creed was to be put to the final issue—a fearful experience for one who had neither expressed remorse for the past nor apprehension for the future!

Attachment. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XIII., p. 606.

Everybody likes marks of personal attachment.

Attention. Waverley. Chap. XIII., p. 35.

An earnest attention, valuable to all story-tellers.

Author of 'Waverley.' Peveril of the Peak. Pref., p. 735.

The Author of 'Waverley' entered, a bulky and tall man, in a travelling great-coat, which covered a suit of snuff-brown, cut in imitation of that worn by the great Rambler.* His flapped hat—for he disdained the modern frivolities of a travelling cap—was bound over his head with a large silk handkerchief, so as to protect his ears from cold at once and from the babble of his pleasant companions in the public coach from which he had just alighted. There was somewhat of a sarcastic shrewdness and sense, which sat on the heavy pent-house of his shaggy grey eyebrow—his features were in other respects largely shaped, and rather heavy, than promising wit or genius; but he had a notable projection of the nose, similar to that line of the Latin poet,—

—— immodicum surgit pro cuspide rostrum.

* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

A stout walking-stick stayed his hand—a double Barcelona protected his neck—his belly was something prominent, 'but that's not much,'—his breeches were substantial thickset—and a pair of top-boots, which were slipped down to ease his sturdy calves, did not conceal his comfortable travelling stockings of lamb's wool, wrought, not on the loom, but on wires, and after the venerable ancient fashion, known in Scotland by the name of *ridge-and-furrow*. His age seemed to be considerably above fifty, but could not amount to threescore, which I observed with pleasure, trusting there may be a good deal of work had out of him yet; especially as a general haleness of appearance—the compass and strength of his voice, the steadiness of his step, the rotundity of his calf, the depth of his hem, and the sonorous emphasis of his sneeze—were all signs of a constitution built for permanence.

Author's Blunders. Life of Scott. Vol. IV., p. 71.

There is an ominous old proverb which says, *Confess and be hanged;* and truly if an Author acknowledges his own blunders, I do not know who he can expect to stand by him; whereas, let him confess nothing, and he will always find some injudicious admirers to vindicate even his faults.

Authors. The Fortunes of Nigel. Appen., p. 724.

It is some consolation to reflect, that the best authors in all countries have been the most voluminous; and it has often happened that those who have been best received in their own time have also continued to be acceptable to posterity. I do not think so ill of the present generation, as to suppose that its present favour necessarily infers future condemnation.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Appen., p. 724.

Had I only written 'Waverley,' I should have long since been, according to the established phrase, 'the ingenious author of a novel much admired at the time.' I believe, on my soul, that the reputation of 'Waverley' is sustained very much by the praises of those who may be inclined to prefer that tale to its successors.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Appen., p. 723.

I will venture to say, that no work of imagination proceeding from the mere consideration of a certain sum of copy-money ever did, or ever will, succeed. So the lawyer

who pleads, the soldier who fights, the physician who prescribes, the clergyman—if such there be—who preaches, without any zeal for his profession, or without any sense of its dignity, and merely on account of the fee, pay, or stipend, degrade themselves to the rank of sordid mechanics. Accordingly, in the case of two of the learned faculties at least, their services are considered as unappreciable, and are acknowledged, not by any exact estimate of the services rendered, but by a *honorarium*, or voluntary acknowledgment. But let a client or patient make the experiment of omitting this little ceremony of the *honorarium*, which is *censé* to be a thing entirely out of consideration between them, and mark how the learned gentleman will look upon his case. Cant set apart, it is the same thing with literary emolument. No man of sense in any rank of life is, or ought to be, above accepting a just recompense for his time, and a reasonable share of the capital which owes its very existence to his exertions. When Czar Peter wrought in the trenches, he took the pay of a common soldier; and nobles, statesmen, and divines, the most distinguished of their time, have not scorned to square accounts with their bookseller.

Authors. The Fortunes of Nigel. Appen., p. 723.

No man of honour, genius, or spirit, would make the mere love of gain the chief, far less the only, purpose of his labours. For myself, I am not displeased to find the game a winning one; yet, while I pleased the public, I should probably continue it merely for the pleasure of playing; for I have felt as strongly as most folks that love of composition which is perhaps the strongest of all instincts —driving the author to the pen, the painter to the pallet, often without either the chance of fame or the prospect of reward. Perhaps I have said too much of this. I might, perhaps, with as much truth as most people, exculpate myself from the charge of being either of a greedy or mercenary disposition; but I am not, therefore, hypocrite enough to disclaim the ordinary motives, on account of which the whole world around me is toiling unremittingly, to the sacrifice of ease, comfort, health, and life. I do not affect the disinterestedness of that ingenious association of gentlemen mentioned by Goldsmith, who sold their magazine for sixpence a-piece, merely for their own amusement.

Authors. The Fortunes of Nigel. Appen., p. 723.

Cant again, my dear son—there is lime in this sack too—nothing but sophistication in this world! I do say it, in spite of Adam Smith and his followers, that a successful author is a productive labourer, and that his works constitute as effectual a part of the public wealth as that which is created by any other manufacture. If a new commodity, having an actually intrinsic and commercial value, be the result of the operation, why are the author's bales of books to be esteemed a less profitable part of the public stock than the goods of any other manufacturer? I speak with reference to the diffusion of the wealth arising to the public, and the degree of industry which even such a trifling work as the present must stimulate and reward before the volumes leave the publisher's shop. Without me it could not exist, and to this extent I am a benefactor to the country. As for my own emolument, it is won by my toil, and I account myself answerable to Heaven only for the mode in which I expend it. The candid may hope it is not all dedicated to selfish purposes; and without much pretensions to merit in him who disburses it, a part may 'wander, Heaven-directed, to the poor.'

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Appen., p. 722.

To confess to you the truth, the works and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity; and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition with others, and commended as more highly finished, I could appeal to pen and standish, that the parts in which I have come feebly off were by much the more laboured. Besides, I doubt the beneficial effect of too much delay, both on account of the author and the public. A man should strike while the iron is hot, and hoist sail while the wind is fair. If a successful author keep not the stage, another instantly takes his ground. If a writer lie by for ten years ere he produces a second work, he is superseded by others; or if the age is so poor of genius that this does not happen, his own reputation becomes his greatest obstacle. The public will expect the new work to be ten times better than its predecessor; the author will expect it should be ten times more popular, and 'tis a hundred to ten that both are disappointed.

Authors. The Fortunes of Nigel. Appen., p. 722.

I do entreat you, my son, as Dr. Johnson would have said, 'free your mind from cant.' For the critics, they have their business, and I mine; as the nursery proverb goes:

> The children in Holland take pleasure in making
> What the children in England take pleasure in breaking.

I am their humble jackal, too busy in providing food for them, to have time for considering whether they swallow or reject it. To the public, I stand pretty nearly in the relation of the postman who leaves a packet at the door of an individual. If it contains pleasing intelligence, a billet from a mistress, a letter from an absent son, a remittance from a correspondent supposed to be bankrupt—the letter is acceptably welcome, and read, and re-read, folded up, filed, and safely deposited in the bureau. If the contents are disagreeable, if it comes from a dun or from a bore, the correspondent is cursed, the letter is thrown into the fire, and the expense of postage is heartily regretted; while all the time the bearer of the despatches is, in either case, as little thought on as the snow of last Christmas. The utmost extent of kindness between the author and the public which can really exist, is, that the world are disposed to be somewhat indulgent to the succeeding works of an original favourite, were it but on account of the habit which the public mind has acquired; while the author very naturally thinks well of *their* taste who have so liberally applauded *his* productions. But I deny there is any call for gratitude, properly so called, either on one side or the other.

—— The Surgeon's Daughter. Pref., p. 737.

The concluding a literary undertaking, in whole or in part, is, to the inexperienced at least, attended with an irritating titillation, like that which attends on the healing of a wound—a prurient impatience, in short, to know what the world in general, and friends in particular, will say to our labours. Some authors, I am told, profess an oyster-like indifference upon this subject; for my own part, I hardly believe in their sincerity. Others may acquire it from habit, but, in my poor opinion, a neophyte like myself must be for a long time incapable of such *sang-froid.*

Authors. Ivanhoe. Intro., p. 496.

If the author, who finds himself limited to a particular class of subjects, endeavours to sustain his reputation by striving to add a novelty of attraction to themes of the same character which have been formerly successful under his management, there are manifest reasons why after a certain point he is likely to fail. If the mine be not wrought out, the strength and capacity of the miner become necessarily exhausted. If he closely imitates the narratives which he has before rendered successful, he is doomed to 'wonder that they please no more.' If he struggles to take a different view of the same class of subjects, he speedily discovers that what is obvious, graceful, and natural, has been exhausted; and, in order to obtain the indispensable charm of novelty, he is forced upon caricature, and, to avoid being trite, must become extravagant.

—— Ivanhoe. Intro., p. 498.

What is called a taking title serves the direct interest of the bookseller or publisher, who by this means sometimes sells an edition while it is yet passing the press. But if the author permits an over-degree of attention to be drawn to his work ere it has appeared, he places himself in the embarrassing condition of having excited a degree of expectation which, if he proves unable to satisfy, is an error fatal to his literary reputation. Besides, when we meet such a title as the Gunpowder Plot or any other connected with general history, each reader, before he has seen the book, has formed to himself some particular idea of the sort of manner in which the story is to be conducted, and the nature of the amusement which he is to derive from it. In this he is probably disappointed, and in that case may be naturally disposed to visit upon the author or the work the unpleasant feelings thus excited. In such a case the literary adventurer is censured, not for having missed the mark at which he himself aimed, but for not having shot off his shaft in a direction he never thought of.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Intro., p. 543.

As it is the privilege of a mask or incognito to speak in a feigned voice and assumed character, the author attempted, while in disguise, some liberties of the same sort; and while he continues to plead upon the various excuses which

the introduction contains, the present acknowledgment must serve as an apology for a species of 'hoity toity, whisky frisky' pertness of manner, which, in his avowed character, the author should have considered as a departure from the rules of civility and good taste.

Authors. The Betrothed. Intro., p. 539.

It is a fact, if it were worth while to examine it, that the publisher and author, however much their general interests are the same, may be said to differ so far as title-pages are concerned; and it is a secret of the tale-telling art, if it could be termed a secret worth knowing, that a taking title, as it is called, best answers the purpose of the bookseller, since it often goes far to cover his risk, and sells an edition not unfrequently before the public have well seen it. But the author ought to seek more permanent fame, and wish that his work, when its leaves are first cut open, should be at least fairly judged of. Thus, many of the best novelists have been anxious to give their works such titles as render it out of the readers' power to conjecture their contents until they should have an opportunity of reading them.

—— Chronicles of the Canongate. Intro., p. 671.

It was not until I had attained the age of thirty years that I made any serious attempt at distinguishing myself as an author; and at that period men's hopes, desires, and wishes have usually acquired something of a decisive character, and are not eagerly and easily diverted into a new channel.

—— The Abbot. Intro., p. 3.

A taking title, or the announcement of a popular subject, is a recipe for success much in favour with booksellers, but which authors will not always find efficacious. The cause is worth a moment's examination.

—— The Abbot. Introd., p. 2.

The public judging of a new work, which it receives, perhaps, with little expectation, if surprised into applause, becomes very often ecstatic, gives a great deal more approbation than is due, and elevates the child of its immediate favour to a rank which, as it affects the author, it is equally difficult to keep, and painful to lose. If, on this occasion, the author trembles at the height to which

he is raised, and becomes afraid of the shadow of his own renown, he may indeed retire from the lottery with the prize which he has drawn, but, in future ages, his honour will be only in proportion to his labours. If, on the contrary, he rushes again into the lists, he is sure to be judged with severity proportioned to the former favour of the public. If he be daunted by a bad reception on this second occasion, he may again become a stranger to the arena. If, on the contrary, he can keep his ground, and stand the shuttlecock's fate of being struck up and down, he will probably, at length, hold with some certainty the level in public opinion which he may be found to deserve; and he may, perhaps, boast of arresting the general attention, in the same manner as the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, of fixing the weathercock La Giralda of Seville for weeks, months, or years, that is, for as long as the wind shall uniformly blow from one quarter. To this degree of popularity the author had the hardihood to aspire, while, in order to attain it, he assumed the daring resolution to keep himself in the view of the public by frequent appearances before them.

Avarice. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXII., p. 642.

Avarice seldom sleeps sound.

Bacchus. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXVII., p. 859.

Bacchus, the jolly god.

Bachelors. The Surgeon's Daughter. Pref., p. 741.

Old bachelorship so decided as mine has its privileges in such a *tête-à-tête*, providing you are, or can seem for the time, perfectly good-humoured and attentive, and do not ape the manners of your younger years, in attempting which you will only make yourself ridiculous. I don't pretend to be so indifferent to the company of a pretty young woman as was desired by the poet, who wished to sit beside his mistress

> —As unconcerned as when
> Her infant beauty could beget
> Nor happiness nor pain.

On the contrary, I can look on beauty and innocence as something of which I know and esteem the value, without the desire or hope to make them my own. A young lady

can afford to talk with an old stager like me without either artifice or affectation; and we may maintain a species of friendship, the more tender, perhaps, because we are of different sexes, yet with which that distinction has very little to do.

Bachelors. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XVI., p. 256.

Neglect of dress and appearance, and all those ungainly tricks which men are apt to acquire by living very much alone,

Bacon, Lord. The Fortunes of Nigel. Intro., p. 542.

When Bacon was about to teach the world that they were no longer to reason from authority to fact, but to establish truth by advancing from fact to fact, till they fixed an indisputable authority, not from hypothesis, but from experiment.

Bagpipes. A Legend of Montrose. Chap. VII., p. 28.

The rival performance of the bagpipers. These warlike minstrels, who had the highest opinion each of the superiority of his own tribe, joined to the most overweening idea of the importance connected with his profession, at first performed their various pibrochs in front each of his own clan. At length, however, as the black-cocks towards the end of the season, when, in sportsman's language, they are said to flock or crowd, attracted together by the sound of each other's triumphant crow, even so did the pipers, swelling their plaids and tartans in the same triumphant manner in which the birds ruffle up their feathers, begin to approach each other within such distance as might give to their brethren a sample of their skill. Walking within a short interval, and eyeing each other with looks in which self-importance and defiance might be traced, they strutted, puffed, and plied their screaming instruments, each playing his own favourite tune with such a din, that if an Italian musician had lain buried within ten miles of them, he must have risen from the dead to run out of hearing.

—— A Legend of Montrose. Chap. XIX., p. 69.

Trumpets and bagpipes, those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

Balfour. Old Mortality. Chap. XX., p. 782.

John Balfour of Kinloch, or Burley (for he is designated both ways in the histories and proclamations of that melancholy period), was a gentleman of some fortune, and of good family, in the county of Fife, and had been a soldier from his youth upwards. In the younger part of his life he had been wild and licentious, but had early laid aside open profligacy, and embraced the strictest tenets of Calvinism. Unfortunately, habits of excess and intemperance were more easily rooted out of his dark, saturnine, and enterprising spirit, than the vices of revenge and ambition, which continued, notwithstanding his religious professions, to exercise no small sway over his mind. Daring in design, precipitate and violent in execution, and going to the very extremity of the most rigid recusancy, it was his ambition to place himself at the head of the Presbyterian interest.

To attain this eminence among the Whigs, he had been active in attending their conventicles, and more than once had commanded them when they appeared in arms, and beaten off the forces sent to disperse them. At length, the gratification of his own fierce enthusiasm, joined, as some say, with motives of private revenge, placed him at the head of that party who assassinated the Primate of Scotland, as the author of the sufferings of the Presbyterians.

Bankers. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXVII., p. 666.

A banker writes, only touching the needful.

Barbers. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXVII., p. 665.

The barber's shop, the place where news of every kind circled and centred, an emporium of intelligence, and likely to hear all he desired to know, and much more, while his head was subjected to the art of a nimble tonsor, the glibness of whose tongue kept pace with the nimbleness of his fingers.

Baths. Waverley. Chap. XX., p. 54.

The patriarchal refreshment of a bath for the feet.

Beadle. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXI., p. 273.

The man of constituted authority.

Beadle. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXI., p. 272.

The beadle, that person of awful authority.

Bees. The Black Dwarf. Chap. VII., p. 108.

The bees were abroad and on the wing, and filled the air with the murmurs of their industry.

Benevolence. Life of Scott. Chap. VIII., p. 152.

I cannot help owning that a life of active benevolence is more consistent with my ideas than an eternity of music.

Bible. Life of Scott. Vol. X., p. 209.

There is but one book.

Billiards. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., pp. 123, 124.

In every point of view, field-sports are preferable to the indoors amusement of a billiard-table, which is too often the lounging-place for idle young officers, where there is nothing to be got but a habit of throwing away time, and an acquaintance with the very worst society—I mean at public billiard-rooms—for unquestionably the game itself is a pretty one when practised among gentlemen, and not made a constant habit of. But public billiard-tables are almost always the resort of blacklegs and sharpers, and all that numerous class whom the French call *chevaliers d'industrie*, and we *knights of the whipping-post.*

Birds. Woodstock. Chap. XXIII., p. 112.

With the haste of a bird escaped from the cage, which, though joyful at its liberation, is at the same time sensible of its need of protection and shelter.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXIII., p. 243.

Birds of evil omen are anxious to escape from daylight, and from pure air.

—— The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XXVII., p. 328.

The raven ceases to croak and the hawk to whistle, whenever the scream of the eagle is heard.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XL., p. 916.

The smaller tribe of birds which keep fluttering round an owl when he appears in the light of the sun. But these thoughtless flutterers are careful to keep out of reach of the beak and claws of the bird of Minerva.

Boasting. The Surgeon's Daughter. Chap. V., p. 765.

He who talks a great deal of fighting is seldom a brave soldier, and he who always speaks about wealth is seldom a rich man at bottom.

Books. Waverley. Chap. LXX., p. 165.

Before entering upon a subject of proverbial delay, I must remind my reader of the progress of a stone rolled down-hill by an idle truant boy (a pastime at which I was myself expert in my more juvenile years): it moves at first slowly, avoiding by inflection every obstacle of the least importance; but when it has attained its full impulse, and draws near the conclusion of its career, it smokes and thunders down, taking a rood at every spring, clearing hedge and ditch like a Yorkshire huntsman, and becoming most furiously rapid in its course when it is nearest to being consigned to rest for ever. Even such is the course of a narrative like that which you are perusing. The earlier events are studiously dwelt upon, that you, kind reader, may be introduced to the character rather by narrative, than by the duller medium of direct description; but when the story draws near its close, we hurry over the circumstances, however important, which your imagination must have forestalled, and leave you to suppose those things which it would be abusing your patience to relate at length.

Bores. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 168.

Nothing is so tiresome as walking through some beautiful scene with a *minute philosopher*, a botanist, or pebble-gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the grand features of the natural picture to look at grasses and chucky-stones. Yet, in their way, they give useful information: and so does the minute historian.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. II., p. 188.

A removal, or what we call a *flitting*, which, of all bores under the cope of heaven, is bore the most tremendous.

Breakfast. Old Mortality. Chap. X., p. 751.

No tea, no coffee, no variety of rolls, but solid and substantial viands—the priestly ham, the knightly sirloin, the noble baron of beef, the princely venison pasty; while silver flagons, saved with difficulty from the claws of the

Covenanters, now mantled, some with ale, some with mead, and some with generous wine of various qualities and descriptions. The appetites of the guests were in correspondence to the magnificence and solidity of the preparation—no piddling—no boy's play, but that steady and persevering exercise of the jaws which is best learned by early morning hours, and by occasional hard commons.

Breeches. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXVII., p. 259.

Breeches, that important habiliment.

Buckingham. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXVIII., p. 861.

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions—always in the wrong—
Was everything by starts, but nothing long;
Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then, all for women, painting, fiddling, drinking;
Besides a thousand freaks that died in thinking.
DRYDEN.

The celebrated George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whom Dryden has doomed to a painful immortality by the few lines which we have prefixed to this chapter. Amid the gay and licentious of the laughing court of Charles, the duke was the most licentious and most gay; yet, while expending a princely fortune, a strong constitution, and excellent talents, in pursuit of frivolous pleasures, he nevertheless nourished deeper and more extensive designs; in which he only failed from want of that fixed purpose and regulated perseverance essential to all important enterprises, but particularly in politics.

Bull, John. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 292.

John Bull is not the worst of the three nations, though he has not the quick feeling and rich humour of your countrymen (Irish), nor the shrewd sagacity or the romantic spirits of thinking and adventuring which the Scotch often conceal under their apparent coldness.

Bulls. The Abbot. Chap. XXXVII., p. 160.

The struggle resembled that of two bulls, who, fixing their frontlets hard against each other, remain in that posture for hours, until the superior strength or obstinacy of the one compels the other to take to flight, or bears him down to the earth.

Business. Ivanhoe. Chap. X., p. 541.

He that would live by traffic must hold himself at the disposal of everyone claiming business with him.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 98.

The best business is ruined when it becomes pinched for money, and gets into the circle of discounting bills. It is easy to make it feasible on paper, but the times of payment arrive to a certainty.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IV., p. 80.

Let it never escape your recollection, that shutting your own eyes, or blinding those of your friends, upon the actual state of business, is the high road to ruin.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 213.

Trading almost entirely on accommodation is dreadfully expensive.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. I., pp. 79, 80.

I have seen many sad examples while overlooking my father's business, that the utmost exertions, and the best-meant services, do not secure the *man of business*, as he is called, from great loss, and most ungracious treatment on the part of his employers.

Byron. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., pp. 323, 324.

A man of real goodness of heart, and the kindest and best feelings, miserably thrown away by his foolish contempt of public opinion. . . . I never met a man with nobler feelings, or one who, had he not unfortunately taken the wrong course, might have done more to make himself beloved and respected.

Cambridge and Oxford. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 253.

I am more and more convinced of the excellence of the English monastic institutions of Cambridge and Oxford. They cannot do all that may be expected, but there is at least the exclusion of many temptations to dissipation of mind; whereas with us, supposing a young man to have any pretensions to keep good society—and, to say truth, we are not very nice in investigating them—he is almost pulled to pieces by speculating mammas and flirting

misses. If a man is poor, plain, and indifferently connected, he may have excellent opportunities of study at Edinburgh; otherwise he should beware of it.

Cameronians. Old Mortality. Chap. XXIX., p. 812.

Clouded and severe in aspect, morose and jealous in communication, haughty of heart and confident, as men who believed that the pale of salvation was open for them exclusively; while all other Christians, however slight were the shades of difference of doctrine from their own, were in fact little better than outcasts or reprobates. These men entered the Presbyterian camp, rather as dubious and suspicious allies, or possibly antagonists, than as men who were heartily embarked in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers, with their more moderate brethren in arms.

Candour. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 248.

Want of candour with one's friends is blameable, and procrastination in circumstances of embarrassment is highly unwise. But they bring such a fearful chastisement on the party who commits them, that he may justly expect, not the reproaches, but the sympathy and compassion of his friends; at least of all such whose conscience charges them with errors of their own.

Canning, George. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 130.

No man possessed a gayer and more playful wit in society; no one, since Pitt's time, had more commanding sarcasm in debate; in the House of Commons he was the terror of that species of orators called the Yelpers. His lash fetched away both skin and flesh, and would have penetrated the hide of a rhinoceros. In his conduct as a statesman he had a great fault; he lent himself too willingly to intrigue.

Capital and Talent in the Theatrical World. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 373.

Capital and talent will do excellent things together; but depend on it, talent without capital will no more carry on an extensive and progressive undertaking than a racehorse will draw a Newcastle waggon.

Captivity. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXV., p. 893.

Days of captivity have little to mark them as they glide away.

Caroline, Queen. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXVI., pp. 292, 293.

It was a maxim of Queen Caroline to bear herself towards her political friends with such caution, as if there was a possibility of their one day being her enemies, and towards political opponents with the same degree of circumspection, as if they might again become friendly to her measures. Since Margaret of Anjou, no queen-consort had exercised such weight in the political affairs of England, and the personal address which she displayed on many occasions had no small share in reclaiming from their political heresy many of those determined Tories, who, after the reign of the Stuarts had been extinguished in the person of Queen Anne, were disposed rather to transfer their allegiance to her brother, the Chevalier de St. George, than to acquiesce in the settlement of the crown on the Hanover family. Her husband, whose most shining quality was courage in the field of battle, and who endured the office of King of England, without ever being able to acquire English habits, or any familiarity with English dispositions, found the utmost assistance from the address of his partner; and while he jealously affected to do everything according to his own will and pleasure, was in secret prudent enough to take and follow the advice of his more adroit consort. He entrusted to her the delicate office of determining the various degrees of favour necessary to attach the wavering, or to confirm such as were already friendly, or to regain those whose good will had been lost.

With all the winning address of an elegant, and, according to the times, an accomplished woman, Queen Caroline possessed the masculine soul of the other sex. She was proud by nature, and even her policy could not always temper her expressions of displeasure, although few were more ready at repairing any false step of this kind, when her prudence came up to the aid of her passions. She loved the real possession of power rather than the show of it, and whatever she did herself that was either wise or popular, she always desired that the king should have the full credit as well as the advantage of the measure, conscious that, by adding to his respectability, she was most likely to maintain her own. And so desirous was she to comply with all his tastes, that, when threatened with the gout, she had repeatedly had recourse to checking the fit by the use of the cold bath, thereby endangering

her life, that she might be able to attend the king in his walks.

It was a very consistent part of Queen Caroline's character, to keep up many private correspondences with those to whom in public she seemed unfavourable, or who, for various reasons, stood ill with the court. By this means she kept in her hands the thread of many a political intrigue, and, without pledging herself to anything, could often prevent discontent from becoming hatred, and opposition from exaggerating itself into rebellion. If by any accident her correspondence with such persons chanced to be observed or discovered, which she took all possible pains to prevent, it was represented as a mere intercourse of society, having no reference to politics; an answer with which even the prime minister, Sir Robest Walpole, was compelled to remain satisfied, when he discovered that the queen had given a private audience to Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, his most formidable and most inveterate enemy.

Cash v. Credit. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 371.

Every speculation requires a certain command of money, and cannot be conducted with any plausibility upon credit alone. It is easy to make it feasible on paper, but the times of payment arrive to a certainty. Those of supply are less certain, and cannot be made to meet the demands with the same accuracy. A month's difference between demand and receipt makes loss of credit; loss of credit is in such a case ruin.

Catholic Emancipation. Life of Scott. Vol. III., p. 34.

I am not, God knows, a bigot in religious matters, nor a friend to persecution; but if a particular sect of religionists are *ipso facto* connected with foreign politics—and placed under the spiritual direction of a class of priests, whose unrivalled dexterity and activity are increased by the rules which detach them from the rest of the world—I humbly think that we may be excused from entrusting to them those places in the State where the influence of such a clergy, who act under the direction of a passive tool of our worst foe, is likely to be attended with the most fatal consequences. If a gentleman chooses to walk about with a couple of pounds of gunpowder in his pocket, if I give him the shelter of my roof, I may at least be permitted to exclude him from the seat next to the fire.

Caution. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. II., p. 551.

The Scot, as usual with his countrymen, when asked a blunt, straightforward question, took a little time before answering it.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XXVI., p. 110.

'I was thinking, sir,' said the man, *more Scotico*, that is, returning no direct answer on the subject on which he was addressed.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXVIII., p. 260.

Jeanie, with all her simplicity of character, had some of the caution of her country, and, according to Scottish universal custom, she answered the question by another.

—— Guy Mannering. Chap. LV., p. 345.

The Scotch are a cautious people.

Cavaliers and Puritans. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. IV., p. 751.

The two parties were strongly contrasted; for, during that period of civil dissension, the manners of the different factions distinguished them as completely as separate uniforms might have done. If the Puritan was affectedly plain in his dress, and ridiculously precise in his manners, the Cavalier often carried his love of ornament into tawdry finery, and his contempt of hypocrisy into licentious profligacy. Gay gallant fellows, young and old, thronged together with general and joyous manifestation of those spirits, which, as they had been buoyant enough to support their owners during the worst of times, as they termed Oliver's usurpation, were now so inflated as to transport them nearly beyond the reach of sober reason. Feathers waved, lace glittered, spears jingled, steeds caracoled; and here and there a petronel, or pistol, was fired off by someone, who found his own natural talents for making a noise inadequate to the dignity of the occasion. Boys—for the rabble were with the uppermost party, as usual—hallooed and whooped, 'Down with the Rump!' and 'Fie upon Oliver!' Musical instruments, of as many different fashions as were then in use, played all at once, and without any regard to each other's tune; and the glee of the occasion, while it reconciled the pride of the high-born of the party to fraternize with the general rout, derived an additional zest from the conscious triumph,

that their exultation was heard by their neighbours, the crestfallen Roundheads.

When the loud and sonorous swell of the psalm-tune, multiplied by all the echoes of the cliffs and ruinous halls, came full upon their ear, as if to warn them how little they were to reckon upon the depression of their adversaries, at first it was answered with a scornful laugh, raised to as much height as the scoffers' lungs would permit, in order that it might carry to the psalmodists the contempt of their auditors; but this was a forced exertion of party spleen.

The psalm-tune, which now came rolling on their ear, had been heard too often, and upon too many occasions had preceded victory gained over the malignants, to permit them, even in their triumph, to hear it without emotion.

Cervantes. Waverley. Chap. V., p. 17.

Cervantes, that inimitable author.

Chance. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXII., p. 641.

Chance will not do the work—Chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us towards the port
May dash us on the shelves.—The steersman's part is vigilance,
Blow it or rough or smooth.

Old Play.

Character. Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. II., p. 679.

Something of a man's character may be conjectured from his handwriting. That neat, but crowded and constrained small hand, argued a man of a good conscience, well-regulated passions, and, to use his own phrase, an upright walk in life; but it also indicated narrowness of spirit, inveterate prejudice, and hinted at some degree of intolerance, which, though not natural to the disposition, had arisen out of a limited education. The passages from Scripture and the classics, rather profusely than happily introduced, and written in a half-text character to mark their importance, illustrated that peculiar sort of pedantry which always considered the argument as gained if secured by a quotation. Then the flourished capital letters which ornamented the commencement of each paragraph, and the name of his family and of his ancestors, whenever these occurred in the page, do they not express forcibly the pride and sense of importance with which the author undertook and accomplished his task?

Character. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLIII., p. 319.

The upward turn of his short copper-coloured nose indicated that he was somewhat addicted to wrath and usquebaugh.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. X., p. 567.

So effectually does the sense of being pleased and amused blunt our faculties of perception and discrimination of character, that I can only compare it to the taste of certain fruits, at once luscious and poignant, which renders our palate totally unfit for relishing or distinguishing the viands which are subsequently subjected to its criticism.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XXI., p. 104.

A stout, squat figure, with a square face and broad black eyebrows, that announced him to be opinionative and disputatious—an advice-giving countenance.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XIII., p. 419.

It has been often remarked that when a man commences by acting a character, he frequently ends by adopting it in good earnest.

—— The Pirate. Chap. VI., p. 384.

Had, like all who possess marked character, some sparks of higher feeling.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XIV., pp. 729, 730.

In youth there is a sort of freemasonry, which, without much conversation, teaches young persons to estimate each other's character, and places them at ease on the shortest acquaintance. It is only when taught deceit by the commerce of the world, that we learn to shroud our character from observation, and to disguise our real sentiments from those with whom we are placed in communion.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Intro., p. 188.

Nor is it any part of the shrewd Scot's national character unnecessarily to draw upon himself public attention.

—— Chronicles of the Canongate, Chap. I., p. 675.

The nation [Scottish] which is proverbially patient of labour and prodigal of life.

Character. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 302.

If you *unscotch* us, you will find us damned mischievous Englishmen. The restless and yet laborious and constantly watchful character of the people, their desire for speculation in politics or anything else, only restrained by some proud feelings about their own country, now become antiquated, and which late measures will tend much to destroy, will make them, under a wrong direction, the most formidable revolutionists who ever took the field of innovation.

—— The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XVIII., p. 289.

To these delays the multitude submitted, with a patience and order which strongly marked the national character of a people, whose resentment has always been the more deeply dangerous, that they will, without relaxing their determination of vengeance, submit with patience to all delays which are necessary to insure its attainment.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XIX., p. 269.

They are a shrewd people, indeed, but so destitute of ease, grace, pliability of manners, and insinuation of address that they eternally seem to suffer actual misery in their attempts to look gay and careless. Then their pride heads them back at one turn, their poverty at another, their pedantry at a third, their *mauvaise honte* at a fourth; and with so many obstacles to make them bolt off the course, it is positively impossible they should win the plate. No, it is the grave folk in Old England who have to fear a Caledonian invasion—they will make no conquests in the world of fashion. Excellent bankers the Scots may be, for they are eternally calculating how to add interest to principal; good soldiers, for they are, if not such heroes as they would be thought, as brave, I suppose, as their neighbours, and much more amenable to discipline; lawyers they are born; indeed, every country gentleman is bred one, and their patient and crafty disposition enables them, in other lines, to submit to hardships which other natives could not bear, and avail themselves of advantages which others would let pass under their noses unavailingly. But assuredly Heaven did not form the Caledonian for the gay world; and his efforts at ease, grace, and gaiety resemble only the clumsy

gambols of the ass in the fable. Yet the Scot has his sphere too (in his own country only), where the character which he assumes is allowed to pass current.

Character. Waverley. Appen., p. 187.

Time and circumstances change the character of nations and the fate of cities; and it is some pride to a Scotchman to reflect, that the independent and manly character of a country willing to entrust its own protection to the arms of its children, after having been obscured for half a century, has, during the course of his own lifetime, recovered its lustre.

Characteristics. The Black Dwarf. Chap. VII., p. 113.

Hobbie, though blunt, plain of speech, and hot of disposition, like most of his countrymen, was by no means deficient in the shrewdness which is also their characteristic.

Characters. Chronicles of the Canongate. Intro., p. 669.

There are men whose characters are so peculiarly marked, that the delineation of some leading and principal feature inevitably places the whole person before you in his individuality.

Charity. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXXII., p. 321.

The lady, like other comforters of the cabins of the poor, proceeded to rebuke the grumbling old woman for want of order and cleanliness—censured the food which was provided for the patient, and inquired particularly after the wine which she had left to make caudle with.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. II., p. 551.

The mantle which, like the virtue of charity, served to cover so many imperfections.

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. II., p. 510.

Charity, as it is well known, covereth a multitude of sins, in another sense than that in which it is said to do so in Scripture.

Charles of Burgundy. Quentin Durward. Chap. XXVI., p. 130.

The temper of Charles, though rough, fierce, headlong, and unyielding, was not, unless in the full tide of passion,

faithless or ungenerous, faults which usually belong to colder dispositions. He was at no pains to show the king more courtesy than the laws of hospitality positively demanded; but, on the other hand, he evinced no purpose of overleaping their sacred barriers.

Charles of Burgundy and Louis XI. Quentin Durward. Chap. XXVI., p. 124.

Perhaps the most accurate illustration, were it not unworthy two such high potentates, would be, to suppose the king in the situation of a stranger, perfectly acquainted with the habits and dispositions of the canine race, who, for some purpose of his own, is desirous to make friends with a large and surly mastiff, that holds him in suspicion, and is disposed to worry him on the first symptoms either of diffidence or of umbrage. The mastiff growls internally, erects his bristles, shows his teeth, yet is ashamed to fly upon the intruder, who seems at the same time so kind and so confiding, and therefore the animal endures advances which are far from pacifying him, watching, at the same time, the slightest opportunity which may justify him in his own eyes for seizing his friend by the throat.

Charles II. Woodstock. Chap. XX., p. 96.

He was a tall, rawboned lad, with a shock head of hair, fiery red, like many of his country, while the harshness of his national features was increased by the contrast of his complexion, turned almost black by the exposure to all sorts of weather, which, in that skulking and rambling mode of life, the fugitive Royalists had been obliged to encounter. His address was by no means prepossessing, being a mixture of awkwardness and forwardness, and showing in a remarkable degree how a want of easy address may be consistent with an admirable stock of assurance. His face intimated having received some recent scratches, and the care of Doctor Rochecliffe had decorated it with a number of patches, which even enhanced its natural plainness. Yet the eyes were brilliant and expressive, and, amid his ugliness—for it amounted to that degree of irregularity—the face was not deficient in some lines which expressed both sagacity and resolution.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXII., p. 108.

The features of the Wanderer were harsh as ever, but his red shock peruke, for such it proved, was laid aside, his

sable elf-locks were trained into curls, and his fine black eyes shone from among the shade of these curls, and corresponded with the animated, though not handsome, character of the whole head. In his conversation, he had laid aside all the coarseness of dialect which he had so strongly affected on the preceding evening; and although he continued to speak a little Scotch, for the support of his character as a young gentleman of that nation, yet it was not in a degree which rendered his speech either uncouth or unintelligible, but merely afforded a certain Doric tinge essential to the personage he represented. No person on earth could better understand the society in which he moved; exile had made him acquainted with life in all its shades and varieties—his spirits, if not uniform, were elastic—he had that species of Epicurean philosophy, which, even in the most extreme difficulties and dangers, can, in an interval of ease, however brief, avail itself of the enjoyments of the moment—he was, in short, in youth and misfortune, as afterwards in his regal condition, a good-humoured but hard-hearted voluptuary—wise, save where his passions intervened—beneficent, save when prodigality had deprived him of the means, or prejudice of the wish, to confer benefits—his faults such as might often have drawn down hatred, but that they were mingled with so much urbanity, that the injured person felt it impossible to retain the full sense of his wrongs.

Charles II. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XLV., p. 932.

It was one part of Charles's character, which unquestionably rendered him personally popular, and postponed to a subsequent reign the precipitation of his family from the throne, that he banished from his court many of the formal restrictions with which it was in other reigns surrounded. He was conscious of the good-natured grace of his manners, and trusted to it, often not in vain, to remove evil impressions arising from actions which he was sensible could not be justified on the grounds of liberal or national policy.

In the daytime the king was commonly seen in the public walks alone, or only attended by one or two persons; and his answer to the remonstrance of his brother, on the risk of thus exposing his person, is well known,—'Believe me, James,' he said 'no one will murder *me* to make *you* king.'

In the same manner, Charles's evenings, unless such as

were destined to more secret pleasures, were frequently spent amongst all who had any pretence to approach a courtly circle; and thus it was upon the night which we are treating of. Queen Catherine, reconciled or humbled to her fate, had long ceased to express any feelings of jealousy, nay, seemed so absolutely dead to such a passion, that she received at her drawing-room, without scruple and even with encouragement, the Duchesses of Portsmouth and Cleveland, and others, who enjoyed, though in a less avowed character, the credit of having been royal favourites. Constraint of every kind was banished from a circle so composed, and which was frequented at the same time, if not by the wisest, at least by the wittiest courtiers who ever assembled round a monarch, and who, as many of them had shared the wants, and shifts, and frolics of his exile, had then acquired a sort of prospective licence, which the good-natured prince, when he attained his period of prosperity, could hardly have restrained had it suited his temper to do so. This, however, was the least of Charles's thoughts. His manners were such as secured him from indelicate obtrusion; and he sought no other protection from over-familiarity than what these and his ready wit afforded him.

Charles II. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XLV., p. 933.

From one table to another glided the Merry Monarch, exchanging now a glance with a court beauty, now a jest with a court wit, now beating time to the music, and anon losing or winning a few pieces of gold on the chance of the game to which he stood nearest;—the most amiable of voluptuaries—the gayest and best-natured of companions—the man that would, of all others, have best sustained his character, had life been a continued banquet, and its only end to enjoy the passing hour, and send it away as pleasantly as might be.

But kings are least of all exempted from the ordinary lot of humanity; and Seged of Ethiopia is, amongst monarchs, no solitary example of the vanity of reckoning on a day or an hour of undisturbed serenity.

Chase, The. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. VIII., p. 403.

The chase, a pastime so natural to youth of all ranks, that it seems rather to be an inherent passion in our animal nature, which levels all differences of rank and education, than an acquired habit of rapid exercise.

Chase, The. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. VIII., p, 404.

The chase, with all its train of excitations, has ever since feudal times been accounted the almost exclusive privilege of the aristocracy, and was anciently their chief employment in times of peace.

Chatterton. Ivanhoe. Intro., p. 502.

If our neophyte, strong in the new-born love of antiquity, were to undertake to imitate what he had learnt to admire, it must be allowed he would act very injudiciously if he were to select from the glossary the obsolete words which it contains, and employ those exclusive of all phrases and vocables retained in modern days. This was the error of the unfortunate Chatterton. In order to give his language the appearance of antiquity, he rejected every word that was modern, and produced a dialect entirely different from any that had ever been spoken in Great Britain. He who would imitate an ancient language with success, must attend rather to its grammatical character, turn of expression, and mode of arrangement, than labour to collect extraordinary and antiquated terms, which, as I have already averred, do not in ancient authors approach the number of words still in use, though perhaps somewhat altered in sense and spelling, in the proportion of one to ten.

Chaucer. Ivanhoe. Intro., p. 502.

He who first opens Chaucer, or any other ancient poet, is so much struck with the obsolete spelling, multiplied consonants, and antiquated appearance of the language, that he is apt to lay the work down in despair, as encrusted too deep with the rust of antiquity to permit his judging of its merits or tasting its beauties.

Chess-playing. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 174.

It was a shame to throw away upon mastering a mere game, however ingenious, the time which would suffice for the acquisition of a new language. Surely chess-playing is a sad waste of brains.

Children. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 110.

I am persuaded both children and the lower class of readers hate books which are written *down* to their capacity, and love those that are composed more for their elders and betters.

Children. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 34.

I rather suspect that children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind in hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend: and therefore, that to write *down* to children's understanding is a mistake: set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 54.

How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child's board! It is like the aged man reclining under the shadow of the oak which he has planted.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 234.

An only child is like a blot at backgammon, and fate is apt to hit it.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 40.

Boys are uncommonly just in their feelings, and at least equally generous.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 288.

Pay attention to the wishes of your parents while they are with you, that you may have no self-reproach when you think of them at a future period.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XX., p. 275.

The gambols of childhood are sure to receive applause, paid, perhaps, with a mixture of pity and envy, by those in advanced life.

—— The Abbot. Chap. II., p. 9.

Children are generally acute physiognomists, and not only pleased by that which is beautiful in itself, but peculiarly quick in distinguishing and replying to the attentions of those who really love them. If they see a person in company, though a perfect stranger, who is by nature fond of children, the little imps seem to discover it by a sort of freemasonry, while the awkward attempts of those who make advances to them for the purpose of recommending themselves to the parents, usually fail in attracting their reciprocal attention.

—— The Abbot. Chap. IV., p. 22.

The expression of their countenances much resembled the satisfied, triumphant air of a set of children, who, having

just seen a companion punished for a fault in which they had no share, con their task with double glee, both because they themselves are out of the scrape, and because the culprit is in it.

Children. Rob Roy. Chap. II., p. 536.

There are men who indulge their children at an early age, because to do so interests and amuses them, and who can yet be sufficiently severe when the same children cross their expectations at a more advanced period.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XLI., p. 504.

Kissing her cheek as she threw her arms round his neck, he experienced that consolation which a parent feels, even in the most distressed state, in the assurance that he possesses the affection of a child.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. VIII., pp. 180, 181.

The child of a doting grandmother, whose too solicitous attention to him soon taught him a sort of diffidence in himself, with a disposition to overrate his own importance, which is one of the very worst consequences that children deduce from over-indulgence.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XV., p. 595.

A spoiled child, who, accustomed to be treated with kindness, deference, and indulgence by all around her, was apt to resent warmly whatever resembled neglect or contradiction.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XIX., p. 614.

Children, the usual attendants of a happy union.

—— Waverley. Chap. VIII., p. 24.

The children, also, whose skins were burnt black, and whose hair was bleached white, by the influence of the sun, had a look and manner of life and interest. It seemed, upon the whole, as if poverty, and indolence, its too frequent companion, were combining to depress the natural genius and acquired information of a hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peasantry.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. IX., p. 186.

The children of the Scotch of the inferior classes are usually spoiled by the early indulgence of their parents.

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Children. Rob Roy. Chap. XXVIII., p. 628.

'Ha niel Sassenach' was the only answer we could extract. The Bailie, however, found (in his experience) a way to make them speak English. 'If I gie ye a bawbee,' said he to an urchin of about ten years old, with a fragment of a tattered plaid about him, 'will you understand Sassenach?'

'Ay, ay, that will I,' replied the brat, in very decent English.

Chivalry. The Talisman. Chap. XII., p. 787.

In the days of chivalry a dangerous post or a perilous adventure was a reward frequently assigned to military bravery as a compensation for its former trials, just as, in ascending a precipice, the surmounting one crag only lifts the climber to points yet more dangerous.

Church. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 200, 201.

The Church always presents a safe and respectable asylum, and has many mansions. But in fact, the great art of life, so far as I have been able to observe, consists in fortitude and perseverance. I have rarely seen, that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies and duties of *any* profession, and did not omit to take fair and honourable opportunities of offering himself to notice when such presented themselves, has not at length got forward. The mischance of those who fall behind, though flung upon fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance.

Cities. The Abbot. Chap. XVII., p. 62.

The sensation of giddy astonishment with which an inhabitant of the country is affected, when, for the first time, he finds himself in the streets of a large and populous city, a unit in the midst of thousands.

Civilization. The Monastery. Intro., p. 685.

The manners of a rude people are always founded on nature, and therefore the feelings of a more polished generation immediately sympathize with them. We need no numerous notes, no antiquarian dissertations, to enable the most ignorant to recognise the sentiments and diction of the characters of Homer; we have but, as Lear says, to strip off our lendings — to set aside the factitious principles and adornments which we have received from

our comparatively artificial system of society, and our natural feelings are in unison with those of the bard of Chios and the heroes who live in his verses. It is the same with a great part of the narratives of my friend Mr. Cooper. We sympathize with his Indian chiefs and backwoodsmen, and acknowledge, in the characters which he presents to us, the same truth of human nature by which we should feel ourselves influenced if placed in the same condition. So much is this the case, that, though it is difficult, or almost impossible, to reclaim a savage, bred from his youth to war and the chase, to the restraints and the duties of civilized life, nothing is more easy or common than to find men who have been educated in all the habits and comforts of improved society, willing to exchange them for the wild labours of the hunter and the fisher. The very amusements most pursued and relished by men of all ranks, whose constitutions permit active exercise, are hunting, fishing, and, in some instances, war, the natural and necessary business of the savage of Dryden, where his hero talks of being

> ——As free as nature first made man,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

But although the occupations, and even the sentiments, of human beings in a primitive state, find access and interest in the minds of the more civilized part of the species, it does not therefore follow that the national tastes, opinions, and follies of one civilized period should afford either the same interest or the same amusement to those of another. These generally, when driven to extravagance, are founded, not upon any natural tastes proper to the species, but upon the growth of some peculiar cast of affectation, with which mankind in general, and succeeding generations in particular, feel no common interest or sympathy. The extravagances of coxcombry in manners and apparel are indeed the legitimate, and often the successful, objects of satire during the time when they exist. In evidence of this, theatrical critics may observe how many dramatic *jeux d'esprit* are well received every season, because the satirist levels at some well-known or fashionable absurdity; or, in the dramatic phrase, 'shoots folly as it flies.' But when the peculiar kind of folly keeps the wing no longer, it is reckoned but waste of powder to pour a discharge of ridicule on what has ceased to exist; and the pieces in which such forgotten absurdities are

made the subject of ridicule, fall quietly into oblivion with the follies which gave them fashion, or only continue to exist on the scene, because they contain some other more permanent interest than that which connects them with manners and follies of a temporary character.

Civilization. The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XXXVI., p. 372.

Men rarely advance in civilization or refinement beyond the ideas of their own age.

Civil War. Rob Roy. Appen., p. 687.

Civil war is a species of misery which introduces men to strange bed-fellows.

Classes. The Betrothed. Chap. IX., p. 577.

Light is the change in human spirits, especially among the lower class.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XVII., p. 604.

The amusement, so dear to the menial classes, of examining and criticising their masters and mistresses.

Cleanliness. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXIV., p. 247.

The simplicity of her education and country made these preparations very brief and easy. Her tartan screen served all the purposes of a riding-habit and of an umbrella; a small bundle contained such changes of linen as were absolutely necessary. Barefooted, as Sancho says, she had come into the world, and barefooted she proposed to perform her pilgrimage; and her clean shoes and change of snow-white thread stockings were to be reserved for special occasions of ceremony. She was not aware that the English habits of *comfort* attach an idea of abject misery to the idea of a barefooted traveller; and if the objection of cleanliness had been made to the practice, she would have been apt to vindicate herself upon the very frequent ablutions to which, with Mahometan scrupulosity, a Scottish damsel of some condition usually subjects herself.

Common Sense. Redgauntlet. Letter VIII., p. 396.

Common sense will get the better in all cases when a man will but give it fair play.

Compliments. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXVIII., p. 903.

The vague region of general compliments, which bears the same relation to that of business that Milton informs us the *Limbo Patrum* has to the sensible and material earth.

Conduct. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 324.

A man of eminence in any line, and perhaps a man of great literary eminence especially, is exposed to a thousand eyes which men, not so celebrated, are safe from—and in consequence, right conduct is much more essential to his happiness than to those who are less watched; and I may add, that only by such conduct can the permanence of his real influence over any class be secured.

—— Ivanhoe. Intro., p. 499.

A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly-formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, Verily virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away.

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. X., p. 541.

Rebecca, perceiving that her attempts at consolation only served to awaken new subjects of complaint, wisely desisted from her unavailing efforts—a prudential line of conduct, and we recommend to all who set up for comforters and advisers, to follow it in the like circumstances.

Confidence. The Antiquary. Chap. VII., p. 389.

His apprehension was communicated in smothered accents to Lovel; for, with the sort of freemasonry by which bold and ready spirits correspond in moments of danger, and become almost instinctively known to each other, they had established a mutual confidence.

Congregation. Rob Roy. Chap. XXI., p. 598.

Among the attentive group which I now saw, might be distinguished various expressions similar to those of the audience in the famous cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens. Here sat a zealous and intelligent Calvinist, with brows bent just as much as to indicate profound attention; lips slightly compressed; eyes fixed on the minister with an expression of decent pride, as if sharing the triumph of his argument; the forefinger of the right hand touching successively those of the left, as the preacher, from argument to argument, ascended towards his conclusion. Another, with fiercer and sterner look, intimated at once his contempt of all who doubted the creed of his pastor, and his joy at the appropriate punishment denounced against them. A third, perhaps belonging to a different congregation, and present only by accident or curiosity, had the appearance of internally impeaching some link of the reasoning; and you might plainly read, in the slight motion of his head, his doubts as to the soundness of the preacher's argument. The greater part listened with a calm, satisfied countenance, expressive of a conscious merit in being present, and in listening to such an ingenious discourse, although perhaps unable entirely to comprehend it. The women in general belonged to this last division of the audience; the old, however, seeming more grimly intent upon the abstract doctrines laid before them; while the younger females permitted their eyes occasionally to make a modest circuit around the congregation. As to the rest of the congregation, the stupid gaped, yawned, or slept, till awakened by the application of their more zealous neighbours' heels to their shins; and the idle indicated their inattention by the wandering of their eyes, but dared give no more decided token of weariness. Amid the Lowland costume of coat and cloak, I could here and there discern a Highland plaid, the wearer of which, resting on his basket-hilt, sent his eyes among the audience with the unrestrained curiosity of savage wonder;

and who, in all probability, was inattentive to the sermon for a very pardonable reason—because he did not understand the language in which it was delivered. The martial and wild look, however, of these stragglers, added a kind of character which the congregation could not have exhibited without them.

Conjunctions. The Antiquary. Chap. XI., p. 399.

'Look ye there, now—*but* again!—I hate *but;* I know no form of expression in which he can appear, that is amiable, excepting as a *butt* of sack. *But* is to me a more detestable combination of letters than *no* itself. *No* is a surly, honest fellow—speaks his mind rough and round at once. *But* is a sneaking, evasive, half-bred, exceptuous sort of a conjunction, which comes to pull away the cup just when it is at your lips.'

It does allay
The good precedent—fie upon *but yet*—
But yet is as a jailor to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.

Conscience. The Abbot. Chap. XXXII., p. 134.

Minds of a certain gloomy and determined cast by nature may be warped by a keen sense of petty injuries and insults, combining with the love of gain, and sense of self-interest, and amalgamated with the crude, wild, and indigested fanatical opinions gathered among the crazy sectaries of Germany; or how the doctrines of fatalism, sear the human conscience, by representing our actions as the result of inevitable necessity.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XVII., p. 587.

The arguments which my will boldly preferred to my conscience, as coin which ought to be current, and which conscience, like a grumbling shopkeeper, was contented to accept, rather than come to an open breach with a customer, though more than doubting that the tender was spurious.

Constantinople. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. I., pp. 585, 586.

It has been allowed, I believe, by all men of taste, many of whom have been late visitants of Constantinople, that if it were possible to survey the whole globe with a view

to fixing a seat of universal empire, all who are capable of making such a choice would give their preference to the city of Constantine, as including the great recommendations of beauty, wealth, security, and eminence. Yet with all these advantages of situation and climate, and with all the architectural splendour of its churches and halls, its quarries of marble, and its treasure-houses of gold, the Imperial founder must himself have learned that, although he could employ all these rich materials in obedience to his own wish, it was the mind of man itself, those intellectual faculties refined by the ancients to the highest degree, which had produced the specimens of talent at which men paused and wondered, whether as subjects of art or of moral labour. The power of the emperor might indeed strip other cities of their statues and their shrines, in order to decorate that which he had fixed upon as his new capital; but the men who had performed great actions, and those, almost equally esteemed, by whom such deeds were celebrated in poetry, in painting, and in music, had ceased to exist. The nation, though still the most civilized in the world, had passed beyond that period of society when the desire of fair fame is of itself the sole or chief motive for the labour of the historian or the poet, the painter or the statuary. The slavish and despotic constitution introduced into the empire had long since entirely destroyed that public spirit which animated the free history of Rome, leaving nothing but feeble recollections, which produced no emulation.

Constitution. Life of Scott. Vol. IV., p. 82.

An athletic constitution and a hearty stomach. These agree very ill with a sedentary life and the habits of indolence which it brings on. Your stomach thus gets weak; and from these complaints of all others arise most certainly flatulence, hypochondria, and all the train of unpleasant feelings connected with indigestion.

Contentions. The Abbot. Chap. V., p. 22.

. . . In the wild storm,
The seaman hews his mast down, and the merchant
Heaves to the billows wares he once deemed precious;
So prince and peer, 'mid popular contentions,
Cast off their favourites.

Old Play.

Conversation. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 396.

The worst of this talent is, that it seems to lack sincerity. You never know what are the real sentiments of a good converser, or at least it is very difficult to discover in what extent he entertains them. His politeness is inconsistent with energy. For forming a good converser, good taste and extensive information and accomplishment are the principal requisites, to which must be added an easy and elegant delivery, and a well-toned voice. I think the higher order of genius is not favourable to this talent.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 395, 396.

The art of quiet, easy, entertaining conversation is, I think, chiefly known in England. In Scotland we are pedantic, and wrangle, or we run away with the harrows on some topic we chance to be discursive upon. In Ireland they have too much vivacity, and are too desirous to make a show, to preserve the golden mean. They are the Gascons of Britain.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 49.

The presence of too many men of distinguished rank and power always freezes the conversation. Each lamp shines brightest when placed by itself; when too close, they neutralize each other.

—— Quentin Durward. Pref., p. 9.

The pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own superior knowledge on matters of small consequence, but in enlarging, improving, and correcting the information you possess, by the authority of others.

—— Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. VI., p. 695.

An interesting part of conversation, the singular art of dismissing all the usual protracted tautology respecting time, place, and circumstances, which is apt to settle like a mist upon the cold and languid tales of age, and at the same time of bringing forward, dwelling upon, and illustrating those incidents and characters which give point and interest to the story.

—— Kenilworth. Chap. XXXIV., p. 318.

The progress of private conversation, betwixt two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of their fate, and gives

it a turn very different perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Coquetry. Kenilworth. Chap. XXXII., p. 311.

It is a sight sometimes seen, and it is both ludicrous and pitiable, when an honest man of plain common sense is surprised by the coquetry of a pretty woman, or any other cause, into those frivolous fopperies which only sit well upon the youthful, the gay, and those to whom long practice has rendered them second nature.

Cornwall. Kenilworth. Chap. IV., p. 196.

Cornwall, whose natives are such masters in the art of wrestling, as, were the games of antiquity revived, might enable them to challenge all Europe to the ring.

Corporations. The Antiquary. Chap. XXXVII., p. 490.

The worshipful Bailie Littlejohn, who, contrary to what his name expressed, was a tall, portly magistrate, on whom corporation crusts had not been conferred in vain.

Counsel. Kenilworth. Chap. IX., p. 218.

Counsel of every kind is much more easily given than followed.

Counsels. Quentin Durward. Chap. XXX., p. 145.

Our counsels waver like the unsteady bark,
That reels amid the strife of meeting currents.
Old Play.

Countenance. Rob Roy. Chap. XII., p. 572.

Rashleigh's face resembled, as I have already noticed, no other countenance that I ever saw. But this singularity lay not only in the features, but in the mode of changing their expression. Other countenances, in altering from grief to joy, or from anger to satisfaction, pass through some brief interval, ere the expression of the predominant passion supersedes entirely that of its predecessor. There is a sort of twilight, like that between the clearing up of the darkness and the rising of the sun, while the swollen

muscles subside, the dark eye clears, the forehead relaxes and expands itself, and the whole countenance loses its sterner shades, and becomes serene and placid. Rashleigh's face exhibited none of these gradations, but changed almost instantaneously from the expression of one passion to that of the contrary. I can compare it to nothing but the sudden shifting of a scene in the theatre, where, at the whistle of the prompter, a cavern disappears, and a grove arises.

Countenances. The Antiquary. Chap. I., pp. 365, 366.

His countenance was of the true Scottish cast, strongly marked, and rather harsh in features, with a shrewd and penetrating eye, and a countenance in which habitual gravity was enlivened by a cast of ironical humour.

—— Waverley. Chap. VIII., p. 24.

The physiognomy of the people, when more closely examined, was far from exhibiting the indifference of stupidity; their features were rough, but remarkably intelligent; grave, but the very reverse of stupid; and from among the young women an artist might have chosen more than one model, whose features and form resembled those of Minerva.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. IX., p. 186.

Too robust, the frequent objection to Scottish beauty.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XIII., p. 728.

The countenance itself was exceedingly comely—the eyes black, large, and roguishly good-humoured—the mouth was small—the lips well formed, though somewhat full—the teeth were pearly white—and the chin had a very seducing dimple in it. The form belonging to this joyous face was full and round, and firm and fair. It might become coarse and masculine some years hence, which is the common fault of Scottish beauty.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XX., p. 598.

The usual variety of countenances which are generally turned towards a Scotch pastor, almost all composed to attention, unless where a father or mother here and there recalls the wandering eyes of a lively child, or disturbs the slumbers of a dull one. The high-boned and harsh countenance of the nation, with the expression of intelli-

gence and shrewdness which it frequently exhibits, is seen to more advantage in the act of devotion, or in the ranks of war, than on lighter and more cheerful occasions of assemblage.

Countenances. Rob Roy. Chap. XXVIII., p. 629.

A very tall, strong man, with a quantity of reddish hair, freckled face, high cheek-bones, and long chin—a sort of caricature of the national features of Scotland.

Country Sales. Guy Mannering. Chap. XIII., p. 229.

A sale in the country is a place of public resort and amusement.

Courage. Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XV., p. 458.

Courage was restored to his heart, vigour and animation to his benumbed and bruised limbs; such influence does the human mind, when excited to energy, possess over the infirmities of the human body.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLIX., p. 340.

Despair gives courage.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXII., p. 279.

Men who are disobedient both to human and divine laws are not always insensible to the claims of courage and generosity,

—— The Monastery. Chap. XX., p. 754.

When, whether from our state of animal spirits, want of confidence in the justice of our cause, or any other motive, our own courage happens to be in a wavering condition, nothing tends so much altogether to disconcert us, as a great appearance of promptitude on the part of our antagonist.

—— The Tapestried Chamber. Intro., p. 885.

Personal courage, that attribute, of all others, of which everybody desires to be thought possessed.

Courage and Truth. Life of Scott. Vol. III., p. 110.

Without courage there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue.

Court. Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. VI., p. 696.

The peculiarity of the dialect which Mistress Baliol used, . . . was Scottish, decidedly Scottish, often containing phrases and words little used in the present day. But then her tone and mode of pronunciation were as different from the usual accent of the ordinary Scotch *patois* as the accent of St. James's is from that of Billingsgate. The vowels were not pronounced much broader than in the Italian language, and there was none of the disagreeable drawl which is so offensive to southern ears. In short, it seemed to be the Scottish as spoken by the ancient court of Scotland, to which no idea of vulgarity could be attached; and the lively manner and gestures with which it was accompanied were so completely in accord with the sound of the voice and the style of talking that I cannot assign them a different origin. In long derivation, perhaps, the manners of the Scottish court might have been originally formed on that of France, to which it had certainly some affinity.

Courtesy. A Legend of Montrose. Chap. IX., p. 35.

With that air of courtesy which every Highlander can assume when it suits him to practise it.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXV., p. 125.

Constrained courtesy sometimes covers, among men of condition, the most deadly hatred.

Courtiers. The Monastery. Chap. XXIX., p. 789.

To the grace of Queen Bess's age be it spoken, her courtiers wore more iron on their breasts than brass on their foreheads, and even amid their vanities preserved still the decaying spirit of chivalry, which inspired of yore the very gentle Knight of Chaucer,

Who in his port was modest as a maid.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XI., p. 63.

The established rule of courtiers of all ages, who, although their usual private conversation turns upon the vices and follies of their patrons, and on the injuries and neglect which they themselves have sustained, never suffer such hints to drop from them in the presence of the sovereign or those of his family.

Covenant. A Legend of Montrose. Chap. I., pp. 7-9.

It was during the period of that great and bloody civil war which agitated Great Britain during the seventeenth century, that our tale has its commencement. Scotland had as yet remained free from the ravages of intestine war, although its inhabitants were much divided in political opinions; and many of them, tired of the control of the Estates of Parliament, and disapproving of the bold measure which they had adopted, by sending into England a large army to the assistance of the Parliament, were determined on their part to embrace the earliest opportunity of declaring for the king, and making such a diversion as should at least compel the recall of General Leslie's army out of England, if it did not recover a great part of Scotland to the king's allegiance. This plan was chiefly adopted by the northern nobility, who had resisted with great obstinacy the adoption of the Solemn League and Covenant, and by many of the chiefs of the Highland clans, who conceived their interest and authority to be connected with royalty, who had, besides, a decided aversion to the Presbyterian form of religion, and who, finally, were in that half savage state of society, in which war is always more welcome than peace.

Great commotions were generally expected to arise from these concurrent causes; and the trade of incursion and depredation, which the Scottish Highlanders at all times exercised upon the Lowlanders, began to assume a more steady, avowed, and systematic form, as part of a general military system.

Those at the head of affairs were not insensible to the peril of the moment, and anxiously made preparations to meet and to repel it. They considered, however, with satisfaction, that no leader or name of consequence had as yet appeared to assemble an army of royalists, or even to direct the efforts of those desultory bands, whom love of plunder, perhaps, as much as political principle, had hurried into measures of hostility. It was generally hoped that the quartering a sufficient number of troops in the Lowlands adjacent to the Highland line, would have the effect of restraining the mountain chieftains; while the power of various barons in the north, who had espoused the Covenant, as, for example, the Earl Mareschal, the great families of Forbes, Leslie, and Irvine, the Grants, and other Presbyterian clans, might counterbalance and bridle not

only the strength of the Ogilvies and other cavaliers of Angus and Kincardine, but even the potent family of the Gordons, whose extensive authority was only equalled by their extreme dislike to the Presbyterian model.

In the West Highlands the ruling party numbered many enemies: but the power of these disaffected clans was supposed to be broken, and the spirit of their chieftains intimidated, by the predominating influence of the Marquis of Argyle, upon whom the confidence of the Convention of Estates was reposed with the utmost security; and whose power in the Highlands, already exorbitant, had been still further increased by concessions extorted from the king at the last pacification. It was indeed well known that Argyle was a man rather of political enterprise than personal courage, and better calculated to manage an intrigue of state, than to control the tribes of hostile mountaineers; yet the numbers of his clan, and the spirit of the gallant gentlemen by whom it was led, might, it was supposed, atone for the personal deficiencies of their chief, and as the Campbells had already severely humbled several of the neighbouring tribes, it was supposed these would not readily again provoke an encounter with a body so powerful.

Thus having at their command the whole west and south of Scotland, indisputably the richest part of the kingdom —Fifeshire being in a peculiar manner their own, and possessing many and powerful friends even north of the Forth and Tay—the Scottish Convention of Estates saw no danger sufficient to induce them to alter the line of policy they had adopted, or to recall from the assistance of their brethren of the English Parliament that auxiliary army of twenty thousand men, by means of which accession of strength the king's party had been reduced to the defensive, when in full career of triumph and success.

The causes which moved the Convention of Estates at this time to take such an immediate and active interest in the civil war of England, are detailed by our historians, but may be here shortly recapitulated. They had indeed no new injury or aggression to complain of at the hand of the king, and the peace which had been made between Charles and his subjects of Scotland had been carefully observed; but the Scottish rulers were well aware that this peace had been extorted from the king, as well by the influence of the Parliamentary party in England, as by the terror of their own arms. It is true, King Charles had since then

visited the capital of his ancient kingdom, had assented to the new organization of the church, and had distributed honours and rewards among the leaders of the party which had shown themselves most hostile to his interests; but it was suspected that distinctions so unwillingly conferred would be resumed as soon as opportunity offered. The low state of the English Parliament was seen in Scotland with deep apprehension; and it was concluded, that should Charles triumph by force of arms against his insurgent subjects of England, he would not be long in exacting from the Scots the vengeance which he might suppose due to those who had set the example of taking up arms against him. Such was the policy of the measure which dictated the sending the auxiliary army into England: and it was avowed in a manifesto explanatory of their reasons for giving this timely and important aid to the English Parliament. The English Parliament, they said, had been already friendly to them, and might be again; whereas the king, although he had so lately established religion among them according to their desires, had given them no ground to confide in his royal declaration, seeing they had found his promises and actions inconsistent with each other. 'Our conscience,' they concluded, 'and God, who is greater than our conscience, beareth us record that we aim altogether at the glory of God, peace of both nations, and honour of the king, in suppressing and punishing, in a legal way, those who are the troublers of Israel, the firebrands of hell, the Korahs, the Balaams, the Doegs, the Rabshakehs, the Hamans, the Tobiahs, the Sanballats of our time; which done, we are satisfied. Neither have we begun to use a military expedition to England as a mean for compassing those our pious ends, until all other means which we could think upon have failed us: and this alone is left to us, *ultimum et unicum remedium*—the last and only remedy.'

Leaving it to casuists to determine whether one contracting party is justified in breaking a solemn treaty, upon the suspicion that, in certain future contingencies, it might be infringed by the other, we shall proceed to mention two other circumstances that had at least equal influence with the Scottish rulers and nation, with any doubts which they entertained of the king's good faith.

The first of these was the nature and condition of their army, headed by a poor and discontented nobility, under whom it was officered chiefly by Scottish soldiers of

fortune, who had served in the German wars until they had lost almost all distinction of political principle, and even of country, in the adoption of the mercenary faith, that a soldier's principal duty was fidelity to the state or sovereign from which he received his pay, without respect either to the justice of the quarrel, or to their own connection with either of the contending parties. To men of this stamp, Grotius applies the severe character: *Nullum vitæ genus est improbius, quam eorum qui sine causæ respectu mercede conducti, militant.* To these mercenary soldiers, as well as to the needy gentry with whom they were mixed in command, and who easily imbibed the same opinions, the success of the late short invasion of England in 1641 was a sufficient reason for renewing so profitable an experiment. The good pay and free quarters of England had made a feeling impression upon the recollection of these military adventurers, and the prospect of again levying eight hundred and fifty pounds a day came in place of all arguments, whether of state or of morality.

Another cause inflamed the minds of the nation at large, no less than the tempting prospect of the wealth of England animated the soldiery. So much had been written and said on either side concerning the form of church government, that it had become a matter of infinitely more consequence in the eyes of the multitude than the doctrines of that gospel which both churches had embraced. The Prelatists and Presbyterians of the more violent kind became as illiberal as the Papists, and would scarcely allow the possibility of salvation beyond the pale of their respective churches. It was in vain remarked to these zealots, that had the Author of our holy religion considered any peculiar form of church government as essential to salvation, it would have been revealed with the same precision as under the Old Testament dispensation. Both parties continued as violent as if they could have pleaded the distinct commands of Heaven to justify their intolerance. Laud, in the days of his domination, had fired the train, by attempting to impose upon the Scottish people church ceremonies foreign to their habits and opinions. The success with which this had been resisted, and the Presbyterian model substituted in its place, had endeared the latter to the nation, as the cause in which they had triumphed. The Solemn League and Covenant, adopted with such zeal by the greater part of the kingdom, and by them forced at the sword's point upon the others, bore in

its bosom, as its principal object, the establishing the doctrine and discipline of the Presbyterian church, and the putting down all error and heresy; and having attained for their own country an establishment of this golden candlestick, the Scots became liberally and fraternally anxious to erect the same in England. This they conceived might be easily attained by lending to the Parliament the effectual assistance of the Scottish forces. The Presbyterians, a numerous and powerful party in the English Parliament, had hitherto taken the lead in opposition to the king; while the Independents and other sectaries, who afterwards, under Cromwell, resumed the power of the sword, and overset the Presbyterian model both in Scotland and England, were as yet contented to lurk under the shelter of the wealthier and more powerful party. The prospect of bringing to a uniformity the kingdoms of England and Scotland in discipline and worship, seemed therefore as fair as it was desirable.

Covenanters. Life of Scott. Vol. III., pp. 34, 35.

As for my good friend Dundee, I admit he was *tant soit peu sauvage*, but he was a noble savage; and the beastly Covenanters against whom he acted, hardly had any claim to be called men, unless what was founded on their walking upon their hind feet. You can hardly conceive the perfidy, cruelty, and stupidity of these people according to the accounts they have themselves preserved. But I admit I had many cavalier prejudices instilled into me, as my ancestor was a Killiecrankie man.

—— Old Mortality. Chap. XVII., p. 776.

Whatever may be thought of the extravagance or narrow-minded bigotry of many of their tenets, it is impossible to deny the praise of devoted courage to a few hundred peasants, who, without leaders, without money, without magazines, without any fixed plan of action, and almost without arms, borne out only by their innate zeal, and a detestation of the oppression of their rulers, ventured to declare open war against an established government, supported by a regular army and the whole force of three kingdoms.

Cowardice. Kenilworth. Chap. VIII., p. 214.

Michael Lambourne felt strongly disposed to bully; but his wrath died away in a few incoherent oaths and ejacu-

lations, and he sank unresistingly under the ascendancy which superior spirits possess over persons of his habits and description.

Crabbe. The Pirate. Chap. XXI., p. 446.

The moral bard.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXIII., p. 285.

Our British Juvenal.

Craft. Old Mortality. Chap. VII., p. 735.

With the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Scottish peasant can at times assume as a mask for considerable shrewdness and craft.

Creator. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 150-152.

There is a curtain to be withdrawn, a veil to be rent, before we shall see things as they really are. There are few, I trust, who disbelieve the existence of a God; nay, I doubt if at all times, and in all moods, any single individual ever adopted that hideous creed, though some have professed it. With the belief of a Deity, that of the immortality of the soul and of the state of future rewards and punishments is indissolubly linked. More we are not to know; but neither are we prohibited from all attempts, however vain, to pierce the solemn sacred gloom. The expressions used in Scripture are doubtless metaphorical, for penal fires and heavenly melody are only applicable to beings endowed with corporeal senses; and, at least till the period of the resurrection, the spirits of men, whether entering into the perfection of the just, or committed to the regions of punishment, are not connected with bodies. Neither is it to be supposed that the glorified bodies which shall arise in the last day will be capable of the same gross indulgences with which ours are now solaced. That the idea of Mahomet's paradise is inconsistent with the purity of our heavenly religion will be readily granted; and see Mark xii. 25. Harmony is obviously chosen as the least corporeal of all gratification of the sense, and as the type of love, unity, and a state of peace and perfect happiness. But they have a poor idea of the Deity, and the rewards which are destined for the just made perfect, who can only adopt the literal sense of an eternal concert—a never-ending birthday ode. I rather suppose this should be understood as some commission from the Highest some

duty to discharge with the applause of a satisfied conscience. That the Deity, who Himself must be supposed to feel love and affection for the beings He has called into existence, should delegate a portion of these powers, I for one cannot conceive altogether so wrong a conjecture. We would then find reality in Milton's sublime machinery of the guardian saints or genii of kingdoms. Nay, we would approach to the Catholic idea of the employment of saints, though without approaching the absurdity of saint-worship, which degrades their religion. There would be, we must suppose, in these employments difficulties to overcome, and exertions to be made, for all which the celestial beings employed would have certain appropriate powers. I cannot help owning that a life of active benevolence is more consistent with my ideas than an eternity of music. But it is all speculation, and it is impossible to guess what we shall do, unless we could ascertain the equally difficult previous question, what we are to be. But there is a God, and a just God—a judgment and a future life—and all who own so much, let them act according to the faith that is in them. I would not, of course, limit the range of my genii to this confined earth. There is the universe, with all its endless extent of worlds.

Creator. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 192.

For all these great blessings, it becomes me well to be thankful to God, who, in His good time and good pleasure, sends us good as well as evil.

Credulity. The Fair Maid of Perth. Intro., p. 202.

We talk of a credulous vulgar, without always recollecting that there is a vulgar incredulity, which, in historical matters, as well as in those of religion, finds it easier to doubt than to examine, and endeavours to assume the credit of an *esprit fort* by denying whatever happens to be a little beyond the very limited comprehension of the sceptic.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XLI., pp. 918, 919.

A man of sense or reflection, by trying to give his plot an appearance of more probability, would most likely have failed, as wise men often do in addressing the multitude, from not daring to calculate upon the prodigious extent of their credulity, especially where the figments presented to them involve the fearful and the terrible.

Crime. Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XIV., p. 457.

With a weakness of mind not uncommon to great criminals, he shrank from the thoughts of his own baseness and cruelty, and endeavoured to banish the feeling of dishonour from his mind by devolving the immediate execution of his villainy upon his subordinate agents.

—— The Pirate. Chap. XXXIX., p. 518.

There are two sorts of men whom situations of guilt, and terror, and commotion, bring forward as prominent agents. The first are spirits so naturally moulded and fitted for deeds of horror, that they stalk forth from their lurking-places like actual demons, to work in their native element, as the hideous apparition of the Bearded Man came forth at Versailles, on the memorable 5th October, 1789, the delighted executioner of the victims delivered up to him by a bloodthirsty rabble. The second class of these unfortunate beings are involved in evil rather by the concurrence of external circumstances than by natural inclination.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXIX., p. 305.

Died *game*, as it is termed by those unfortunates; that is, sullen, reckless, and impenitent, neither fearing God nor regarding man.

—— Rob Roy. Appen., p. 694.

A considerable space of time elapsed, which is always a strong circumstance in favour of the accused; for there is a sort of perspective in guilt, and crimes of an old date seem less odious than those of recent occurrence.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XVII., p. 218.

That cold, sarcastic, indifferent tone familiar to habitual depravity, whose crimes are instigated by custom rather than by passion.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XX., p. 232.

All must have occasionally observed, with disgust, the apathy with which the vulgar gaze on scenes of this nature, and how seldom, unless when their sympathies are called forth by some striking and extraordinary circumstance, the crowd evince any interest deeper than that of callous, unthinking bustle, and brutal curiosity. They laugh, jest, quarrel, and push each other to and fro, with

the same unfeeling indifference as if they were assembled for some holiday sport, or to see an idle procession. Occasionally, however, this demeanour, so natural to the degraded populace of a large town, is exchanged for a temporary touch of human affection.

Crime. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XV., p. 211.

The relative positions of a police-officer and a professed thief bear a different complexion, according to circumstances. The most obvious simile of a hawk pouncing upon his prey is often least applicable. Sometimes the guardian of justice has the air of a cat watching a mouse, and, while he suspends his purpose of springing upon the pilferer, takes care so to calculate his motions that he shall not get beyond his power. Sometimes, more passive still, he uses the art of fascination ascribed to the rattlesnake, and contents himself with glaring on the victim through all his devious flutterings; certain that his terror, confusion, and disorder of ideas, will bring him into his jaws at last.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. III., p. 162.

Every object takes interest from its uses and associations, and the erect beam and empty noose, things so simple in themselves, became, on such an occasion, objects of terror and of solemn interest.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XXXII., pp. 659, 660.

We are perhaps censurable in making the dwelling and the food of acknowledged and convicted guilt more comfortable and palatable than what the parties could have gained by any exertions when at large, and supporting themselves by honest labour; but this is a venial error compared to that of our ancestors, who, considering a charge and a conviction as synonymous, treated the accused before sentence in a manner which would have been of itself a severe punishment after he was found guilty.

Criticism. Waverley. Intro., p. 1.

Any attempt to obviate criticism, however just, by altering a work already in the hands of the public is generally unsuccessful. In the most improbable fiction the reader still desires some air of vraisemblance, and does not relish that the incidents of a tale familiar to him should be

altered to suit the taste of critics, or the caprice of the author himself. This process of feeling is so natural that it may be observed even in children, who cannot endure that a nursery story should be repeated to them differently from the manner in which it was first told.

Criticisms. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 212.

Tell a young beauty that she wears an unbecoming dress, or an ill-fashioned ornament, or speaks too loud, or commits any other mistake which she can correct, and she will do so, if she has sense and a good opinion of your taste. But tell a fading beauty that her hair is getting grey, her wrinkles apparent, her gait heavy, and that she has no business in a ballroom but to be ranged against the wall as an ever-green, and you will afflict the poor old lady, without rendering her any service.

Critics. Ivanhoe. Chap. XVII., p. 564.

A first-rate critic of the present day at a new opera. He reclined back upon his seat, with his eyes half shut; now, folding his hands and twisting his thumbs, he seemed absorbed in attention, and anon, balancing his expanded palms, he gently flourished them in time to the music.

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. II., p. 510.

The common people, the severest critics of the conduct of their betters.

Cromwell. Woodstock. Chap. I., p. 10.

Oliver Cromwell, the victorious general of the infant Commonwealth, which was never destined to come of age.

—— Woodstock. Chap. VIII., pp. 39, 40.

The figure of Oliver Cromwell was, as is generally known, in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were grey and piercing; his nose too large in proportion to his other features, and of a reddish hue.

His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could on such occasion put his meaning into fewer and more decisive words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to

play the orator for the benefit of people's ears, without enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parentheses, that, though one of the most shrewd men in England, he was, perhaps, the most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience. It has been long since said by the historian that a collection of the Protector's speeches would make, with a few exceptions, the most nonsensical book in the world; but he ought to have added that nothing could be more nervous, concise, and intelligible than what he really intended should be understood.

It was also remarked of Cromwell, that, though born of a good family, both by father and mother, and although he had the usual opportunities of education and breeding connected with such an advantage, the fanatic democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner a force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if it did not impose respect: and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself, so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humour, which displayed itself by fits, was broad, and of a low and sometimes practical character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen; a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the democracy of England.

His religion must always be a subject of much doubt, and probably of doubt which he himself could hardly have cleared up. Unquestionably there was a time in his life when he was sincerely enthusiastic, and when his natural temper, slightly subject to hypochondria, was strongly agitated by the same fanaticism which influenced so many persons of the time. On the other hand, there were periods during his political career when we certainly do him no injustice in charging him with a hypocritical affectation. We shall probably judge him, and others of the same age, most truly, if we suppose that their religious

professions were partly influential in their own breast, partly assumed in compliance with their own interest. And so ingenious is the human heart in deceiving itself as well as others, that it is probable neither Cromwell himself nor those making similar pretensions to distinguished piety, could exactly have fixed the point at which their enthusiasm terminated and their hypocrisy commenced; or, rather, it was a point not fixed in itself, but fluctuating with the state of health, of good or bad fortune, of high or low spirits, affecting the individual at the period.

Cromwell. Woodstock. Chap. XXXIII., p. 162.

Cromwell . . . had by instinct all the habits of military foresight, which, in others, are the result of professional education and long experience.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXXIII., p. 164.

He fell into a flood of tears, which he sometimes was wont to do. This extremity of emotion was of a singular character. It was not actually the result of penitence, and far less that of absolute hypocrisy, but arose merely from the temperament of that remarkable man, whose deep policy and ardent enthusiasm were intermingled with a strain of hypochondriacal passion, which often led him to exhibit scenes of this sort, though seldom, as now, when he was called to the execution of great undertakings.

Crusades. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. X., p. 635.

The Cross, that being then the predominating folly in Europe.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. IX., p. 629.

Crusaders and Grecians. The former were, as Alexius's policy dictated, occasionally and individually received with extreme honour, and their leaders loaded with respect and favour; while, from time to time, such bodies of them as sought distant or circuitous routes to the capital were intercepted and cut to pieces by light-armed troops, who easily passed upon their ignorant opponents for Turks, Scythians, or other infidels, and sometimes were actually such, but in the service of the Grecian monarch. Often, too, it happened that, while the more powerful chiefs of the Crusade were feasted by the emperor and his ministers with the richest delicacies, and their thirst slaked with iced wines, their followers

were left at a distance, where, intentionally supplied with adulterated flour, tainted provisions, and bad water, they contracted diseases, and died in great numbers, without having once seen a foot of the Holy Land, for the recovery of which they had abandoned their peace, their competence, and their native country. These aggressions did not pass without complaint. Many of the crusading chiefs impugned the fidelity of their allies, exposed the losses sustained by their armies as evils voluntarily inflicted on them by the Greeks, and on more than one occasion the two nations stood opposed to each other on such terms that a general war seemed to be inevitable.

Cunning. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XX., p. 441.

Like many cunning persons, he over-reached himself deplorably.

Curiosity. Rob Roy. Chap. XXVII., p. 625.

This Alpine region, I felt a longing to explore its recesses, though accompanied with toil and danger, similar to that which a sailor feels when he wishes for the risks and animation of a battle or a gale, in exchange for the insupportable monotony of a protracted calm.

—— Waverley. Chap. VIII., p. 23.

Curiosity, the busiest passion of the idle.

Customs. The Talisman. Chap. XVIII., p. 805.

The Eastern people make no allowance for those mercurial changes in the temper, and consider open laughter, upon almost any account, as derogatory to the dignity of man, and becoming only to women and children.

Danger. Life of Scott. Vol. IV., p. 210.

Habitual exposure to danger hardens the heart against its consequences, whether to ourselves or others.

—— The Talisman. Chap. II., p. 740.

Times of danger have always, and in a peculiar degree, their seasons of goodwill and of security; and this was particularly so in the ancient feudal ages, in which, as the manners of the period had assigned war to be the chief and most worthy occupation of mankind, the intervals of peace, or rather of truce, were highly relished by those

warriors to whom they were seldom granted, and endeared by the very circumstances which rendered them transitory. It is not worth while preserving any permanent enmity against a foe whom a champion has fought with to-day, and may again stand in bloody opposition to on the next morning. The time and situation afforded so much room for the ebullition of violent passions, that men, unless when peculiarly opposed to each other, or provoked by the recollection of private and individual wrongs, cheerfully enjoyed in each other's society the brief intervals of pacific intercourse which a warlike life admitted.

Danger. Ivanhoe. Chap. XXIX., p. 603.

A moment of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those, which, at more tranquil periods, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them.

—— The Pirate. Chap. XXIX., p. 480.

When we are delivered from great and serious dangers, our mood is, or ought to be, grave, in proportion to the peril we have escaped, and the gratitude due to protecting Providence. But few things raise the spirits more naturally or more harmlessly, than when means of extrication from any of the lesser embarrassments of life are suddenly presented to us.

—— A Legend of Montrose. Chap. II., p. 9.

The distinctions of rank are readily set aside among those who are made to be sharers of common danger.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXVII., p. 667.

Nothing makes men's wits so alert as personal danger.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XXXVII., p. 160.

That thick beating of the heart, that mixture of natural apprehension, intense curiosity, and anxiety for the dubious event, which even the bravest experience when they approach alone to a scene of interest and of danger.

—— Waverley. Chap. LXIII., p. 149.

Danger and misfortune are rapid, though severe teachers.

Danger. The Betrothed. Chap. VI., p. 565.

Impending danger makes men observant of the rites of devotion.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XIV., p. 591.

Apprehended danger makes time pass quickly betwixt us and the dreaded hour.

Dante. Life of Scott. Vol. X., p. 187.

It is mortifying that Dante seemed to think nobody worth being sent to hell but his own Italians, whereas other people had every bit as great rogues in their families, whose misdeeds were suffered to pass with impunity.

Dawn. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXV., p. 893.

Morning dawns on Newgate, as well as on the freest mountain turf which Welshman or wild goat ever trod; but in so different a fashion, that the very beams of heaven's precious sun, when they penetrate into the recesses of the prison-house, have the air of being committed to jail.

Deans, Effie. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. IX., p. 186.

Effie Deans, under the tender and affectionate care of her sister, had now shot up into a beautiful and blooming girl. Her Grecian-shaped head was profusely rich in waving ringlets of brown hair, which, confined by a blue snood of silk, and shading a laughing Hebe countenance, seemed the picture of health, pleasure, and contentment. Her brown, russet short gown set off a shape which time, perhaps, might be expected to render too robust, the frequent objection to Scottish beauty, but which, in her present early age, was slender and taper, with that graceful and easy sweep of outline which at once indicates health and beautiful proportion of parts.

Deans, Jennie. The Heart of Midlothian. Intro., p. 150.

Helen Walker died about the end of the year 1791, and her remains are interred in the churchyard of her native parish of Irongray, in a romantic cemetery on the banks of the Cairn. That a character so distinguished for her undaunted love of virtue lived and died in poverty, if not want, serves only to show us how insignificant, in the sight of Heaven, are our principal objects of ambition upon earth.

Deceit. The Abbot. Chap. XVIII., p. 67.

That gay and splendid confusion, in which the eye of youth sees all that is brave and brilliant, and that of experience much that is doubtful, deceitful, false, and hollow—hopes that will never be gratified—promises which will never be fulfilled—pride in the disguise of humility—and insolence in that of frank and generous bounty.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XVIII., p. 227.

Being rewarded, as double-dealers frequently have been, with favour and preferment.

Deception. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXV., p. 290.

A thrill of conscious feeling, somewhat perhaps like that of the spider when he perceives his deceitful web is threatened with injury, and sits balanced in the centre, watching every point, and uncertain which he may be called upon first to defend. Such is one part, and not the slightest part, of the penance which never fails to wait on those who, abandoning the 'fair play of the world,' endeavour to work out their purposes by a process of deception and intrigue.

Defence. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXIV., p. 651.

Next to having stout and friendly comrades, a man is chiefly emboldened by finding himself well armed in case of need.

Deference. The Abbot. Chap. XVIII., p. 70.

The greatest and wisest are flattered by the deference of youth—so graceful and becoming in itself.

Deformity. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXIV., p. 888.

The unhappy taste which frequently induces those whom nature has marked by personal deformity, to distinguish, and at the same time to render themselves ridiculous, by the use of showy colours, and garments fantastically and extraordinarily fashioned.

Departed. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 340.

All primitive people speak of their dead, and I think virtuously and wisely. The idea of blotting the names of those who are gone out of the language and familiar discourse of those to whom they were dearest is one of the

rules of ultra-civilization which, in so many instances, strangle natural feeling by way of avoiding a painful sensation. The Highlanders speak of their dead children as freely as of their living members. It is a generous and manly tone of feeling: and so far as it may be adopted without affectation or contradicting the general habits of society, I reckon on observing it.

Depth. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 390.

Your deepest pools, like your deepest politicians and philosophers, often turn out more shallow than expected.

Descent. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. VIII., p. 581.

'Ay, ay,' said Dame Ursula; 'even so—I never knew a Scot of you, but was descended, as ye call it, from some great house or other; and a piteous descent it often is—and as for the distance you speak of, it is so great as to put you out of sight of each other.'

Desperation. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XXXII., p. 477.

The ecstasy of real desperation seldom fails to overpower the less energetic passions by which it may be opposed.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXV., p. 894.

In desperate circumstances men look to strange and unusual remedies.

Diligence. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., pp. 63, 64.

Your motto must be *Hoc age*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of reflection or recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. A habit of the mind it is which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, but left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion.

Dinner. The Surgeon's Daughter. Chap. II., p. 752.

Dinner, which claims a share of human thoughts even in the midst of the most marvellous and affecting incidents.

Discipline. Ivanhoe. Chap. XXXII., p. 616.

Trust me each state must have its policies:
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters;
Even the wild outlaw, in his forest-walk,
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline;
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
But laws were made to draw that union closer.
Old Play.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XVI., p. 807.

That moral discipline which teaches us mastery of our wayward passions, ere yet they have attained their meridian strength and violence.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XVII., p. 224.

The irritation felt at being schooled—a discipline of the mind which those most ready to bestow it on others do themselves most reluctantly submit to receive.

—— Castle Dangerous. Chap. V., p. 831.

The castle is well kept where the governor is a disciplinarian; and where feuds and personal quarrels are found in the garrison, the young men are usually more in fault than those whose greater experience has convinced them of the necessity of using the strictest precautions.

Dislike. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXX., pp. 685, 686.

The feeling that he is the object of general dislike and dereliction, seems to be one of the most unendurably painful to which a human being can be subjected. The most atrocious criminals, whose nerves have not shrunk from perpetrating the most horrid cruelty, suffer more from the consciousness that no man will sympathize with their sufferings, than from apprehension of the personal agony of their impending punishment: and are known often to attempt to palliate their enormities, and sometimes altogether to deny what is established by the clearest proof, rather than to leave life under the general ban of humanity.

Dissection. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 294, 295.

Although an unprejudiced person would have no objection to the idea of his own remains undergoing dissection, if their being exposed to scientific research could be of the least service to humanity, yet we all shudder at the notion of anyone who had been dear to us, especially a wife or sister, being subjected to a scalpel among a gazing and unfeeling crowd of students. One would fight and die to prevent it. This current of feeling is encouraged by the law which, as distinguishing murderers and other atrocious criminals, orders that their bodies shall be given for public dissection. This makes it almost impossible to consign the bodies of those who die in the public hospitals to the same fate; for it would be inflicting on poverty the penalty which, wisely or unwisely, the law of the country has denounced against guilt of the highest degree: and it would assuredly deprive all who have a remaining spark of feeling or shame of the benefit of those consolations of charity of which they are the best objects. If the prejudice be not very liberal, it is surely natural, and so deeply-seated that many of the best feelings must be destroyed ere it can be eradicated.

Distance. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 323.

Distance! What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdities, softening every coarseness, doubling every effect by the influence of the imagination. A *Scotch wedding* should be seen at a distance—the gay band of dancers just distinguished amid the elderly group of the spectators—the glass held high, and the distant cheers as it is swallowed, should be only a sketch, not a finished Dutch picture, when it becomes brutal and boorish.

Distress. The Pirate. Chap. XXXVI., p. 509.

The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so, in great calamities, it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. IV., p. 609.

Distress which flows from a natural cause generally attracts sympathy even from the most artificial characters.

Distrust. The Betrothed. Chap. XXXI., p. 654.

The two dependents of Hugh de Lacy marched on in sullen silence, like men who dislike and distrust each other, though bound to one common service, and partners.

Doctors. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 254.

A doctor is like Ajax—give him light, and he may make battle with a disease; but, no disparagements to the Esculapian art, they are bad guessers.

—— The Surgeon's Daughter. Chap. I., p. 746.

A slight touch of the cynic in manner and habits gives the physician, to the common eye, an air of authority which greatly tends to enlarge his reputation.

—— The Talisman. Chap. VII., p. 767.

The importance of the Eastern proverb, that the sick chamber of the patient is the kingdom of the physician.

—— Waverley. Chap. LXVIII., p. 160.

A solicitor and the first counsel attended; but it was upon the same footing on which the first physicians are usually summoned to the bedside of some dying man of rank; the doctors to take the advantage of some incalculable chance of an exertion of nature—the lawyers to avail themselves of the barely possible occurrence of some legal flaw.

—— The Surgeon's Daughter. Chap. I., pp. 745, 746.

The exquisitely beautiful portrait which the Rambler has painted of his friend Levett* well describes Gideon Gray and many other village doctors, from whom Scotland reaps more benefit, and to whom she is perhaps more ungrateful, than to any other class of men, excepting her schoolmasters.

Such a rural man of medicine is usually the inhabitant of some petty burgh or village, which forms the central point of his practice. But, besides attending to such cases as the village may afford, he is day and night at the service of everyone who may command his assistance within a circle of forty miles in diameter, untraversed by roads in many directions, and including moors, mountains, rivers, and lakes. For late and dangerous journeys through an

* A sort of medical practitioner whom Doctor Johnson sheltered in his own house for twenty years.

inaccessible country, for services of the most essential kind, rendered at the expense, or risk at least, of his own health and life, the Scottish village doctor receives at best a very moderate recompense, often one which is totally inadequate, and very frequently none whatever. He has none of the ample resources proper to the brothers of the profession in an English town. The burgesses of a Scottish burgh are rendered, by their limited means of luxury, inaccessible to gout, surfeits, and all the comfortable chronic diseases which are attendant on wealth and indolence. Four years, or so, of abstemiousness enable them to stand an election dinner; and there is no hope of broken heads among a score or two of quiet electors, who settle the business over a table. There the mothers of the State never make a point of pouring, in the course of every revolving year, a certain quantity of doctor's stuff through the bowels of their beloved children. Every old woman, from the town-head to the townfit, can prescribe a dose of salts, or spread a plaster; and it is only when a fever or a palsy renders matters serious, that the assistance of the doctor is invoked by his neighbours in the burgh.

But still the man of science cannot complain of inactivity or want of practice. If he does not find patients at his door, he seeks them through a wide circle. Like the ghostly lover of Burger's *Leonora*,* he mounts at midnight, and traverses in darkness paths which, to those less accustomed to them, seem formidable in daylight, through straits where the slightest aberration would plunge him into a morass, or throw him over a precipice, on to cabins which his horse might ride over without knowing they lay in his way, unless he happened to fall through the roofs. When he arrives at such a stately termination of his journey, where his services are required, either to bring a wretch into the world, or prevent one from leaving it, the scene of misery is often such that, far from touching the hard-saved shillings which are gratefully offered to him, he bestows his medicines as well as his attendance—for charity. I have heard the celebrated traveller Mungo Park, who had experienced both courses of life, rather give the preference to travelling as a discoverer in Africa than to wandering by night and day the wilds of his native land in the capacity of a country medical practitioner. He mentioned having once upon a time rode forty miles,

* A German poem that was translated by Sir Walter Scott.

sat up all night, and successfully assisted a woman under influence of the primitive curse, for which his sole remuneration was a roasted potato and a draught of buttermilk. But his was not the heart which grudged the labour that relieved human misery. In short, there is no creature in Scotland that works harder and is more poorly requited than the country doctor, unless perhaps it may be his horse. Yet the horse is, and indeed must be, hardy, active, and indefatigable, in spite of a rough coat and indifferent condition; and so you will often find in his master, under an unpromising and blunt exterior, professional skill and enthusiasm, intelligence, humanity, courage, and science.

Dogs. The Abbot. Chap. I., p. 8.

'Dogs are but too like the human race in their foibles, though their instinct be less erring than the reason of poor mortal man when relying upon his own unassisted powers. Jealousy is a passion not unknown to them, and they often evince it, not only with respect to the preferences which they see given by their masters to individuals of their own species, but even when their rivals are children.'

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. III., p. 514.

The smaller dogs, now called terriers, waited with impatience the arrival of the supper; but, with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, forbore to intrude upon the moody silence of their master, apprehensive probably of a small white truncheon which lay for the purpose of repelling the advances of his four-legged dependents. One grisly old wolf-dog alone, with the liberty of an indulged favourite, had planted himself close by the chair of state, and occasionally ventured to solicit notice by putting his large hairy head upon his master's knee, or pushing his nose into his hand.

—— Waverley. Chap. VIII., p. 24.

Those canine Cossacks, the *collies*.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Chap. X., p. 230.

The degree of sympathy which a dog doth to his master when distressed in mind, by looking in his face from time to time with a piteous gaze, as if to assure him that he partakes of his trouble, though he neither comprehends the cause or the extent of it, nor has in the slighest degree the power to remove it.

Dogs. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XV., p. 211.

They sat for five minutes silent, on opposite sides of a small table, and looked fixedly at each other, with a sharp, knowing, and alert cast of countenance, not unmingled with an inclination to laugh, and resembled more than anything else, two dogs, who, preparing for a game at romps, are seen to couch down, and remain in that posture for a little time, watching each other's movements, and waiting which shall begin the game.

—— Old Mortality. Chap. XXI., p. 785.

They continued to eye each other like two dogs, who, having been separated by the authority of their masters while fighting, have retreated, each beneath the chair of his owner, still watching each other's motions, and indicating, by occasional growls, by the erected bristles of the back and ears, and by the red glance of the eye, that their discord is unappeased, and that they only wait the first opportunity afforded by any general movement or commotion in the company to fly once more at each other's throats.

—— The Talisman. Chap. XXIV., p. 833.

The Almighty, who gave the dog to be companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe, remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation; but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor: he is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.

—— Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XXVIII., p. 524.

The expression which may be seen in the countenance of a faithful dog, when the creature indicates sympathy with his master's melancholy, though unable to ascertain or appreciate its cause.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XXX., p. 467.

The remarkable instinct by which dogs instantly discover those who like or dislike them.

Domestics. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXI., p. 274.

With such a stare as the pampered domestics of the rich, whether spiritual or temporal, usually esteem it part of their privilege to bestow upon the poor.

Doubt. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 210.

To doubt is to lose.

Dreaming. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 368, 369.

I believe the phenomena of dreaming are in a great measure occasioned by the *double touch* which takes place when one hand is crossed in sleep upon another. Each gives and receives the impression of touch to and from the other, and this complicated sensation our sleeping fancy ascribes to the agency of another being, when it is in fact produced by our own limbs rolling on each other.

Dreams. The Antiquary. Chap. X., p. 397.

We often feel in dreams, an anxious and fearful expectation, which seldom fails instantly to summon up before our mind's eye the object of our fear.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XXI., p. 619.

The subject on which the mind has last been engaged at night is apt to occupy our thoughts even during slumber, when Imagination, uncorrected by the organs of sense, weaves her own fantastic web out of whatever ideas rise at random in the sleeper.

Dress. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXIV., p. 287.

A young woman of rather low stature, and whose countenance might be termed very modest and pleasing in expression, though sunburnt, somewhat freckled, and not possessing regular features. She wore the tartan plaid of her country, adjusted so as partly to cover her head, and partly to fall back over her shoulders. A quantity of fair hair, disposed with great simplicity and neatness, appeared in front of her round and good-humoured face, to which the solemnity of her errand, and her sense of the duke's rank and importance, gave an appearance of deep awe, but not of slavish fear, or fluttered bashfulness. The rest of Jeanie's dress was in the style of Scottish maidens of her own class; but arranged with that scrupulous attention to neatness and cleanliness, which we often find united with that purity of mind, of which it is a natural emblem.

Drink. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 200.

Depend upon it, of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 358.

A happy change in the manners of the times fortunately renders such abuse of the good creature, wine, much less frequent and less fashionable than it was in my days and Sir Adam's. Drinking is not now the vice of the times, whatever vices and follies they may have adopted in its stead.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XXIV., p. 612.

That noble fountain of emotion, the tankard.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 315.

A man may be violent and outrageous in his liquor, but wine seldom makes a gentleman a blackguard, or instigates a loyal man to utter sedition. Wine unveils the passions and throws away restraint, but it does not create habits or opinions which did not previously exist in the mind. I suppose if a private commits riot, or is disobedient in his cups, his officers do not admit whisky to be an excuse. I have seen enough of that sort of society where habitual indulgence drowned at last every distinction between what is worthy and unworthy, and I have seen young men with the fairest prospects turn out degraded miserable outcasts before their life was half spent, merely from soaking and sotting, and the bad habits these naturally lead to.

—— The Surgeon's Daughter. Chap. VI., p. 769.

The different phases of the respectable state of drunkenness—laughed, sung, whooped and hallooed, maudlin in his fondness and frantic in his wrath, and fell into a fast and imperturbable sleep.

The effect of the liquor displayed itself, as usual, in a hundred wild dreams of parched deserts, and of serpents whose bite inflicted the most intolerable thirst—of the suffering of the Indian on the death-stake—and the torments of the infernal regions themselves.

—— A Legend of Montrose. Chap. V., p. 20.

He was unshelled, and stood before the fire, musing, with a face of drunken wisdom, on the events of the evening.

Drink. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XII., p. 200.

With a humble and dismayed aspect, like men whose spirits, being exhausted in the revel and the dangers of a desperate debauch over-night, are nerve-shaken, timorous, and unenterprising on the succeeding day.

Drunkenness. Rob Roy. Chap. XII., p. 571.

Habitual topers, I believe, acquire the power of soaking themselves with a quantity of liquor that does little more than muddy those intellects which in their sober state are none of the clearest; but men who are strangers to the vice of drunkenness as a habit, are more powerfully acted upon by intoxicating liquors.

Duellists. The Monastery. Chap. XXII., p. 761.

I believe few successful duellists (if the word successful can be applied to a superiority so fatal) have beheld their dead antagonist stretched on the earth at their feet, without wishing they could redeem with their own blood that which it has been their fate to spill.

Dumfries. Redgauntlet. Letter III., p. 373.

Of Dumfries, the capital town of this county, I have but little to say, and will not abuse your patience by reminding you that it is built on the gallant river Nith, and that its churchyard, the highest place of the old town, commands an extensive and fine prospect. Neither will I take the traveller's privilege of inflicting upon you the whole history of Bruce poniarding the Red Comyn in the Church of the Dominicans at this place, and becoming a king and patriot, because he had been a church-breaker and a murderer. The present Dumfriezers remember and justify the deed, observing it was only a Papist church—in evidence whereof its walls have been so completely demolished that no vestiges of them remain. They are a sturdy set of true-blue Presbyterians, these burghers of Dumfries; zealous for the Protestant succession—the rather that many of the great families around are suspected to be of a different way of thinking, and shared, a great many of them, in the insurrection of the Fifteen, and some in the more recent business of the Forty-five. The town itself suffered in the latter era; for Lord Elcho, with a large party of the rebels, levied a severe contribution upon Dumfries, on account of the citizens having annoyed the rear of the Chevalier during his march into England.

Duns. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. V., p. 564.

There is something so sharp and *aigre* in the demand of a peremptory dun, that no human tympanum, however inaccessible to other tones, can resist the application.

Economy. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 101.

Keep all your expenses within your income; it is a lesson which if not learned in youth lays up much bitter regret for age.

Edinburgh. Life of Scott.. Vol. VIII., p. 331.

Edinburgh has always been a harder critic than London.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XVII., p. 62.

The principal street of Edinburgh was then, as now, one of the most spacious in Europe. The extreme height of the houses, and the variety of Gothic gables and battlements and balconies, by which the sky-line on each side was crowned and terminated, together with the width of the street itself, might have struck with surprise a more practised eye than that of young Græme. The population, close packed within the walls of the city, and at this time increased by the number of the lords of the king's party who had thronged to Edinburgh to wait upon the Regent Murray, absolutely swarmed like bees on the wide and stately street. Instead of the shop-windows which are now calculated for the display of goods, the traders had their open booths projecting on the street, in which, as in the fashion of the modern bazaars, all was exposed which they had upon sale. And though the commodities were not of the richest kinds, yet Græme thought he beheld the wealth of the whole world in the various bales of Flanders cloths, and the specimens of tapestry; and, at other places, the display of domestic utensils and pieces of plate struck him with wonder. The sight of cutlers' booths, furnished with swords and poniards which were manufactured in Scotland, and with pieces of defensive armour imported from Flanders, added to his surprise; and, every step, he found much to admire and to gaze upon.

The sight of the crowds which filled the streets was equally a subject of wonder. Here a gay lady, in her muffler or silken veil, traced her way delicately, a gentleman-usher making way for her, a page bearing up her train, and a waiting-gentlewoman carrying her Bible, thus inti-

mating that her purpose was towards the church.—There he might see a group of citizens bending the same way, with their short Flemish cloaks, wide trousers, and high-caped doublets, a fashion to which, as well as to their bonnet and feather, the Scots were long faithful. Then, again, came the clergyman himself, in his black Geneva cloak and band, lending a grave and attentive ear to the discourse of several persons who accompanied him, and who were doubtless holding serious converse on the religious subject he was about to treat of. Nor did there lack passengers of a different class and appearance.

Edinburgh and Glasgow. Old Mortality. Intro., p. 703.

Either towards our metropolis of law, by which I mean Edinburgh, or towards our metropolis and mart of gain, whereby I insinuate Glasgow.

Editing. Life of Scott. Vol. III., p. 81.

Editing may be considered as a green crop of turnips or peas, extremely useful for those whose circumstances do not admit of giving their farm a summer fallow.

Education. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 268.

It was that which distinguished man from the lower animals in the creation—which recorded every fact of history, and transmitted them in perfect order from one generation to another. Our forefathers had shown their sense of its importance by their conduct; but they could little have conceived the length to which discoveries in science and literature had gone in this age; and those now present could as little anticipate to what extent posterity might carry them. Future ages might probably speak of the knowledge of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as we now do of that of the fifteenth and sixteenth. But let them remember that the progress of knowledge was gradual; and as their ancestors had been anxious to secure to them the benefits of education, so let it be said of the present age, that it paved the way for the improvement of the generations which were to follow.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 405.

To give education to dull mediocrity is a flinging of the children's bread to dogs—it is sharping a hatchet on a razor-strop, which renders the strop useless, and does no good to the hatchet.

Education. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 27, 28.

I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but, I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor *uneducated* men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 142, 143.

Bring all the standard works, both in sciences and the liberal arts, within the reach of the lower classes, and enable them thus to use with advantage the education which is given them at every hand. To make boys learn to read, and then place no good books within their reach, is to give men an appetite, and leave nothing in the pantry save unwholesome and poisonous food, which, depend upon it, they will eat rather than starve.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 273.

Next to a conscience void of offence towards God and man, the greatest possession they could have was a well-cultivated mind; it was that alone which distinguished them from the beasts that perish.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XI., p. 720.

You call this education, do you not?
Why, 'tis the forced march of a herd of bullocks
Before a shouting drover. The glad van
Move on at ease, and pause a while to snatch
A passing morsel from the dewy greensward,
While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,
Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated laggard
That cripples in the rear.

Old Play.

Egotism. Rob Roy. Chap. III., p. 537.

We are so apt, in our engrossing egotism, to consider all those accessories which are drawn around us by prosperity,

as pertaining and belonging to our own persons, that the discovery of our unimportance, when left to our own proper resources, becomes inexpressibly mortifying.

Elizabeth. Kenilworth. Chap. XIV., p. 238.

Elizabeth, like many of her sex, was fond of governing by factions, so as to balance two opposing interests, and reserve in her own hand the power of making either predominate, as the interest of the state, or perhaps as her own female caprice (for to that foible even she was not superior), might finally determine. To finesse—to hold the cards—to oppose one interest to another—to bridle him who thought himself highest in her esteem, by the fears he must entertain of another equally trusted, if not equally beloved, were arts which she used throughout her reign, and which enabled her, though frequently giving way to the weakness of favouritism, to prevent most of its evil effects on her kingdom and government.

—— Kenilworth. Chap. XXI., p. 272.

Queen Elizabeth had a character strangely compounded of the strongest masculine sense, with those foibles which are chiefly supposed proper to the female sex. Her subjects had the full benefit of her virtues, which far predominated over her weaknesses; but her courtiers, and those about her person, had often to sustain sudden and embarrassing turns of caprice, and the sallies of a temper which was both jealous and despotic. She was the nursing-mother of her people, but she was also the true daughter of Henry VIII.; and though early sufferings and an excellent education had repressed and modified, they had not altogether destroyed, the hereditary temper of that 'hard-ruled king.' —'Her mind,' says her witty godson, Sir John Harrington, who had experienced both the smiles and the frowns which he describes, 'was ofttime like the gentle air that cometh from the western point in a summer's morn—'twas sweet and refreshing to all around her. Her speech did win all affections. And again she could put forth such alterations, when obedience was lacking, as left no doubting *whose* daughter she was. When she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that every one did choose to bask in, if they could; but anon came a storm, from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell, in a wondrous manner, on all alike.'

This variability of disposition was chiefly formidable to those who had a share in the queen's affections, and who

depended rather on her personal regard, than on the indispensable services which they could render to her councils and her crown. The favour of Burleigh, or of Walsingham, of a description far less striking than that by which he was himself upheld, was founded on Elizabeth's solid judgment, not on her partiality; and was, therefore, free from all those principles of change and decay, necessarily incident to that which chiefly arose from personal accomplishments and female predilection. These great and sage statesmen were judged of by the queen only with reference to the measures they suggested, and the reasons by which they supported their opinions in council; whereas the success of Leicester's course depended on all those light and changeable gales of caprice and humour, which thwart or favour the progress of a lover in the favour of his mistress, and she too a mistress who was ever and anon becoming fearful lest she should forget the dignity, or compromise the authority, of the queen, while she indulged the affections of the woman.

Elizabeth. Kenilworth. Chap. XXXIV., p. 318.

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favourite earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion, that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind.

—— Kenilworth. Chap. XXXIV., p. 318.

The queen—an accomplished and handsome woman—the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain.

Eloquence. Waverley. Chap. XIV., p. 39.

Natural and somewhat florid eloquence, which has been supposed as powerful even as figure, fashion, fame, or fortune, in winning the female heart.

Eloquence. Rob Roy. Chap. XXXV., p. 663.

The language rendered by Helen MacGregor, out of the native and poetical Gaelic, into English, which she had acquired as we do learned tongues, but had probably never heard applied to the mean purposes of ordinary life, was graceful, flowing, and declamatory. Her husband, who had in his time played many parts, used a much less elevated and emphatic dialect; but even *his* language rose in purity of expression, as you may have remarked, if I have been accurate in recording it, when the affairs which he discussed were of an agitating and important nature; and it appears to me in his case, and in that of some other Highlanders whom I have known, that, when familiar and facetious, they used the Lowland Scottish dialect,—when serious and impassioned, their thoughts arranged themselves in the idiom of their native language; and in the latter case, as they uttered the corresponding ideas in English, the expressions sounded wild, elevated, and poetical. In fact, the language of passion is almost always pure as well as vehement, and it is no uncommon thing to hear a Scotchman, when overwhelmed by a countryman with a tone of bitter and fluent upbraiding, reply by way of taunt to his adversary, 'You have gotten to your English.'

Enemies. Quentin Durward. Chap. IX., p. 54.

No enemy can be so dangerous as an offended friend and confidant.

England: Cottage. Rob Roy. Chap. XVIII., p. 591.

A snug, comfortable Northumbrian cottage, built of stones roughly dressed with the hammer, and having the windows and doors decorated with huge heavy architraves, or lintels, as they are called, of hewn stone, and its roof covered with broad grey flags, instead of slates, thatch, or tiles. A jargonelle pear-tree at one end of the cottage, a rivulet and flower-plot of a rood in extent in front, and a kitchen-garden behind; a paddock for a cow, and a small field, cultivated with several crops of grain, rather for the benefit of the cottager than for sale, announced the warm and cordial comforts which Old England, even at her most northern extremity, extends to her meanest inhabitants.

England: Democracy. Woodstock. Chap. XI., p. 54.

The visionary idea of establishing a pure democratical republic in so extensive a country as Britain. This was a rash theory, where there is such an infinite difference betwixt ranks, habits, education, and morals—where there is such an immense disproportion betwixt the wealth of individuals—and where a large portion of the inhabitants consists of the inferior classes of the large towns and manufacturing districts—men unfitted to bear that share in the direction of a State which must be exercised by the members of a republic in the proper sense of the word.

England: Scenery. Ivanhoe. Intro., pp. 500, 501.

I cannot but think it strange that no attempt has been made to excite an interest for the traditions and manners of Old England, similar to that which has been obtained in behalf of those of our poorer and less celebrated neighbours. The Kendal green, though its date is more ancient, ought surely to be as dear to our feelings as the variegated tartans of the north. The name of Robin Hood, if duly conjured with, should raise a spirit as soon as that of Rob Roy; and the patriots of England deserve no less their renown in our modern circles than the Bruces and Wallaces of Caledonia. If the scenery of the south be less romantic and sublime than that of the northern mountains, it must be allowed to possess in the same proportion superior softness and beauty; and, upon the whole, we feel ourselves entitled to exclaim with the patriotic Syrian—'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the rivers of Israel?'

English Affectations. St. Ronan's Well. Intro., p. 188.

I must needs say, those who profess them are more frequently to be found among the English than among the natives of either of the other two divisions of the united kingdoms. The reason probably is, that the consciousness of wealth, and a sturdy feeling of independence, which generally pervade the English nation, are, in a few individuals, perverted into absurdity, or at least peculiarity.

English Character. The Monastery. Chap. XXVI., page 776.

The idea of an Englishman preferring the chase to his dinner was altogether inconsistent with their preconceptions of the national character.

English Churches. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXX., p. 271.

One of those old-fashioned Gothic parish churches which are frequent in England, the most cleanly, decent, and reverential places of worship that are, perhaps, anywhere to be found in the Christian world.

English Church Service. Guy Mannering. Chap. XXXVII., p. 291.

The English service for the dead, one of the most beautiful and impressive parts of the ritual of the Church.

English Cleanliness. Redgauntlet. Chap. V., p. 437.

The comfort and cleanliness of my chamber were of true English growth, and such as I had rarely seen on the other side of the Tweed; the very old wainscot, which composed the floor and the panelling of the room, was scrubbed with a degree of labour which the Scottish housewife rarely bestows on her most costly furniture.

English Constitution. Woodstock. Chap. XI., p. 56.

The well-poised balance of the English constitution.

English Cottages. Waverley. Chap. VIII., p. 23.

The smiling neatness of English cottages.

English Courage. The Betrothed. Chap, XXVII., p. 641.

That dogged spirit of courage so peculiar to the English.

English Gallantry. The Monastery. Chap. II., p. 691.

Stawarth Bolton, a captain in the English army, and full of the blunt and unpretending gallantry and generosity which has so often distinguished that nation.

English Good-Nature. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXI., p. 638.

English good-nature.

English Hospitality. Rob Roy. Chap. IV., p. 539.

A remnant of old English hospitality, was, that the landlord of a principal inn laid aside his character of a publican on the seventh day, and invited the guests who chanced to be within his walls to take a part of his family beef and pudding. This invitation was usually complied with

by all whose distinguished rank did not induce them to think compliance a derogation; and the proposal of a bottle of wine after dinner, to drink the landlord's health, was the only recompense ever offered or accepted.

English Law. The Two Drovers. Chap. II., p. 862.

Every Englishman has a tolerably accurate sense of law and justice.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XIV., p. 423.

The high and unbiassed character of English judicial proceedings was then little known in Scotland; and the extension of them to that country was one of the most valuable advantages which it gained by the Union.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXI., p. 275.

The English law, in addition to the inconvenience sustained by persons who have been robbed or injured, has the goodness to entrust to them the care and the expense of appearing as prosecutors.

English Pride. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. IV., p. 750.

The manly English pride.

English Public. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XLI., p. 916.

The English nation differ from all others, indeed even from those of the sister kingdoms, in being very easily sated with punishment, even when they suppose it most merited. Other nations are like the tamed tiger, which, when once its native appetite for slaughter is indulged in one instance, rushes on in promiscuous ravages. But the English public have always rather resembled what is told of the sleuth-dog, which, eager, fierce, and clamorous in pursuit of his prey, desists from it so soon as blood is sprinkled upon his path.

English Village. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXX., p. 270.

The village, one of those beautiful scenes which are so often found in merry England, where the cottages, instead of being built in two direct lines on each side of a dusty high-road, stand in detached groups, interspersed not only with large oaks and elms, but with fruit-trees, so many of which were at this time in flourish, that the grove seemed enamelled with their crimson and white blossoms. In the

centre of the hamlet stood the parish church, and its little Gothic tower, from which at present was heard the Sunday chime of bells.

English Wisdom. Guy Mannering. Chap. XXI., p. 246.

The English are a wise people. While they praise themselves, and affect to undervalue all other nations, they leave us, luckily, trap-doors and back-doors open, by which we strangers, less favoured by nature, may arrive at a share of their advantages. And thus they are, in some respects, like a boastful landlord, who exalts the value and flavour of his six-years-old mutton, while he is delighted to dispense a share of it to all the company. In the British service, stop where we may upon our career, it is only for want of money to pay the turnpike, and not from our being prohibited to travel the road.

Enjoyment. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., pp. 347, 348.

If we restrict life to its real animal wants and necessities, we shall indeed be satisfied with 'food, clothes, and fire'; but Divine Providence, who widened our sources of enjoyment beyond those of the animal creation, never meant that we should bound our wishes within such narrow limits; and I shrewdly suspect that those *non est tanti* gentlefolks only depreciate the natural and unaffected pleasure which men like me receive from sights of splendour and sounds of harmony, either because they would seem wiser than their simple neighbours at the expense of being less happy, or because the mere pleasure of the sight and sound is connected with associations of a deeper kind, to which they are unwilling to yield themselves.

Enthusiasm. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XIV., p. 653.

Enthusiasm has no greater enemy than ridicule.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. IV., p. 754.

No enthusiasm is able to withstand for ever the natural consequences of late hours, and potations pottle-deep.

Envy. Ivanhoe. Chap. XXIV., p. 582.

The malignant envy with which old age and ugliness, when united with evil conditions, are apt to look upon youth and beauty.

Equivocation. Rob Roy. Chap. XVII., p. 588.

When a temper naturally ingenuous stoops to equivocate, or to dissemble, the anxious pain with which the unwonted task is laboured often induces the hearer to doubt the authenticity of the tale.

Esteem. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLII., p. 314.

There is, perhaps, no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others.

Evil. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXXV., p. 701.

We are not worst at once—the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay;
But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy—
Ay, and religion too,—shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong torrent.

Old Play.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. I., p. 158.

Where the heart is prepared for evil, opportunity is seldom long wanting.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XVIII., p. 590.

There is one advantage in an accumulation of evils differing in cause and character, that the distraction which they afford by their contradictory operation prevents the patient from being overwhelmed under either.

Example. Waverley. Chap. IV., p. 15.

Society and example, more than any other motives, master and sway the natural bent of our passions.

Exertion. Waverley. Chap. XLIII., p. 108.

Exertion, like virtue, is its own reward.

Expressions. The Abbot. Chap. XXX., p. 127.

'Um!'—that inarticulate sound which expresses surprise mingled with displeasure.

Faculties. Life of Scott. Vol. X., p. 196.

It is much better to die than to survive them, and better still to die than live in the apprehension of it; but the worst of all would have been to have survived their partial loss, and yet to be conscious of his state.

Fainting. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. IX., p. 409.

The most delicate and dangerous of all tasks, that of affording support to a beautiful and helpless being.

Falsehood. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXVI., p. 898.

Falsehood is equally base, whether expressed in words or in dumb show.

Fame. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXVI., p. 255.

'Ah, Reuben, Reuben,' replied the young woman, 'ye ken it is a blot that spreads to kith and kin.—Ichabod—as my poor father says—the glory is departed from our house; for the poorest man's house has a glory, where there are true hands, a divine heart, and an honest fame.'

Farmers. Guy Mannering. Chap. XXIV., p. 253.

The present store-farmers of the south of Scotland are a much more refined race than their fathers, and the manners I am now to describe have either altogether disappeared, or are greatly modified. Without losing the rural simplicity of manners, they now cultivate arts unknown to the former generation, not only in the progressive improvement of their possessions, but in all the comforts of life. Their houses are more commodious, their habits of life regulated so as better to keep pace with those of the civilized world; and the best of luxuries, the luxury of knowledge, has gained much ground among their hills during the last thirty years. Deep drinking, formerly their greatest failing, is now fast losing ground; and, while the frankness of their extensive hospitality continues the same, it is, generally speaking, refined in its character, and restrained in its excesses.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. VI., p. 549.

'Fine weather for your work, my friend.'

'It's no that muckle to be compleened o',' answered the man, with that limited degree of praise which gardeners and farmers usually bestow on the very best weather.

Fashion. Old Mortality. Chap. IX., p. 744.

Fashion, as usual, proved too strong for authority.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXI., p. 637.

Persons of fashion had, by the way, the advantage formerly of being better distinguished from the vulgar than at present; for what the ancient farthingale and more modern hoop were to court ladies, the sword was to the gentleman; an article of dress, which only rendered those ridiculous who assumed it for the nonce, without being in the habit of wearing it.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. VI., p. 381.

The elderly lady rustled in silks and satins, and bore upon her head a structure resembling the fashion in the ladies' memorandum-book for the year 1770—a superb piece of architecture, not much less than a modern Gothic castle, of which the curls might represent the turrets, the black pins the *chevaux de frise*, and the lappets the banners.

—— The Monastery. Intro., p. 684.

In the delineation of another character, the author of 'The Monastery' failed, where he hoped for some success. As nothing is so successful a subject for ridicule as the fashionable follies of the time, it occurred to him that the more serious scenes of his narrative might be relieved by the humour of a cavaliero of the age of Queen Elizabeth. In every period, the attempt to gain and maintain the highest rank of society has depended on the power of assuming and supporting a certain fashionable kind of affectation, usually connected with some vivacity of talent and energy of character, but distinguished at the same time by a transcendent flight, beyond sound reason and common sense; both faculties too vulgar to be admitted into the estimate of one who claims to be esteemed 'a choice spirit of the age.' These, in their different phases, constitute the gallants of the day, whose boast it is to drive the whims of fashion to extremity.

On all occasions, the manners of the sovereign, the court, and the time, must give the tone to the peculiar description of qualities by which those who would attain the height of fashion must seek to distinguish themselves. The reign of Elizabeth, being that of a maiden queen, was distinguished by the decorum of the courtiers, and especially

the affectation of the deepest deference to the sovereign. After the acknowledgment of the queen's matchless perfections, the same devotion was extended to beauty as it existed among the lesser stars in her court, who sparkled, as it was the mode to say, by her reflected lustre. It is true that gallant knights no longer vowed to Heaven, the peacock, and the ladies, to perform some feat of extravagant chivalry, in which they endangered the lives of others as well as their own; but although their chivalrous displays of personal gallantry seldom went further in Elizabeth's days than the tilt-yard, where barricades, called barriers, prevented the shock of the horses, and limited the display of the cavaliers' skill to the comparatively safe encounter of their lances, the language of the lovers to their ladies was still in the exalted terms which Amadis would have addressed to Oriana, before encountering a dragon for her sake. This tone of romantic gallantry found a clever but conceited author to reduce it to a species of constitution and form, and lay down the courtly manner of conversation, in a pedantic book called 'Euphues and his England.' Of this, a brief account is given in the text, to which it may now be proper to make some additions.

The extravagance of Euphuism, or a symbolical jargon of the same class, predominates in the romances of Calprenade and Scuderi, which were read for the amusement of the fair sex of France during the long reign of Louis XIV., and were supposed to contain the only legitimate language of love and gallantry. In this reign they encountered the satire of Molière and Boileau. A similar disorder, spreading into private society, formed the ground of the affected dialogue of the Précieuses, as they were styled, who formed the coterie of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and afforded Molière matter for his admirable comedy, 'Les Précieuses Ridicules.' In England the humour does not seem to have long survived the accession of James I.

Favourites. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XVI., p. 615.

A favourite, or the companion of a favourite, is always odious to John Bull, who has, besides, a partiality to those disputants who proceed, as lawyers term it, *par voye du fait*.

—— The Abbot. Chap. III., p. 16.

Although a favourite, as the poet assures us, has no friend, he seldom fails to have both followers and flatterers.

Favours. Life of Scott. Vol. V., p. 194.

There are many instances in life in which the most effectual way of conferring a favour is condescending to accept one.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 394.

Enough of ill-nature to keep your good-nature from being abused, is no bad ingredient in their disposition who have favours to bestow.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXV., p. 251.

Her bosom glowing with that natural indignation and shame which an honest mind feels at having subjected itself to ask a favour which had been unexpectedly refused.

Fear. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXV., p. 658.

High-wrought minds are the last to fear what is merely dangerous.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. III., p. 539.

Of all the propensities which teach mankind to torment themselves, that of causeless fear is the most irritating, busy, painful, and pitiable.

Festivals. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 62, 63.

It must be allowed that the regular recurrence of annual festivals among the same individuals has, as life advances, something in it that is melancholy. We meet like the survivors of some perilous expedition, wounded and weakened ourselves, and looking through diminished ranks to think of those who are no more. Or they are like the feasts of the Caribs, in which they held that the pale and speechless phantoms of the deceased appeared and mingled with the living. Yet where shall we fly from vain repining?—or why should we give up the comfort of seeing our friends, because they can no longer be to us, or we to them, what we once were to each other?

Fidelity. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XXXIV., p. 486.

He ate without refreshment, and slumbered without repose; and, with a fidelity sometimes displayed by the canine race, but seldom by human beings, he pined.

Flattery. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 34, 35.

One can swallow a great deal of whipped cream, to be sure, and it does not hurt an old stomach.

Flattery. Waverley. Chap. XIII., p. 35.

In this guise he ambled forth over hill and valley, the admiration of every farmyard which they passed in their progress, till, 'low down in a grassy vale,' they found Davie Gellatley leading two very tall deer greyhounds, and presiding over half a dozen curs, and about as many bare-legged and bare-headed boys, who, to procure the chosen distinction of attending on the chase, had not failed to tickle his ears with the dulcet appellation of *Maister Gellatley*, though probably all and each had hooted him on former occasions in the character of *daft Davie*. But this is no uncommon strain of flattery to persons in office, nor altogether confined to the bare-legged villagers of Tully-Veolan: it was in fashion Sixty Years since, is now, and will be six hundred years hence, if this admirable compound of folly and knavery, called the world, shall be then in existence.

—— Waverley. Pref., p. 6.

It is in every case a dangerous intercourse for an author to be dwelling continually among those who make his writings a frequent and familiar subject of conversation, but who must necessarily be partial judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance, which are thus acquired by authors, are highly injurious to a well-regulated mind; for the cup of flattery, if it does not, like that of Circe, reduce men to the level of beasts, is sure, if eagerly drained, to bring the best and the ablest down to that of fools.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XI., pp. 55, 56.

Flattery gave proselytes to infidelity which could not have been gained by all the powerful eloquence or artful sophistry of the infidel.

Foreigners. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 120, 121.

I do not like them. I hate fine waistcoats, and breast-pins upon dirty shirts. I detest the impudence that pays a stranger compliments, and harangues about an author's works in his own house, which is surely ill-breeding.

Fortitude. Ivanhoe. Chap. XXIV., p. 583.

No hope but in passive fortitude, and that strong reliance on Heaven natural to great and generous characters.

Fortune. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XXVI., p. 464.

Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the foreloek,
And if she escapes my grasp, the fault is mine;
He that hath buffeted with stern adversity,
Best knows to shape his eourse to favouring breezes.
Old Play.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XLIII., p. 508.

Fortune, you say, flies from us—She but eireles,
Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,—
Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing,
As if to court the aim.—Experience watches,
And has her on the wheel.—
Old Play.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXIX., p. 143.

Fortune, that malicious goddess, who so often ruins us by granting the very objeet of our vows.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXV., p. 847.

Fortune loves to confound the ealculations and expectancies of humanity: and fixes on strange agents for such purposes.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XXIX., p. 471.

It usually happens that Fortune aids the machinations of those who are prompt to avail themselves of every chance that offers.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLII., p. 314.

One of those step-sons of Fortune, whom she treats with unceasing rigour, and ends with disinheriting altogether.

Foxes. Quentin Durward. Chap. VI., p. 36.

Foxes, which, after all their wiles and artful attempts at escape are exhausted, die with a silent and sullen fortitude, which wolves and bears, the fiercer objects of the chase, do not exhibit.

Freedom. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XI., p. 413.

The exercise of freedom is quickly followed with the natural consciousness of its immunities, as an enlarged prisoner, by the free use of his limbs, soon dispels the cramped feeling they had acquired when bound.

Friends. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 114.

It is seldom that the people who put themselves hastily forward to please, are the most worthy of being known.

Friendship. Life of Scott. Vol. V., p. 300.

The utmost and best privilege of sincere friendship and good-will, that of offering a few words of well-meant advice.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 214.

I will never *cut* any man unless I detect him in scoundrelism.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XVI., p. 416.

To have lost a friend by death while your mutual regard was warm and unchilled, while the tear can drop unembittered by any painful recollection of coldness or distrust or treachery, is perhaps an escape from a more heavy dispensation. Look round you—how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendships were formed! Our sources of common pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Baca, and we hew out to ourselves other reservoirs, from which the first companions of our pilgrimage are excluded;—jealousies, rivalries, envy, intervene to separate others from our side, until none remain but those who are connected with us rather by habit than predilection, or who, allied more in blood than in disposition, only keep the old man company in his life, that they may not be forgotten at his death—

Hæc data pœna diu viventibus.

Ah! if it be your lot to reach the chill, cloudy, and comfortless evening of life, you will remember the sorrows of your youth as the light shadowy clouds that intercepted for a moment the beams of the sun when it was rising.

—— The Talisman. Chap. VII., p. 765.

Next to a man's friend, his foe was of most importance to him.

Funerals. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 322.

I hate funerals—always did. There is such a mixture of mummery with real grief—the actual mourner perhaps broken-hearted, and all the rest making solemn faces, and

whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine. To me it is a farce of most tragical mirth, and I am not sorry but glad that I shall not see my own.

Funerals. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 293, 294.

The feelings of attachment which the Scotch have for their deceased friends. They are curious in the choice of their sepulchre, and a common shepherd is often, at whatever ruinous expense to his family, transported many miles to some favourite place of burial which has been occupied by his fathers. It follows, of course, that any interference with these remains is considered with most utter horror and indignation. To such of their superiors as they love from clanship or habits of dependence, they attach the same feeling.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XXII., p. 452.

The burial duties rendered to the deceased, are, to the Scottish peasant of either sex, a labour of love. I know not whether it is from the temper of the people, grave and enthusiastic as it certainly is, or from the recollection of the ancient Catholic opinions, when the funeral rites were always considered as a period of festival to the living; but feasting, good cheer, and even inebriety, were, and are, the frequent accompaniments of a Scottish old-fashioned burial. What the funeral feast or *dirgie*, as it is called, was to the men, the gloomy preparations of the dead body for the coffin were to the women. To straight the contorted limbs upon a board used for that melancholy purpose, to array the corpse in clean linen, and over that in its woollen shroud, were operations committed always to the old matrons of the village, and in which they found a singular and gloomy delight.

—— The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XXVIII., p. 331.

The habits and feelings of the Highlanders, to this day, are wont to mingle a degree of solemn mirth with their mourning, and something resembling melancholy with their mirth. The usual aversion to speak or think of those who have been beloved and lost, is less known to this grave and enthusiastic race than it is to others. You hear not only the young mention (as is everywhere usual) the merits and the character of parents, who have, in the course of nature, predeceased them; but the widowed

partner speaks, in ordinary conversation, of the lost spouse, and, what is still stranger, the parents allude frequently to the beauty or valour of the child whom they have interred. The Scottish Highlanders appear to regard the separation of friends by death, as something less absolute and complete than it is generally esteemed in other countries, and converse of the dear connections who have sought the grave before them, as if they had gone upon a long journey, in which they themselves must soon follow.

Funerals: Scotch v. English. Guy Mannering. Chap. XXXVII., p. 291.

In Scotland, the custom, now disused in England, of inviting the relations of the deceased to the interment, is universally retained. On many occasions this has a singular and striking effect, but it degenerates into mere empty form and grimace, in cases where the defunct has had the misfortune to live unbeloved and die unlamented. —The English service for the dead, one of the most beautiful and impressive parts of the ritual of the Church, would have, in such cases, the effect of fixing the attention, and uniting the thoughts and feelings of the audience present, in an exercise of devotion so peculiarly adapted to such an occasion. But, according to the Scottish custom, if there be not real feeling among the assistants, there is nothing to supply the deficiency, and exalt or rouse the attention; so that a sense of tedious form, and almost hypocritical restraint, is too apt to pervade the company assembled for the mournful solemnity.

Future. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 367.

There is another world, and we'll meet free from the mortal sorrows and frailties which beset us here:—Amen, so be it.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VII., pp. 97, 98.

The last three or four years have swept away more than half the friends with whom I lived in habits of great intimacy.—So it must be with us

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',*

and yet we proceed with our plantations and plans as if any tree but the sad cypress would accompany us to the

* Burns.

grave, where our friends have gone before us. It is the way of the world, however, and must be so, otherwise life would be spent in unavailing mourning for those whom we have lost. It is better to enjoy the society of those who remain to us.

Future. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 268.

There is another and a better world in which, I trust in God, those who have loved each other in this transitory scene, may meet and recognise the friends of youth, and companions of more advanced years.

—— Castle Dangerous. Chap. XIX., p. 880.

The prelate lost no time in calling the attention of the wounded man to the state of his spiritual affairs, and assisting him to such comfort as the doctrine of the Church directed should be administered to departing sinners. The words exchanged between them were of that grave and severe character which passes between the ghostly father and his pupil, when one world is rolling away from the view of the sinner, and another is displaying itself in all its terrors, and thundering in the ear of the penitent that retribution which the deeds done in the flesh must needs prepare him to expect. This is one of the most solemn meetings which can take place between earthly beings.

—— Guy Mannering. Intro., p. 196.

Were everything to happen in the ordinary train of events, the future would be subject to the rules of arithmetic, like the chances of gaming. But extraordinary events, and wonderful runs of luck, defy the calculations of mankind, and throw impenetrable darkness on future contingencies.

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. XXX., p. 609.

But the moment had now arrived when earth and all its treasures were gliding from before his eyes, and when the savage baron's heart, though hard as a nether millstone, became appalled as he gazed forward into the waste darkness of futurity. The fever of his body aided the impatience and agony of his mind, and his death-bed exhibited a mixture of the newly-awakened feelings of horror, combating with the fixed and inveterate obstinacy of his disposition,—a fearful state of mind, only to be

equalled in those tremendous regions where there are complaints without hope, remorse without repentance, a dreadful sense of present agony, and a presentiment that it cannot cease or be diminished.

Gaiety. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. IX., p. 188.

In the higher classes, a damsel, however giddy, is still under the dominion of etiquette, and subject to the surveillance of mammas and chaperons; but the country girl, who snatches her moment of gaiety during the intervals of labour, is under no such guardianship or restraint, and her amusement becomes so much the more hazardous.

Gallantry. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXIII., p. 648.

The bravest man, placed in a situation in which he is surrounded by suspicious persons, and removed from all counsel and assistance, except those afforded by a valiant heart and a strong arm, experiences a sinking of the heart, a consciousness of abandonment, which for a moment chills his blood, and depresses his natural gallantry of disposition.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XIX., p. 427.

That sort of egotistical gallantry which induces some young men of the present day to give themselves the air of engrossing the attention of the prettiest woman in the company, as if the others were unworthy of their notice.

Gambling. St. Ronan's Well. Intro., p. 188.

Gambling, a vice which the devil has contrived to render all his own, since it is deprived of whatever pleads an apology for other vices, and is founded entirely on the cold-blooded calculation of the most exclusive selfishness.

Genealogy. Waverley. Chap. IV., p. 15.

Family tradition and genealogical history, is the very reverse of amber, which, itself a valuable substance, usually includes flies, straws, and other trifles; whereas these studies, being themselves very insignificant and trifling, do nevertheless serve to perpetuate a great deal of what is rare and valuable in ancient manners, and to record many curious and minute facts, which could have been preserved and conveyed through no other medium.

Generosity. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXIII., p. 286.

The virtue of profuse generosity, by which, indeed, they themselves are most directly advantaged, is readily admitted by the vulgar as a cloak for many sins.

Genius. Life of Scott. Vol. IV., pp. 129, 130.

A man of genius is apt to be limited to one single style, and to become perforce a mannerist, merely because the public is not so just to its own amusement as to give him an opportunity of throwing himself into different lines; and doubtless the exercise of our talents in one unvaried course, by degrees renders them incapable of any other, as the over use of any one limb of our body gradually impoverishes the rest.

Gentleman in Charles the Second's Time. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. I., p. 739.

A man who had many of the ordinary attributes of an old-fashioned country gentleman, and very few individual traits to distinguish him from the general portrait of that worthy class of mankind. He was proud of small advantages, angry at small disappointments, incapable of forming any resolution or opinion abstracted from his own prejudices—he was proud of his birth, lavish in his housekeeping, convivial with those kindred and acquaintances who would allow his superiority in rank—contentious and quarrelsome with all that crossed his pretensions—kind to the poor, except when they plundered his game—a Royalist in his political opinions, and one who detested alike a Roundhead, a poacher, and a Presbyterian.

Gentlemen. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 312.

Gentlemen maintain their characters even in following their most licentious pleasures, otherwise they resemble the very scavengers in the streets.

Gentleness. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 249.

The gentlest characters have often most real firmness.

George the First. Waverley. Chap. II., p. 11.

The ministry of George the First's time were prudently anxious to diminish the phalanx of opposition. The Tory

nobility, depending for their reflected lustre upon the sunshine of a court, had for some time been gradually reconciling themselves to the new dynasty. But the wealthy country gentlemen of England, a rank which retained, with much of ancient manners and primitive integrity, a great proportion of obstinate and unyielding prejudice, stood aloof in haughty and sullen opposition, and cast many a look of mingled regret and hope to Bois le Duc, Avignon, and Italy.*

Germans. The Talisman. Chap. XI., p. 785.

There are no braver men than the Germans.

Gipsies. Guy Mannering. Intro., p. 196.

Some circumstances of local situation gave the Author, in his youth, an opportunity of seeing a little, and hearing a great deal, about that degraded class who are called gipsies; who are in most cases a mixed race, between the ancient Egyptians who arrived in Europe about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and vagrants of European descent.

—— Guy Mannering. Chap. VII., pp. 213-215.

Although the character of those gipsy tribes, which formerly inundated most of the nations of Europe, and which in some degree still subsist among them as a distinct people, is generally understood, the reader will pardon my saying a few words respecting their situation in Scotland.

It is well known that the gipsies were, at an early period, acknowledged as a separate and independent race by one of the Scottish monarchs, and that they were less favourably distinguished by a subsequent law, which rendered the character of gipsy equal, in the judicial balance, to that of common and habitual thief, and prescribed his punishment accordingly. Notwithstanding the severity of this and other statutes, the fraternity prospered amid the distresses of the country, and received large accessions from among those whom famine, oppression, or the sword of war, had deprived of the ordinary means of subsistence. They lost, in a great measure, by this intermixture, the national character of Egyptians, and became

* Where the Chevalier Saint George, or, as he was termed, the Old Pretender, held his exiled court, as his situation compelled him to shift his place of residence.

a mingled race, having all the idleness and predatory habits of their Eastern ancestors, with a ferocity which they probably borrowed from the men of the north who joined their society. They travelled in different bands, and had rules among themselves, by which each tribe was confined to its own district. The slightest invasion of the precincts which had been assigned to another tribe produced desperate skirmishes, in which there was often much bloodshed.

The patriotic Fletcher of Saltoun drew a picture of these banditti about a century ago, which my readers will peruse with astonishment:—

'There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church boxes, with others, who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land or even those of God and nature; * * * * * No magistrate could ever discover, or be informed, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized.—Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants (who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty, many thousands of them meet together on the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both man and woman, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together.'

Notwithstanding the deplorable picture presented in this extract, and which Fletcher himself, though the energetic and eloquent friend of freedom, saw no better mode of correcting than by introducing a system of domestic slavery, the progress of time, and the increase both of the means of life, and of the power of the laws, gradually reduced this dreadful evil within more narrow

bounds. The tribes of gipsies, jockeys, or cairds,—for by all these denominations such banditti were known,—became few in number, and many were entirely rooted out. Still, however, a sufficient number remained to give occasional alarm and constant vexation. Some rude handicrafts were entirely resigned to these itinerants, particularly the art of trencher-making, of manufacturing horn-spoons, and the whole mystery of the tinker. To these they added a petty trade in the coarse sorts of earthenware. Such were their ostensible means of livelihood. Each tribe had usually some fixed place of rendezvous, which they occasionally occupied and considered as their standing camp, and in the vicinity of which they generally abstained from depredation. They had even talents and accomplishments, which made them occasionally useful and entertaining. Many cultivated music with success; and the favourite fiddler or piper of a district was often to be found in a gipsy town. They understood all out-of-door sports, especially otter-hunting, fishing, or finding game. They bred the best and boldest terriers, and sometimes had good pointers for sale. In winter, the women told fortunes, the men showed tricks of legerdemain; and these accomplishments often helped to while away a weary or stormy evening in the circle of the 'farmer's ha'.' The wildness of their character, and the indomitable pride with which they despised all regular labour, commanded a certain awe, which was not diminished by the consideration that these strollers were a vindictive race, and were restrained by no check, either of fear or conscience, from taking desperate vengeance upon those who had offended them. These tribes were, in short, the *Parias* of Scotland, living like wild Indians among European settlers, and, like them, judged of rather by their own customs, habits, and opinions, than as if they had been members of the civilized part of the community. Some hordes of them yet remain, chiefly in such situations as afford a ready escape either into a waste country or into another jurisdiction. Nor are the features of their character much softened. Their numbers, however, are so greatly diminished, that, instead of one hundred thousand, as calculated by Fletcher, it would now perhaps be impossible to collect above five hundred throughout all Scotland.

Glasgow Cathedral. Rob Roy. Chap. XIX., p. 596.

The Minster or Cathedral Church of Glasgow. The pile is of a gloomy and massive, rather than of an elegant, style of Gothic architecture; but its peculiar character is so strongly preserved, and so well suited with the accompaniments that surround it, that the impression of the first view was awful and solemn in the extreme.

Situated in a populous and considerable town, this ancient and massive pile has the appearance of the most sequestered solitude. High walls divide it from the buildings of the city on one side; on the other it is bounded by a ravine, at the bottom of which, and invisible to the eye, murmurs a wandering rivulet, adding, by its gentle noise, to the imposing solemnity of the scene. On the opposite side of the ravine rises a steep bank, covered with fir-trees closely planted, whose dusky shade extends itself over the cemetery with an appropriate and gloomy effect. The churchyard itself had a peculiar character; for though in reality extensive, it is small in proportion to the number of respectable inhabitants who are interred within it, and whose graves are almost all covered with tombstones. There is therefore no room for the long rank grass, which, in most cases, partially clothes the surface of those retreats where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. The broad flat monumental stones are placed so close to each other, that the precincts appear to be flagged with them, and, though roofed only by the heavens, resemble the floor of one of our old English churches, where the pavement is covered with sepulchral inscriptions. The contents of these sad records of mortality, the vain sorrows which they preserve, the stern lesson which they teach of the nothingness of humanity, the extent of ground which they so closely cover, and their uniform and melancholy tenor, reminded me of the roll of the prophet, which was 'written within and without, and there was written therein lamentations and mourning and woe.'

The Cathedral itself corresponds in impressive majesty with these accompaniments. We feel that its appearance is heavy, yet that the effect produced would be destroyed were it lighter or more ornamental. It is the only metropolitan church in Scotland, excepting, as I am informed, the Cathedral of Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, which remained uninjured at the Reformation.

Glasses. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. VI., p. 396.

Glasses, those more perishable implements of conviviality.

Goethe. Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XVII., p. 472.

Goethe, an author born to arouse the slumbering fame of his country.

Golf. The Surgeon's Daughter. Pref., pp. 738, 739.

He had been taking a turn at golf, to prepare him for 'colloquy sublime.' And wherefore not? since the game, with its variety of odds, lengths, bunkers, tee'd balls and so on, may be no inadequate representation of the hazards attending literary pursuits. In particular, those formidable buffets, which make one ball spin through the air like a rifle shot, and strike another down into the very earth it is placed upon, by the maladroitness or the malicious purpose of the player—what are they but parallels to the favourable or depreciating notices of the reviewers, who play at golf with the publications of the season, even as Altisidora,* in her approach to the gates of the infernal regions, saw the devils playing at racket with the new books of Cervantes' days.

Good-breeding. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXII., p. 832.

Though insignificant in person, plain in features, and dressed like one in indigence, there lurked still about his person and manners that indefinable ease of manner which belongs only to men of birth and quality, or to those who are in the constant habit of frequenting the best company.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLVI., p. 327.

She had that obvious wish to oblige, and that real and natural good-breeding depending on good sense and good humour, which, joined to a considerable degree of archness and liveliness of manner, rendered her behaviour acceptable to all with whom she was called upon to associate.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXIX., p. 677.

She maintained with a natural grace that sort of good-breeding which belongs to the table.

Good-humour. The Black Dwarf. Chap. VI., p. 108.

Good-humour can spread a certain inexpressible charm over the plainest human countenance.

* Don Quixote.

Good-humour. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XIV., p. 795.

It may have happened to many of our readers, as it has done to ourselves, to be thrown by accident into society with some individual whose claims to what is called a *serious* character stand considerably higher than our own, and with whom, therefore, we have conceived ourselves likely to spend our time in a very stiff and constrained manner; while, on the other hand, our destined companion may have apprehended some disgust from the supposed levity and thoughtless gaiety of a disposition so different from his own. Now it has frequently happened, that when we, with that urbanity and good-humour which is our principal characteristic, have accommodated ourself to our companion, by throwing as much seriousness into our conversation as our habits will admit, he, on the other hand, moved by our liberal example, hath divested his manners of a part of their austerity; and our conversation has, in consequence, been of that pleasant texture, betwixt the useful and agreeable, which best resembles 'the fairy-web of night and day,' usually called in prose the twilight. It is probable both parties may, on such occasions, have been the better for their encounter, even if it went no farther than to establish for the time a community of feeling between men, who, separated more perhaps by temper than by principle, are too apt to charge each other with profane frivolity on the one hand, or fanaticism on the other.

Goodness. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 129.

If we do not run some hazard in our attempts to do good, where is the merit of them?

—— Old Mortality. Chap. XII., pp. 755, 756.

Goodness and worth were not limited to those of any single form of religious observance.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLIV., p. 320.

Real good can only be obtained by remonstrance when remonstrance is well-timed.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XXVIII., p. 463.

'He who can conscientiously call himself *good* has indeed reason to thank Heaven, be his form of Christianity what it will.—But who is he that shall dare to do so?'

Good Sense. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XXII., p. 686.

His thoughts were such as animated or alarmed him alternately, one of those conjunctures when the minds of ordinary men feel themselves unable to support a burden which is suddenly flung upon them, and when, on the contrary, those of uncommon fortitude, and that best of Heaven's gifts, good sense, founded on presence of mind, feel their talents awakened and regulated for the occasion, like a good steed under the management of a rider of courage and experience.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XLV., p. 515.

Here, as upon other occasions of the like kind in Scotland, it was remarkable how the good sense and firmness of the people supplied almost all the deficiencies of inexperience.

Good Spirits. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 172, 173.

I generally affect good spirits in company of my family, whether I am enjoying them or not. It is too severe to sadden the harmless mirth of others by suffering your own causeless melancholy to be seen; and this species of exertion is, like virtue, its own reward; for the good spirits, which are at first simulated, become at length real.

Gout. Redgauntlet. Chap. II., p. 429.

The gout, which is a well-known tamer of the most froward spirits.

Government. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. III., p. 201.

There must be government in all society—
Bees have their queen, and stag herds have their leader;
Rome had her consuls, Athens had her archons,
And we, sir, have our Managing Committee.
'*The Album of St. Ronan's.*'

Grace. Rob Roy. Chap. VI., p. 546.

All . . . seemed to want alike the Promethean fire of intellect, and the exterior grace and manner, which, in the polished world, sometimes supply mental deficiency.

Grahame of Claverhouse. Old Mortality. Chap. X., pp. 751, 752.

Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed;

his gesture, language, and manners were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour, which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon, rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features, seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of facing death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.

Grammar. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 275.

The study of grammar, from its very asperities, is calculated to teach youth that patient labour which is necessary to the useful exertion of the understanding upon every other branch of knowledge.

Grassmarket. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. I., p. 157.

In former times, England had her Tyburn, to which the devoted victims of justice were conducted in solemn procession up what is now called Oxford Street. In Edinburgh, a large open street, or rather oblong square, surrounded by high houses, called the Grassmarket, was used

for the same melancholy purpose. It was not ill chosen for such a scene, being of considerable extent, and therefore fit to accommodate a great number of spectators, such as are usually assembled by this melancholy spectacle. On the other hand, few of the houses which surround it were, even in early times, inhabited by persons of fashion; so that those likely to be offended or over deeply affected by such unpleasant exhibitions were not in the way of having their quiet disturbed by them. The houses in the Grassmarket are, generally speaking, of a mean description; yet the place is not without some features of grandeur, being overhung by the southern side of the huge rock on which the Castle stands, and by the moss-grown battlements and turreted walls of that ancient fortress.

Gratitude. Quentin Durward. Chap. XXXIV., p. 163.

Bitterly experiencing the truth of the political maxim, that if the great have frequent need of base tools, they make amends to society by abandoning them to their fate, so soon as they find them no longer useful.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 275.

I never have yet found that ill-will dies in debt, or what is called gratitude distresses herself by frequent payments. The one is like a ward-holding, and pays its reddendo in hard blows. The other a blanch-tenure, and is discharged for payment of a red rose, or a peppercorn. He that takes the forlorn hope in an attack, is often deserted by them that should support him, and who generally throw the blame of their own cowardice upon his rashness.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. I., p. 531.

Owen made one of his stiff bows of respectful gratitude; for, in those days, when the distance between superiors and inferiors was enforced in a manner to which the present times are strangers, such an invitation was a favour of some little consequence.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXVI., p. 661.

Another deeply uttered 'I thank you,' which spoke the sterling feelings of her gratitude better than a thousand combined phrases.

Great Men. Woodstock. Chap. VIII., p. 45.

So true it is, that as greater lights swallow up and extinguish the display of those which are less, so men of great, capacious, and overruling minds bear aside and subdue, in their climax of passion, the more feeble wills and passions of others; as when a river joins a brook, the fiercer torrent shoulders aside the smaller stream.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XVIII., p. 70.

To exchange the look of eager and curious observation for that open and unnoticing expression of countenance which, in looking at all, seems as if it saw and marked nothing—a cast of look which may be practised with advantage by all those, of whatever degree, who are admitted to witness the familiar and unguarded hours of their superiors. Great men are as jealous of their thoughts as the wife of King Candaules was of her charms, and will as readily punish those who have, however involuntarily, beheld them in mental *déshabille* and exposure.

Greatness. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLII., p. 314.

Honest David had now, like other great men, to go to work to reconcile his speculative principles with existing circumstances; and, like other great men, when they set seriously about that task, he was tolerably successful.

Greek Fire. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XXIX., p. 714.

Greek fire, which perhaps may be best compared to one of those immense Congreve rockets of the present day, which takes on its shoulders a small grapnel or anchor, and proceeds groaning through the air like a fiend overburdened by the mandate of some inexorable magician, and of which the operation was so terrifying, that the crews of the vessels attacked by this strange weapon frequently forsook every means of defence, and ran themselves ashore. One of the principal ingredients of this dreadful fire was supposed to be naphtha, or the bitumen which is collected on the banks of the Dead Sea, and which, when in a state of ignition, could only be extinguished by a very singular mixture, and which it was not likely to come in contact with. It produced a thick smoke and loud explosion, and was capable, says Gibbon, of communicating its flames with equal vehemence in descent or lateral progress. In sieges, it was poured from the ramparts, or launched like our bombs, in red-hot balls of stone or iron, or it was

darted in flax twisted round arrows and in javelins. It was considered as a state secret of the greatest importance; and for well-nigh four centuries it was unknown to the Mahomedans. But at length the composition was discovered by the Saracens, and used by them for repelling the Crusaders and overpowering the Greeks, upon whose side it had at one time been the most formidable implement of defence. Some exaggeration we must allow for a barbarous period; but there seems no doubt that the general description of the Crusader Joinville should be admitted as correct: 'It came flying through the air,' says that good knight, 'like a winged dragon, about the thickness of a hogshead, with the report of thunder and the speed of lightning, and the darkness of the night was dispelled by this horrible illumination.'

Greeks. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. III., p. 598.

The Greeks were the most formal and ceremonious soldiers and courtiers in the world.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XXX., p. 716.

Sheathed in complete armour, and supporting with his right hand the standard of his fathers, Tancred remained with his handful of warriors, like so many statues of steel, expecting some sort of attack from the Grecian party which had occupied the lists, or from the numbers whom the city gates began now to pour forth—soldiers some of them, and others citizens, many of whom were arrayed as if for conflict. These persons, alarmed by the various accounts which were given of the combatants, and the progress of the fight, rushed towards the standard of Prince Tancred, with the intention of beating it to the earth, and dispersing the guards who owed it homage and defence. But if the reader shall have happened to have ridden at any time through a pastoral country, with a dog of a noble race following him, he must have remarked, in the deference ultimately paid to the high-bred animal by the shepherd's cur as he crosses the lonely glen, of which the latter conceives himself the lord and guardian, something very similar to the demeanour of the incensed Greeks, when they approached near to the little band of Franks. At the first symptom of the intrusion of a stranger, the dog of the shepherd starts from his slumbers, and rushes towards the noble intruder with a clamorous declaration of war; but when the diminution of distance

between them shows to the aggressor the size and strength of his opponent, he becomes like a cruiser, who, in a chase, has, to his surprise and alarm, found two tiers of guns opposed to him instead of one. He halts, suspends his clamorous yelping, and, in fine, ingloriously retreats to his master, with all the dishonourable marks of positively declining the combat.

Grief. Old Mortality. Chap. XXXVIII., p. 842.

It is not by corporal wants and infirmities only that men of the most distinguished talents are levelled, during their lifetime, with the common mass of mankind. There are periods of mental agitation when the firmest of mortals must be ranked with the weakest of his brethren; and when, in paying the general tax of humanity, his distresses are even aggravated by feeling that he transgresses, in the indulgence of his grief, the rules of religion and philosophy, by which he endeavours in general to regulate his passions and his actions.

—— Woodstock. Chap. III., p. 22.

Grief, like impatience, hath its privileges.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. I., p. 743.

Grief, like all human feelings, lost its overwhelming violence.

—— The Pirate. Chap. XXVI., p. 468.

There is no grief so dreadful as that which we dare not communicate, and in which we can neither ask nor desire sympathy; and when to this is added the burden of a guilty mystery to an innocent bosom, there is little wonder health should have sunk under the burden.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XXXI., p. 470.

Revolving his loss in his mind, with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that remain in it, after the beloved object is withdrawn.

Grudge. The Two Drovers. Chap. II., p. 863.

The ancient grudge against the Scots, which, when it exists anywhere, is to be found lurking in the Border counties.

Guardians. The Abbot. Chap. XXIX., p. 120.

That powerful influence which the guardians and instructors of our childhood possess over our more mature youth.

Guilt. The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XXXII., p. 352.

Everything awakens the suspicions of the guilty.

Habits. The Antiquary. Chap. XXXV., p. 483.

The Antiquary was a gentleman in feeling, blunt and careless in expression, from the habit of living with those before whom he had nothing to suppress.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel, Chap. XXVII., p. 668.

Habit is a strange matter.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XVII., p. 747.

Habit inures us to wonders.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 367.

The frequent habit of late hours is always detrimental to health, and sometimes has consequences which last for life.

—— Old Mortality. Chap. IV., p. 724.

He gave the usual gentle knock at the bolted door by which he was accustomed to seek admittance when accident had detained him abroad beyond the early and established hours of rest. It was a sort of hesitating tap, which carried an acknowledgment of transgression in its very sound, and seemed rather to solicit than command attention.

—— Waverley. Chap. III., p. 14.

Habits of firm and assiduous application, of gaining the art of controlling, directing, and concentrating the powers of his mind for earnest investigation,—an art far more essential than even that intimate acquaintance with classical learning, which is the primary object of study.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXII., p. 643.

He guarded himself against the rash habit of offering service or civility of any kind, the which, when hastily snapped at by those to whom they are uttered, give the profferer sometimes room to repent his promptitude.

Habits. The Monastery. Chap. VI., p. 703.

Those habits of self-indulgence which men are apt to acquire who live for themselves alone.

Happiness. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 108.

There are many good things in life, whatever satirists and misanthropes may say to the contrary, but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offence (without which, by the by, they can hardly exist) are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy ourselves, and the cause of happiness to them who are dearest to us.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 15.

All happiness which comes to grey-headed men, will have a touch of sorrow in it.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 108.

When one loses one's own health and strength, there are few things so pleasant as to see a son enjoying both in the vigour of hope and promise. Settle yourself in life while you are young, and lay up by so doing, a stock of domestic happiness, against age or bodily decay.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLV., p. 325.

Human happiness is never perfect, and well-constructed minds are never more sensible of the distresses of those whom they love, than when their own situation forms a contrast with them.

Helping Others. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 141.

We have all our various combats to fight in this best of all possible worlds, and, like brave fellow-soldiers, ought to assist one another as much as possible.

Henry the Second. The Betrothed. Chap. XXIX., p. 650.

Henry the Second, than whom no wiser, or, generally speaking, more fortunate monarch ever sat upon the throne of England; yet whose life is a striking illustration how family dissensions can tarnish the most brilliant lot to which Heaven permits humanity to aspire, and how little gratified ambition, extended power, and the highest reputation in war and in peace can do towards curing the wounds of domestic affliction.

Hesitation. The Abbot. Chap. III., p. 15.

The consciousness that she was treading upon delicate ground at once occurred to her, and induced her to take the most natural, but the worst of all courses on such occasions, whether in conversation or in an actual bog, namely, that of stopping suddenly short in the illustration which she had commenced.

Highlanders. Rob Roy. Chap. XXXV., p. 663.

The Scottish Highlanders, whose feelings, I have observed, are often allied with the romantic and poetical. They are also naturally a grave and proud people, and, however rude in our estimation, carry their ideas of form and politeness to an excess that would appear overstrained, except from the demonstration of superior force which accompanies the display of it; for it must be granted that the air of punctilious deference and rigid etiquette which would seem ridiculous in an ordinary peasant, has, like the salute of a *corps-de-garde*, a propriety when tendered by a Highlander completely armed.

—— The Two Drovers. Intro., p. 858.

Kilted Highlanders are to be found as frequently, and nearly of as genuine descent, on the shelves of a circulating library as at a Caledonian ball.

—— Waverley. Chap. XLIV., pp. 110, 111.

The leading men of each clan were well armed with broadsword, target, and fusee, to which all added the dirk, and most the steel pistol. But these consisted of gentlemen, that is, relations of the chief, however distant, and who had an immediate title to his countenance and protection. Finer and hardier men could not have been selected out of any army in Christendom; while the free and independent habits which each possessed, and which each was yet so well taught to subject to the command of his chief, and the peculiar mode of discipline adopted in Highland warfare, rendered them equally formidable by their individual courage and high spirit, and from their rational conviction of the necessity of acting in unison, and of giving their national mode of attack the fullest opportunity of success.

But, in a lower rank to these, there were found individuals of an inferior description, the common peasantry of the Highland country, who, although they did not allow them-

selves to be so called, and claimed often, with apparent truth, to be of more ancient descent than the masters whom they served, bore, nevertheless, the livery of extreme penury, being indifferently accoutred and worse armed, half-naked, stunted in growth, and miserable in aspect. Each important clan had some of those Helots attached to them;—thus, the Mac-Couls, though tracing their descent from Comhal, the Father of Finn or Fingal, were a sort of Gibeonites, or hereditary servants to the Stewarts of Appin; the Macbeths, descended from the unhappy monarch of that name, were subject to the Murrays and clan Donnochy, or Robertsons of Athole; and many other examples might be given, were it not for the risk of hurting any pride of clanship which may yet be left, and thereby drawing a Highland tempest into the shop of my publisher. Now these same Helots, though forced into the field by the arbitrary authority of the chieftains under whom they hewed wood and drew water, were, in general, very sparingly fed, ill dressed, and worse armed. The latter circumstance was indeed owing chiefly to the general disarming act, which had been carried into effect ostensibly through the whole Highlands, although most of the chieftains contrived to elude its influence, by retaining the weapons of their own immediate clansmen, and delivering up those of less value, which they collected from these inferior satellites. It followed, as a matter of course, that, as we have already hinted, many of these poor fellows were brought to the field in a very wretched condition.

From this it happened, that, in bodies, the van of which were admirably well armed in their own fashion, the rear resembled actual banditti. Here was a pole-axe, there a sword without a scabbard; here a gun without a lock, there a scythe set straight upon a pole; and some had only their dirks, and bludgeons or stakes pulled out of hedges. The grim, uncombed, and wild appearance of these men, most of whom gazed with all the admiration of ignorance upon the most ordinary productions of domestic art, created surprise in the Lowlands, but it also created terror. So little was the condition of the Highlands known at that late period, that the character and appearance of their population, while thus sallying forth as military adventurers, conveyed to the south-country Lowlanders as much surprise as if an invasion of African Negroes or Esquimaux Indians had issued forth from the northern mountains of their own native country.

Himself: Advice. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., pp. 93, 94.

For myself, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury, or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit. I well know that no human life can appear otherwise than weak and filthy in the eyes of God; but I rely on the merits and intercession of our Redeemer. Live so that you may all hope to meet each other in a better place hereafter.

Himself: Age. Life of Scott. Vol. IV., p. 72.

When one passes forty, an addition to the quiet occupations of life becomes of real value, for I do not hunt and fish with quite the relish I did ten years ago.

Himself: Author. Rob Roy. Intro., p. 527.

When the Editor published the work called 'The Antiquary,' he announced that he was, for the last time, intruding upon the public in his present capacity. He might shelter himself under the plea that every anonymous writer is, like the celebrated Junius, only a phantom, and that therefore, although an apparition, of a more benign as well as much meaner description, he cannot be bound to plead to a charge of inconsistency. A better apology may be found in the imitating the confession of honest Benedick, that, when he said he would die a bachelor, he did not think he should live to be married. The best of all would be, if, as has eminently happened in the case of some distinguished contemporaries, the merit of the work should, in the reader's estimation, form an excuse for the Author's breach of promise. Without presuming to hope that this may prove the case, it is only further necessary to mention, that his resolution, like that of Benedick, fell a sacrifice to temptation at least, if not to stratagem.

—— The Abbot. Intro., p. 1.

I was never, I confess, one of those who are willing to suppose the brains of an author to be a kind of milk, which will not stand above a single creaming, and who are eternally harping to young authors to husband their efforts, and to be chary of their reputation, lest it grow hackneyed in the eyes of men. Perhaps I was, and have always been, the more indifferent to the degree of estimation in which I might be held as an author, because I did not put so high

a value as many others upon what is termed literary reputation in the abstract, or at least upon the species of popularity which had fallen to my share; for though it were worse than affectation to deny that my vanity was satisfied at my success in the department in which chance had in some measure enlisted me, I was, nevertheless, far from thinking that the novelist or romance-writer stands high in the ranks of literature.

Himself: Author. Waverley. Pref., p. 8.

If, like a spoiled child, he has sometimes abused or trifled with the indulgence of the public, he feels himself entitled to full belief, when he exculpates himself from the charge of having been at any time insensible of their kindness.

—— Waverley. Pref., p. 8.

That Waverley and its successors have had their day of favour and popularity must be admitted with sincere gratitude; and the Author has studied (with the prudence of a beauty whose reign has been rather long) to supply, by the assistance of art, the charms which novelty no longer affords.

—— Waverley. Pref., p. 3.

I must refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller—but I believe some of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure; and we used to select, for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary

and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon.

Himself: Bankruptcy. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 261.

I am ashamed to owe debts I cannot pay; but I am not ashamed of being classed with those to whose rank I belong. The disgrace is in being an actual bankrupt, not in being made a legal one.

Himself: Being Neighbourly. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 321.

I make not a rule to be on intimate terms with all my neighbours—that would be an idle thing to do. Some are good—some not so good, and it would be foolish and ineffectual to treat all with the same cordiality; but to live in harmony with all is quite easy, and surely very pleasant. Some of them may be rough and *gruff* at first, but all men, if kindly used, come about at last, and by going on gently, and never being eager or noisy about what I want, and letting things glide on leisurely, I always find in the end that the object is gained on which I have set my heart, either by exchange or purchase, or by some sort of compromise by which both parties are obliged, and good-will begot if it did not exist before—strengthened if it did exist.

Himself: Castle-building. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 182.

Somewhere it is said that this castle-building—this wielding of the unreal trowel—is fatal to exertions in actual life. I cannot tell—I have not found it so. I cannot, indeed, say, like Madame Genlis, that in the imaginary scenes in which I have acted a part, I ever prepared myself for anything which actually befell me; but I have certainly fashioned out much that made the present hour pass pleasantly away, and much that has enabled me to contribute to the amusement of the public. Since I was five years old, I cannot remember the time when I had not some ideal part to play for my own solitary amusement.

Himself: Drink (Advice to his Son). Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 115.

I am sorry and ashamed to say, for your warning, that the habit of drinking wine, so much practised when I was a young man, occasioned, I am convinced, many of my cruel stomach complaints.

Himself: Education. Life of Scott. Vol. I., pp. 35, 36.

I have guarded against nothing more in the education of my own family, than against their acquiring habits of self-willed caprice and domination.

Himself: Enthusiasm. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 37.

My own enthusiasm was chiefly awakened by the wonderful and the terrible—the common taste of children, but in which I have remained a child even unto this day.

Himself: Generosity. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 129.

I begin to find, like Joseph Surface, that too good a character is inconvenient. I don't know what I have done to gain so much credit for generosity, but I suspect I owe it to being supposed, as Puff says, one of 'those whom Heaven has blessed with affluence.'

Himself: Gratitude. Life of Scott. Vol. X., p. 195.

No author has ever had so much cause to be grateful to the public as I have. All I have written has been received with indulgence.

Himself: Gravity. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 232.

I was never able in my life to do anything with what is called gravity and deliberation.

Himself: His Maxim. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 62.

Never to be doing nothing.

Himself: In Sickness. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 43.

I should be a great fool, and a most ungrateful wretch, to complain of such inflictions as these. My life has been, in all its private and public relations, as fortunate perhaps as was ever lived, up to this period; and whether pain or misfortune may lie behind the dark curtain of futurity, I am already a sufficient debtor to the bounty of Providence to be resigned to it. Fear is an evil that has never mixed

with my nature, nor has even unwonted good-fortune rendered my love of life tenacious; and so I can look forward to the possible conclusion of these scenes of agony with reasonable equanimity, and suffer chiefly through the sympathetic distress of my family.

Himself: Martyrdom. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 206, 207.

I would, if called upon, die a martyr for the Christian religion, so completely is (in my poor opinion) its divine origin proved by its beneficial effects on the state of society. Were we but to name the abolition of slavery and polygamy, how much has, in these two words, been granted to mankind in the lessons of our Saviour!

Himself: Music. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 114.

I do not know and cannot utter a note of music; and complicated harmonies seem to me a babble of confused though pleasing sounds. Yet simple melodies, especially if connected with words and ideas, have as much effect on me as on most people. But then I hate to hear a young person sing without feeling and expression suited to the song. I cannot bear a voice that has no more life in it than a pianoforte or bugle-horn. There is about all the fine arts a something of soul and spirit which, like the vital principle in man, defies the research of the most critical anatomist. You feel where it is not, yet you cannot describe what it is you want.

Himself: Obligations. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 231.

I would rather bear my own burden than subject myself to obligation.

Himself: Popularity. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 24, 25.

As a literary man I cannot affect to despise public applause; as a private gentleman, I have always been embarrassed and displeased with popular clamours, even when in my favour. I know very well the breath of which such shouts are composed, and am sensible those who applaud me to-day would be as ready to toss me to-morrow; and I would not have them think that I put such a value on their favour as would make me for an instant fear their displeasure.

Himself: Praise. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 400.

No man that ever wrote a line despised the *pap* of praise so heartily as I do. There is nothing I scorn more, except those who think the ordinary sort of praise or censure is matter of the least consequence. People have almost always some private view of distinguishing themselves, or of gratifying their animosity—some point, in short, to carry, with which you have no relation—when they take the trouble to praise you. In general, it is their purpose to get the person praised to puff away in return. To me their rank praises no more makes amends for their bad poetry, than tainted butter would pass off stale fish.

Himself: Reading. Life of Scott. Vol. I., pp. 2-4.

From the lives of some poets a most important moral lesson may doubtless be derived, and few sermons can be read with so much profit as the memoirs of Burns, of Chatterton, or of Savage. Were I conscious of anything peculiar in my own moral character which could render such development necessary or useful, I would as readily consent to it as I would bequeath my body to dissection, if the operation could tend to point out the nature and the means of curing any particular malady. But as my habits of thinking and acting, as well as my rank in society, were fixed long before I had attained, or even pretended to any poetical reputation, and as it produced, when acquired, no remarkable change upon either, it is hardly to be expected that much information can be derived from minutely investigating frailties, follies, or vices, not very different in number or degree from those of other men in my situation. As I have not been blessed with the talent of Burns or Chatterton, I have been happily exempted from the influence of their violent passions, exasperated by the struggle of feelings which rose up against the unjust decrees of fortune. Yet, although I cannot tell of difficulties vanquished, and distance of rank annihilated by the strength of genius, those who shall hereafter read this little memoir may find in it some hints to be improved, for the regulation of their own minds, or the training those of others.

—— Waverley. Pref., pp. 3, 4.

There was a circulating library in Edinburgh, founded, I believe, by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, which, besides

containing a most respectable collection of books of every description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich in works of fiction. It exhibited specimens of every kind, from the romances of chivalry, and the ponderous folios of Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of later times. I was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot; and unless when someone had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read, from morning to night. I was, in kindness and pity, which was perhaps erroneous, however natural, permitted to select my subjects of study at my own pleasure, upon the same principle that the humours of children are indulged to keep them out of mischief. As my taste and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indemnified myself by becoming a glutton of books. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.

Himself: Regrets. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 60.

If my learning be flimsy and inaccurate, the reader must have compassion even for an idle workman, who had so narrow a foundation to build upon. If, however, it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember that it is with deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good-fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science.

Himself: Reverses. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 161-163.

What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and a clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again; but the crack will remain

till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless good news should come); because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

When I die, will the Journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of Chivalry had hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave, and whisper to each other, 'Poor gentleman'—'a well-meaning man'—'nobody's enemy but his own'—'thought his parts would never wear out'—'family poorly left'—'pity he took that foolish title'? Who can answer this question?

Himself: Reverses. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 190, 191.

My reflections in entering my own gate to-day were of a very different and more pleasing cast, than those with which I left this place about six weeks ago. I was then in doubt whether I should fly my country, or become avowedly bankrupt, and surrender up my library and household furniture, with the life-rent of my estate, to sale. A man of the world will say I had better done so. No doubt, had I taken this course at once, I might have employed the money I have made since the insolvency of Constable and Robinson's houses in compounding my debts. But I could not have slept sound, as I now can under the comfortable impression of receiving the thanks of my creditors, and the conscious feeling of discharging my duty, as a man of honour and honesty. I see before me a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honour; if I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience.

Himself: Schooldays. Life of Scott. Vol. I., pp. 40, 41.

Though often negligent of my own task, I was always ready to assist my friends, and hence I had a little party

of staunch partisans and adherents, stout of hand and heart, though somewhat dull of head—the very tools for raising a hero to eminence. So, on the whole, I made a brighter figure in the *yards* than in the *class*.*

Himself: Solitude. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 181, 182.

I feel the pleasure of being alone and uninterrupted. Few men, leading a quiet life, and without any strong or highly varied change of circumstances, have seen more variety of society than I—few have enjoyed it more, or been *bored*, as it is called, less by the company of tiresome people. I have rarely, if ever, found anyone, out of whom I could not extract amusement or edification; and were I obliged to account for hints afforded on such occasions, I should make an ample deduction from my narrative powers. Still, however, from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to wishing for visitors, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood, I saw this would not do; and that to gain a place in men's esteem, I must mix and bustle with them. Pride, and an exaltation of spirits, often supplied the real pleasure which others seemed to feel in society: yet mine certainly upon many occasions was real. Still, if the question was, eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell!'

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 313, 314.

One is tempted to ask himself, knocking at the door of his own heart, Do you love this extreme loneliness? I can answer conscientiously, *I do*. The love of solitude was with me a passion of early youth; when in my teens, I used to fly from company to indulge in visions and airy castles of my own, the disposal of ideal wealth, and the exercise of imaginary power. This feeling prevailed even until I was eighteen, when love and ambition awakening

* I read not long since, in that authentic record called the 'Percy Anecdotes,' that I had been educated at Musselburgh School, where I had been distinguished as an absolute dunce; only Dr. Blair, seeing farther into the millstone, had pronounced there was fire in it. I never was at Musselburgh School in my life, and though I have met Dr. Blair at my father's and elsewhere, I never had the good fortune to attract his notice, to my knowledge. Lastly, I was never a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him.

with other passions, threw me more into society, from which I have, however, at times withdrawn myself, and have been always even glad to do so. I have risen from a feast satiated; and unless it be one or two persons of very strong intellect, or whose spirits and good-humour amuse me, I wish neither to see the high, the low, nor the middling class of society. This is a feeling without the least tinge of misanthropy, which I always consider as a kind of blasphemy of a shocking description. If God bears with the very worst of us, we may surely endure each other. If thrown into society I always have, and always will endeavour to bring pleasure with me, at least to show willingness to please. But for all this, 'I had rather live alone.'

Himself: Success. Life of Scott. Vol. I., pp. 2, 3.

I do not mean to say that my success in literature has not led me to mix familiarly in society much above my birth and original pretensions since I have been readily received in the first circles in Britain. But there is a certain intuitive knowledge of the world, to which most well-educated Scotchmen are early trained, that prevents them from being much dazzled by this species of elevation. A man who to good-nature adds the general rudiments of good-breeding, provided he rest contented with a simple and unaffected manner of behaving and expressing himself, will never be ridiculous in the best society, and so far as his talents and information permit, may be an agreeable part of the company. I have therefore never felt much elevated, nor did I experience any violent change in situation, by the passport which my poetical character afforded me into higher company than my birth warranted.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 321.

I have been more successful in life than most people, and know well how much success depends, first upon desert, and then on knowledge of the *carte de pays*.

Himself: Talent and Genius. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 106.

I have always felt the value of having access to persons of talent and genius to be the best part of a literary man's prerogative.

Himself: Tenderness. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 372.

I sometimes think I do not deserve people's good opinion, for certainly my feelings are rather guided by reflection than impulse. But everybody has his own mode of expressing interest, and mine is stoical even in bitterest grief. I hope I am not the worse for wanting the tenderness that I see others possess, and which is so amiable. I think it does not cool my wish to be of use when I can. But the truth is, I am better at enduring or acting than at consoling. From childhood's earliest hour, my heart rebelled against the influence of external circumstances in myself and others—*non est tanti!*

Himself: Vanity. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 183, 184.

When I first saw that a literary profession was to be my fate, I endeavoured by all efforts of stoicism to divest myself of that irritable degree of sensibility—or, to speak plainly, of vanity—which makes the poetical race miserable and ridiculous. The anxiety of a poet for praise and for compliments I have always endeavoured to keep down.

History. The Fortunes of Nigel. Intro., p. 542.

The most picturesque period of history is that when the ancient rough and wild manners of a barbarous age are just becoming innovated upon and contrasted by the illumination of increased or revived learning, and the instructions of renewed or reformed religion. The strong contrast produced by the opposition of ancient manners to those which are gradually subduing them, affords the lights and shadows necessary to give effect to a fictitious narrative; and while such a period entitles the author to introduce incidents of a marvellous and improbable character, as arising out of the turbulent independence and ferocity, belonging to old habits of violence, still influencing the manners of a people who had been so lately in a barbarous state; yet, on the other hand, the characters and sentiments of many of the actors may, with the utmost probability, be described with great variety of shading and delineation, which belongs to the newer and more improved period, of which the world had but lately received the light.

Hobby-horses. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 13.

The indulgent mother Nature has pets and hobby-horses suited to her children at all ages.

Holyrood. Fair Maid of Perth. Intro., pp. 200, 201.

It chanced that the good lady was, in the discharge of her function, showing the apartments to a cockney from London; — not one of your quiet, dull, commonplace visitors, who gape, yawn, and listen with an acquieseent *Umph* to the information doled out by the provincial cicerone. No such thing—this was the brisk, alert agent of a great house in the city, who missed no opportunity of doing business, as he termed it, that is, of putting off the goods of his employers, and improving his own account of commission. He had fidgeted through the suite of apartments, without finding the least opportunity to touch upon that which he considered as the principal end of his existence. Even the story of Rizzio's assassination presented no ideas to this emissary of commeree, until the housekeeper appealed, in support of her narrative, to the dusky stains of blood upon the floor.

'These are the stains,' she said; 'nothing will remove them from the place—there they have been for two hundred and fifty years, and there they will remain while the floor is left standing—neither water nor anything else will ever remove them from that spot.'

Now, our cockney, amongst other articles, sold Scouring Drops, as they are called, and a stain of two hundred and fifty years' standing was interesting to him, not because it had been caused by the blood of a queen's favourite, slain in her apartment, but because it offered so admirable an opportunity to prove the efficacy of his unequalled Detergent Elixir. Down on his knees went our friend, but neither in horror nor devotion.

'Two hundred and fifty years, ma'am, and nothing take it away? Why, if it had been five hundred, I have something in my pocket will fetch it out in five minutes. D'ye see this elixir, ma'am? I will show you the stain vanish in a moment.'

Accordingly, wetting one end of his handkerchief with the all-deterging specific, he began to rub away on the planks, without heeding the remonstrances of Mistress Policy. She, good soul, stood at first in astonishment, like the Abbess of Saint Bridget's, when a profane visitant drunk up the phial of brandy which had long passed muster among the relics of the cloister for the tears of the blessed saint. The venerable guardian of Saint Bridget probably expected the interference of her patroness —

she of Holy Rood might, perhaps, hope that David Rizzio's spectre would arise to prevent the profanation. But Mistress Policy stood not long in the silence of horror. She uplifted her voice, and screamed as loudly as Queen Mary herself, when the dreadful deed was in the act of perpetration—

'Harrow now out! and walawa!' she cried.

I happened to be taking my morning walk in the adjoining gallery, pondering in my mind why the kings of Scotland, who hung around me, should be each and every one painted with a nose like the knocker of a door, when lo! the walls once more re-echoed with such shrieks, as formerly were as often heard in the Scottish palaces as were sounds of revelry and music. Somewhat surprised at such an alarm in a place so solitary, I hastened to the spot, and found the well-meaning traveller scrubbing the floor like a housemaid, while Mistress Policy, dragging him by the skirts of the coat, in vain endeavoured to divert him from his sacrilegious purpose. It cost me some trouble to explain to the zealous purifier of silk stockings, embroidered waistcoats, broadcloth, and deal planks, that there were such things in the world as stains which ought to remain indelible, on account of the associations with which they are connected. Our good friend viewed everything of the kind only as the means of displaying the virtue of his vaunted commodity. He comprehended, however, that he would not be permitted to proceed to exemplify its powers on the present occasion, as two or three inhabitants appeared, who, like me, threatened to maintain the housekeeper's side of the question. He therefore took his leave, muttering that he had always heard the Scots were a nasty people, but had no idea they carried it so far as to choose to have the floors of their palaces blood-boltered, like Banquo's ghost, when to remove them would have cost but a hundred drops of the Infallible Detergent Elixir, prepared and sold by Messrs. Scrub and Rub, in five-shilling and ten-shilling bottles, each bottle being marked with the initials of the inventor, to counterfeit which would be to incur the pains of forgery.

Home. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 210.

Those at a distance are always anxious to hear from home.

Home. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XVII., p. 429.

Sir, stay at home, and take an old man's counsel;
Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth;
Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire;
Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely,
And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.
The French Courtezan.

Honesty. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 100.

You ought never to leave a country without clearing every penny of debt.

Honour. Quentin Durward. Intro., p. 2.

A man of honour. His word generally accounted the most sacred test of a man's character, and the least impeachment of which is a capital offence by the code of honour.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XII., p. 572.

True honour consisted not in defending, but in apologizing for, an injury so much disproportioned to any provocation I might have to allege.

Hope. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 177.

Our hope, heavenly and earthly, is poorly anchored, if the cable parts upon the stream. I believe in God, who can change evil into good; and I am confident that what befalls us is always ultimately for the best.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. III., p. 537.

Hope, that never forsakes the young and hardy.

—— Redgauntlet. Chap. IX., p. 454.

Hope will catch at the most feeble twig for support in extremity.

Horse-riding. Castle Dangerous. Chap. III., p. 820.

Anyone acquainted with equestrian exercise is aware that no means of refreshment carries away the sense of fatigue from over-walking so easily as the exchange to riding, which calls into play another set of muscles, and leaves those which have been over-exerted an opportunity of resting, through change of motion, more completely than they could in absolute repose.

Horses. The Monastery. Chap. III., p. 694.

The instinct of these animals in traversing bogs is one of the most curious parts of their nature, and is a fact generally established.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. IV., p. 539.

There was, in the days of which I write, an old-fashioned custom on the English road, which I suspect is now obsolete, or practised only by the vulgar. Journeys of length being made on horseback, and, of course, by brief stages, it was usual always to make a halt on the Sunday in some town where the traveller might attend divine service, and his horse have the benefit of the day of rest, the institution of which is as humane to our brute labourers as profitable to ourselves.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. IX., p. 53.

If any of our readers has chanced to be run away with in his time (as we ourselves have in ours), he will have a full sense at once of the pain, peril, and absurdity of the situation. Those four limbs of the quadruped, which, no way under the rider's control, nor sometimes under that of the creature they more properly belong to, fly at such a rate as if the hindermost meant to overtake the foremost—those clinging legs of the biped, which we so often wish safely planted on the greensward, but which now only augment our distress by pressing the animal's sides—the hands, which have forsaken the bridle for the mane—the body, which, instead of sitting upright on the centre of gravity, as old Angelo used to recommend, or stooping forward like a jockey's at Newmarket, lies, rather than hangs, crouched upon the back of the animal, with no better chance of saving itself than a sack of corn—combine to make a picture more than sufficiently ludicrous to spectators, however uncomfortable to the exhibitor. But add to this some singularity of dress or appearance on the part of the unhappy cavalier,—a robe of office, a splendid uniform, or any other peculiarity of costume,—and let the scene of action be a race-course, a review, a procession, or any other place of concourse and public display, and if the poor wight would escape being the object of a shout of inextinguishable laughter, he must contrive to break a limb or two, or, which will be more effectual, to be killed on the spot; for on no slighter condition will his fall excite anything like serious sympathy.

Horses. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XII., p. 200.

It was his rider's pleasure that he should forthwith proceed homewards; a hint which the quadruped obeyed with that degree of alacrity with which men and animals interpret and obey suggestions that entirely correspond with their own inclinations.

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. XVI., p. 559.

The knight resolved to trust to the sagacity of his horse; experience having, on former occasions, made him acquainted with the wonderful talent possessed by these animals for extricating themselves and their riders on such emergencies.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXXIV., p. 334.

There is a sort of instinct by which horses perceive the humour of their riders, and are furious and impetuous or dull and sluggish, as if to correspond with it.

—— Waverley. Chap. XLIII., pp. 107, 108.

If, my dear reader, thou hast ever happened to take post-horses at ——, or at —— (one at least of which blanks, or more probably both, you will be able to fill up from an inn near your own residence), you must have observed, and doubtless with sympathetic pain, the reluctant agony with which the poor jades at first apply their galled necks to the collars of the harness. But when the irresistible arguments of the post-boy have prevailed upon them to proceed a mile or two, they will become callous to the first sensation; and being *warm in the harness*, as the said post-boy may term it, proceed as if their withers were altogether unwrung.

Hospitality. The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XXVII., p. 325.

An appeal to the hospitality of the wildest Gael was never unsuccessful; and the kerne, that in other circumstances would have taken a man's life for the silver button of his cloak, would deprive himself of a meal to relieve the traveller who implored hospitality at the door of his bothy.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XXXV., p. 811.

In a poor country, hospitality is generally exercised freely.

Housekeeping. Life of Scott. Vol. V., p. 131.

You will find a house a very devouring monster, and that the purveying for it requires a little exertion, and a great deal of self-denial and arrangement. But when there is domestic peace and contentment, all that would otherwise be disagreeable, as restraining our taste and occupying our time, becomes easy.

Huguenots. Waverley. Chap. III., p. 15.

The stern, rigid, and sometimes turbulent disposition of the Huguenot party.

Humanity. Guy Mannering. Chap. VI., p. 212.

We are not made of wood or stone, and the things which connect themselves with our hearts and habits cannot, like bark or lichen, be rent away without our missing them.

—— The Surgeon's Daughter. Chap. V., pp. 766, 767.

Among the capricious weaknesses of humanity, that one is particularly remarkable which inclines us to esteem persons and things not by their real value, or even by our own judgment, so much as by the opinion of others, who are often very incompetent judges.

Human Life. The Betrothed. Chap. X., p. 578.

Formed a singular parallel to the varied maze of human life, where joy and grief are so strangely mixed, and where the confines of mirth and pleasure often border on those of sorrow and of death.

Human Mind. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXIX., p. 304.

The human mind is so strangely capricious, that, when freed from the pressure of real misery, it becomes open and sensitive to the apprehension of ideal calamities.

Human Nature. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. IV., p. 386.

The stranger was so near to her, that, without actually suffering her to fall, he could not avoid catching her in his arms, which, however, he did with a momentary reluctance, very unusual when youth interposes to prevent beauty from danger.

Human Nature. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XXIV., p. 693.

When the sky is darkened suddenly, and the atmosphere grows thick and stifling, the lower ranks of creation entertain the ominous sense of a coming tempest. The birds fly to the thickets, the wild creatures retreat to the closest covers which their instinct gives them the habit of frequenting, and domestic animals show their apprehension of the approaching thunderstorm by singular actions and movements inferring fear and disturbance.

It seems that human nature, when its original habits are cultivated and attended to, possesses, on similar occasions, something of that prescient foreboding which announces the approaching tempest to the inferior ranks of creation. The cultivation of our intellectual powers goes perhaps too far, when it teaches us entirely to suppress and disregard those natural feelings, which were originally designed as sentinels by which nature warned us of impending danger.

Something of the kind, however, still remains, and that species of feeling which announces to us sorrowful or alarming tidings may be said, like the prophecies of the weird sisters, to come over us like a sudden cloud.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. I., p. 14.

Human nature is rarely uniform.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXXVI., p. 343.

It often happens, owing, I suppose, to the perversity of human nature, that subserviency in trifles is more difficult to a proud mind than compliance in matters of more importance.

Human Race. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. VIII., p. 221.

If the reader has attended much to the manners of the canine race, he may have remarked the very different manner in which the individuals of the different sexes carry on their quarrels among each other. The females are testy, petulant, and very apt to indulge their impatient dislike of each other's presence, or the spirit of rivalry which it produces, in a sudden bark and snap, which last is generally made as much at advantage as possible. But these ebullitions of peevishness lead to no very serious or

prosecuted conflict; the affair begins and ends in a moment. Not so the ire of the male dogs, which, once produced, and excited by growls of mutual offence and defiance, leads generally to a fierce and obstinate contest; in which, if the parties be dogs of game, and well matched, they grapple, throttle, roll each other in the kennel, and can only be separated by choking them with their own collars, till they lose wind and hold at the same time, or by surprising them out of their wrath by sousing them with cold water.

The simile, though a currish one, will hold good in its application to the human race.

Hunger. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XX., p. 682.

It is a common popular saying, that as the sensation of hunger is not connected with any pleasing or gentle emotion, so it is particularly remarkable for irritating those of anger and spleen.

Idleness. Waverley. Chap. III., p. 14.

He held the common doctrine, that idleness is incompatible with reading of any kind, and that the mere tracing the alphabetical characters with the eye is in itself a useful and meritorious task, without scrupulously considering what ideas or doctrines they may happen to convey.

Idolatry. The Talisman. Chap. IV., p. 757.

The devout adorer of an actual idol can even discover signs of approbation in the rigid and immovable features of a marble image.

Ill-nature. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXIII., p. 886.

The look of no man is so inauspicious as a fat man upon whose features ill-nature has marked a habitual stamp. He seems to have reversed the old proverb of 'laugh and be fat,' and to have thriven under the influence of the worst affections of the mind. Passionate we can allow a jolly mortal to be; but it seems unnatural to his goodly case to be sulky and brutal.

Illustration. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XI., p. 198.

It is a dangerous thing to trust to an illustration. Butler had done so and miscarried; but, like a gallant soldier when his musket misses fire, he stood his ground, and charged with the bayonet.

Imagination. Quentin Durward. Chap. XII., p. 68.

The king, whose imagination, like that of superstitious people in general, readily imposed upon itself.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 71, 72.

Imagination renders us liable to be the victims of occasional low spirits. All belonging to this gifted, as it is called, but often unhappy class, must have felt, that but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life as a child does a broken toy. O God! what are we?—Lords of nature? Why, a tile drops from a house-top, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of paste-board, and there lies his lordship. Or something of inconceivably minute origin—the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain—takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or someone else. We hold our health and our reason on terms slighter than one would desire, were it in their choice, to hold an Irish cabin.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 406, 407.

They say of a fowl, that if you draw a chalk line on a table, and lay chick-a-diddle down with his bill upon it, the poor thing will imagine himself opposed by an insurmountable barrier, which he will not attempt to cross. Such-like are one-half of the obstacles which serve to interrupt our best resolves.

—— Waverley. Chap. III., p. 14.

Was particularly well acquainted with Spenser, Drayton, and other poets who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction, of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination, before the passions have roused themselves, and demand poetry of a more sentimental description.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XIX., p. 93.

There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination in contemplating the queen of night, when she is *wading*, as the expression is, among the vapours, which she has not power to dispel, and which on their side are unable entirely to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient virtue, calmly pursuing her path through good report and bad report, having that

excellence in herself which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world, by suffering, by misfortune, by calumny.

Imagination. Waverley. Chap. XLIII., p. 108.

Nerves strung for the future, and prepared to enjoy the present. This mood of mind is highly favourable for the exercise of the powers of imagination, for poetry, and for that eloquence which is allied to poetry.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XIX., p. 822.

Our imagination plays wilder tricks with us almost every night.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XXXIX., p. 675.

Imagination, dwelling on an absent object of affection, paints her not only in the fairest light, but in that in which we most desire to behold her.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XVI., p. 616.

To a youthful imagination, the idea of such a punishment as mutilation seems more ghastly than death itself.

—— The Talisman. Chap. IV., p. 756.

When the mind is wound up to a high pitch of feeling and expectation, the slightest incident, if unexpected, gives fire to the train which imagination has already laid.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. IV., p. 25.

The romantic imagination of youth is rapid in drawing conclusions from slight premises.

Impostors. Quentin Durward. Chap. XIX., p. 96.

No task is so easy as that of imposing upon a multitude whose eager prejudices have more than half done the business, ere the impostor has spoken a word.

—— The Pirate. Intro., pp. 360, 361.

Amid a very credulous and ignorant population, it is astonishing what success may be attained by an impostor, who is, at the same time, an enthusiast. It is such as to remind us of the couplet which assures us that

> The pleasure is as great
> Of being cheated as to cheat.

Impressions. Rob Roy. Chap. XXV., p. 614.

That intuitive impression which announces to us the approach of whomsoever we love or hate with intense vehemence, long before a more indifferent eye can recognise their persons.

Indecision. The Talisman. Chap. XIX., p. 815.

'*Yet* and *but*,' said the Templar, 'are words for fools; wise men neither hesitate nor retract: they resolve and they execute.'

Independence. Redgauntlet. Letter I., p. 367.

In a country where all the world have a circle of consanguinity, extending to six cousins at least, I am a solitary individual, having only one kind heart to throb in unison with my own. If I were condemned to labour for my bread, methinks I should less regard this peculiar species of deprivation. The necessary communication of master and servant would be at least a tie which would attach me to the rest of my kind—as it is, my very independence seems to enhance the peculiarity of my situation. I am in the world as a stranger in the crowded coffee-house, where he enters, calls for what refreshment he wants, pays his bill, and is forgotten as soon as the waiter's mouth has pronounced his 'Thank ye, sir.'

Independency. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. VII., p. 178.

The air of Scotland was alien to the growth of Independency, however favourable to fanaticism under other colours.

Indignation. The Pirate. Chap. II., p. 367.

The usual thrill of indignation which indolent people always feel when roused into action on some unpleasant occasion.

Indulgence. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XVIII., p. 626.

The city beauty had become as wilful, as capricious, and as affected as unlimited indulgence seldom fails to render those to whom it is extended; and that affectation of extreme shyness, silence, and reserve, which misses in their teens are apt to take for an amiable modesty; and, upon others, a considerable portion of that flippancy, which youth sometimes confounds with wit.

Industry. The Monastery. Chap. XI., p. 720.

Acute and industrious, alert and accurate; one of those rare combinations of talent and industry, which are seldom united.

Inflictions. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXIII., p. 242.

So nearly does the mental portion of our feelings resemble those which are corporeal, that the first severe blows which we receive bring with them a stunning apathy, which renders us indifferent to those that follow them. Thus said Mandrin, when he was undergoing the punishment of the wheel; and so have all felt, upon whom successive inflictions have descended with continuous and reiterated violence.

Influence. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLII., p. 315.

The best and most upright-minded men are strongly influenced by existing circumstances.

Ingratitude. Life of Scott. Vol. V., p. 195.

Those who look for anything better than ingratitude from the uneducated and unreflecting mass of a corrupted population must always be deceived; and the better the heart is that has been expanded towards them, their wants, and their wishes, the deeper is the natural feeling of disappointment. But it is our duty to fight on, doing what good we can, and trusting to God Almighty, whose grace ripens the seeds we commit to the earth, that our benefactions shall bear fruit.

Innkeepers. The Antiquary. Chap. II., p. 368.

As the senior traveller descended the crazy steps of the diligence at the inn, he was greeted by the fat, gouty, pursy landlord, with that mixture of familiarity and respect which the Scotch innkeepers of the old school used to assume towards their more valued customers.

Innocence. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XVII., p. 218.

'I dinna ken, sir,' was all the poor girl could utter; and, indeed, it is the phrase which rises most readily to the lips of any person in her rank, as the readiest reply to any embarrassing question.

Innocence. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XIII., p. 204.

There is something in stooping to justification which the pride of innocence does not at all times willingly submit to.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XXI., p. 434.

What would he now have given to regain the sense of innocence which alone can counterbalance a thousand evils!

Innovation. Rob Roy. Chap. XXX., p. 637.

The Scotch are not a people who speedily admit innovation, even when it comes in the shape of improvement.

Inns. Kenilworth. Chap. I., p. 181.

It is the privilege of tale-tellers to open their story in an inn, the free rendezvous of all travellers, and where the humour of each displays itself without ceremony or restraint.

Insanity. The Talisman. Chap. XXVIII., p. 853

So much is there of self-opinion, even in insanity, that the conviction of having entertained and expressed an unfounded prediction with so much vehemence seemed to operate like loss of blood on the human frame, to modify and lower the fever of the brain.

Insight. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 352.

A Scotsman will detect a Scotsman amongst the most crowded assemblage.

Instruction. Waverley. Chap. III., p. 14.

I am aware I may be here reminded of the necessity of rendering instruction agreeable to youth, and of Tasso's infusion of honey into the medicine prepared for a child; but an age in which children are taught the driest doctrines by the insinuating method of instructive games, has little reason to dread the consequences of study being rendered too serious or severe. The history of England is now reduced to a game at cards,—the problems of mathematics to puzzles and riddles,—and the doctrines of arithmetic may, we are assured, be sufficiently acquired, by spending a few hours a week at a new and complicated edition of the Royal Game of the Goose. There wants but one step further, and the Creed and Ten Commandments may be taught in the same manner, without the

necessity of the grave face, deliberate tone of recital, and devout attention, hitherto exacted from the well-governed childhood of this realm. It may, in the meantime, be subject of serious consideration, whether those who are accustomed only to acquire instruction through the medium of amusement, may not be brought to reject that which approaches under the aspect of study; whether those who learn history by the cards, may not be led to prefer the means to the end; and whether, were we to teach religion in the way of sport, our pupils may not thereby be gradually induced to make sport of their religion.

Insults. Redgauntlet. Letter V., p. 383.

One can endure a traveller in the same carriage, if he treads upon your toes by accident, or even through negligence; but it is very different when, knowing that they are rather of a tender description, he continues to pound away at them with his hoofs. In my poor opinion —and I am a man of peace—you can, in that case, hardly avoid a declaration of war.

Interviews. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXVI., p. 255.

'We *must* try all means,' replied Jeanie; 'but writing winna do it—a letter canna look, and pray, and beg, and beseech, as the human voice can do to the human heart. A letter's like the music that the ladies have for their spinets—naething but black scores, compared to the same tune, played or sung. It's word of mouth maun do it, or naething, Reuben.'

Intimacy. Redgauntlet. Chap. XXIII., p. 526.

The relative situation of adviser and advised, of protector and protected, is so peculiarly suited to the respective condition of man and woman that great progress towards intimacy is often made in very short space; for the circumstances call for confidence on the part of the gentleman and forbid coyness on that of the lady, so that the usual barriers against easy intercourse are at once thrown down.

Irish. St. Ronan's Well. Intro., p. 188.

The witty Irishman adapts his general behaviour to that of the best society, or that which he thinks such.

Irish Good-humour. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 112.

There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin—buttermilk, potatoes—a stool is offered, or a stone is rolled that your honour may sit down and be out of the smoke, and those who beg everywhere else seem desirous to exercise free hospitality in their own houses. Their natural disposition is turned to gaiety and happiness; while a Scotchman is thinking about the term-day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world;—while an Englishman is making a little hell in the present, because his muffin is not well roasted—Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable, to be sure, and will murder you on slight suspicion, and find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that it was not yourself they meant to kill, at all at all.

Irish Kindness. Waverley. Pref., p. 5.

Their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland.

Irish Labour. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 295-297.

The great number of the lower Irish which have come over here since the peace, is, like all important occurrences, attended with its own share of good and evil. It must relieve Ireland in part of the excess of population, which is one of its greatest evils, and it accommodates Scotland with a race of hardy and indefatigable labourers, without which it would be impossible to carry on the very extensive improvements which have been executed. Our canals, our railroads, and our various public works, are all wrought by Irish. I have often employed them myself at burning clay, and similar operations, and have found them as labourers quiet and tractable, light-spirited, too, and happy to a degree beyond belief, and in no degree quarrelsome, keep whisky from them and them from whisky. But most unhappily for all parties, they work at far too low a rate—at a rate, in short, which can but just procure salt and potatoes; they become reckless, of course, of all the comforts and decencies of life, which they have no means of procuring. Extreme poverty brings ignorance and vice, and these are the mothers of crime. If Ireland were to submit to some kind of poor-rate—I do not mean that of England, but something that should secure to the indigent their natural share of the fruits of the earth, and enable them at least to feed while others are feasting—it

would, I cannot doubt, raise the characters of the lower orders, and deprive them of that recklessness of futurity which leads them to think only of the present. Indeed, where intoxication of the lower ranks is mentioned as a vice, we must allow the temptation is well-nigh inevitable; meat, clothes, fire, all that men can and do want, are supplied by a drop of whisky, and no one should be surprised that the relief (too often the only one within the wretches' power) is eagerly grasped at. We pay back, I suspect, the inconvenience we receive from the character of our Irish importation, by sending you a set of half-educated, cold-hearted Scotchmen, to be agents and middle-men. Among them, too, there are good and excellent characters, yet I can conceive they often mislead their employers.

Irish Poverty. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 108, 109.

There is much less of exaggeration about the Irish than might have been suspected. Their poverty is not exaggerated; it is on the extreme verge of human misery: their cottages would scarce serve for pig-sties even in Scotland—and their rags seem the very refuse of a rag-shop, and are disposed on their bodies with such ingenious variety of wretchedness, that you would think nothing but some sort of perverted taste could have assembled so many shreds together. You are constantly fearful that some knot or loop will give, and place the individual before you in all the primitive simplicity of Paradise.

Irish Wit. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 111, 112.

I said their poverty was not exaggerated—neither is their wit—nor their good-humour—nor their whimsical absurdity—nor their courage. *Wit.*—I gave a fellow a shilling on some occasion when sixpence was the fee. 'Remember you owe me sixpence, Pat.' 'May your honour live till I pay you.' There was courtesy as well as art in this, and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question.

Irritability. Aunt Margaret's Mirror. Chap. I., p. 876.

A feeble mind is necessarily an irritable one.

Irving, Edward. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 329, 330.

I met to-day the celebrated divine and *soi-disant* prophet, Irving. He is a fine-looking man (bating a diabolical

squint), with talent on his brow and madness in his eye. His dress, and the arrangement of his hair, indicated that. I could hardly keep my eyes off him while we were at table. He put me in mind of the devil disguised as an angel of light, so ill did that horrible obliquity of vision harmonize with the dark tranquil features of his face, resembling that of our Saviour in Italian pictures, with the hair carefully arranged in the same manner. There was much real or affected simplicity in the manner in which he spoke. He rather *made play*, spoke much, and seemed to be good-humoured. But he spoke with that kind of unction which is nearly allied to *cajolerie*. He boasted much of the tens of thousands that attended his ministry at the town of Annan, his native place, till he well-nigh provoked me to say he was a distinguished exception to the rule that a prophet was not esteemed in his own country. But time and place were not fitting.

Italians. Waverley. Chap. III., p. 14.

He had perused the numerous romantic poems, which, from the days of Pulci, have been a favourite exercise of the wits of Italy; and had sought gratification in the numerous collections of *novelle*, which were brought forth by the genius of that elegant though luxurious nation.

Ivanhoe. Ivanhoe. Intro., p. 498.

The name of Ivanhoe was suggested by an old rhyme. All novelists have had occasion at some time or other to wish, with Falstaff, that they knew where a commodity of good names was to be had. On such an occasion the Author chanced to call to memory a rhyme recording three names of the manors forfeited by the ancestor of the celebrated Hampden, for striking the Black Prince a blow with his racket, when they quarrelled at tennis:—

> Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
> For striking of a blow
> Hampden did forego,
> And glad he could escape so.

The word suited the Author's purpose in two material respects, for, first, it had an ancient English sound; and, secondly, it conveyed no indication whatever of the nature of the story. He presumes to hold this last quality to be of no small importance.

Jails. The Heart of Midlothian. Prelim. Chap., p. 156.

Jails, like other places, have their ancient traditions, known only to the inhabitants, and handed down from one set of the melancholy lodgers to the next who occupy their cells.

James the First. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. I., p. 545.

The pacific James I.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. V., p. 566.

He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that, and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold asserter of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and one who feared war where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform; and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and showing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXVII., p. 665.

It was not, as has been well shown by a late author, that James was void either of parts or of good intentions; and his predecessor was at least as arbitrary in effect as he

was in theory. But while Elizabeth possessed a sternness of masculine sense and determination which rendered even her weaknesses, some of which were in themselves sufficiently ridiculous, in a certain degree respectable, James, on the other hand, was so utterly devoid of 'firm resolve,' so well called by the Scottish bard

The stalk of carle-hemp in man,

that even his virtues and his good meaning became laughable, from the whimsical uncertainty of his conduct; so that the wisest things he ever said, and the best actions he ever did, were often touched with a strain of the ludicrous and fidgety character of the man. Accordingly, though at different periods of his reign he contrived to acquire with his people a certain degree of temporary popularity, it never long outlived the occasion which produced it.

January. The Betrothed. Chap. XVII., p. 604.

January, the bitter father of the year.

Jealousy. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., pp. 371, 372.

All who practise the fine arts in any department are, from the very temperament necessary to success, more irritable, jealous, and capricious than other men made up of heavier elements; but the jealousy among players is signally active, because their very persons are brought into direct comparison, and from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot they are pitted by the public in express rivalry against each other.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXIX., p. 143.

It is difficult to blind jealousy when there is any cause of doubt.

—— The Talisman. Chap. VII., p. 764.

The Scotch and English, equally jealous and high-spirited, and apt to take offence,—the former the more so, because the poorer and the weaker nation,—began to fill up by internal dissension the period when the truce forbade them to wreak their united vengeance on the Saracens. Like the contending Roman chiefs of old, the Scotch would admit no superiority, and their southern neighbours would brook no equality. There were charges and recriminations, and both the common soldiery and their

leaders and commanders, who had been good comrades in time of victory, lowered on each other in the period of adversity, as if their union had not been then more essential than ever, not only to the success of their common cause, but to their joint safety. The same disunion had begun to show itself betwixt the French and English, the Italians and the Germans, and even between the Danes and Swedes; but it is only that which divided the two nations whom one island bred, and who seemed more animated against each other for the very reason, that our narrative is principally concerned with.

Jealousy. Old Mortality. Chap. XII., p. 757.

Jealousy, which everyone has felt who has truly loved, but to which those are most liable whose love is crossed by the want of friends' consent, or some other envious impediment of fortune.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XVI., p. 586.

This sentiment . . . springs up with love as naturally as the tares with the wheat.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XIX., p. 627.

Partly owing to her natural austerity, which was something intolerant of youth and gaiety, and partly to the jealousy with which a favourite domestic regards anyone whom she considers as a sort of rival in the affections of her mistress.

Jesting. The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. VIII., p. 236.

All men, I believe, enjoy an ill-natured joke. The difference is, that an ill-natured person can drink out to very dregs the amusement which it affords, while the better-moulded mind soon loses the sense of the ridiculous in sympathy for the pain of the sufferer.

Jews. Ivanhoe. Chap. XXVIII., p. 598.

This wandering race, sever'd from other men,
Boast yet their intercourse with human arts;
The seas, the woods, the deserts which they haunt,
Find them acquainted with their secret treasures;
And unregarded herbs, and flowers, and blossoms,
Display undream'd-of powers, when gather'd by them.
'*The Jew.*'

Jews. Ivanhoe. Chap. X., p. 541.

The servant informed Isaac that a Nazarene (so they termed Christians, while conversing among themselves) desired to speak with him.

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. XXII., p. 576.

Above all, he had upon his side the unyielding obstinacy of his nation, and that unbending resolution, with which Israelites have been frequently known to submit to the uttermost evils which power and violence can inflict upon them, rather than gratify their oppressors by granting their demands.

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. X., p. 540.

The Jews, it is well known, being as liberal in exercising the duties of hospitality and charity among their own people as they were alleged to be reluctant and churlish in extending them to those whom they termed Gentiles, and whose treatment of them certainly merited little hospitality at their hand.

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. X., p. 541.

In the interior of their houses, the Jews refused themselves no expensive indulgences.

Johnson, Dr. Guy Mannering. Chap. XXII., p. 248.

The great moralist.

Joint-Stock Companies. The Betrothed. Intro., p. 545.

'I have not yet heard,' he continued, 'a single reasonable objection to applying for the Act of Parliament of which the draft lies on the table. You must be aware that the extremes of rude and of civilized society are in these our days on the point of approaching to each other. In the patriarchal period a man is his own weaver, tailor, butcher, shoemaker, and so forth; and in the age of stock companies, as the present may be called, an individual may be said in one sense to exercise the same plurality of trades. In fact, a man who has dipped largely into these speculations may combine his own expenditure with the improvement of his own income, just like the ingenious hydraulic machine which by its

very waste raises its own supplies of water. Such a person buys his bread from his own Baking Company, his milk and cheese from his own Dairy Company, takes off a new coat for the benefit of his own Clothing Company, illuminates his house to advance his own Gas Establishment, and drinks an additional bottle of wine for the benefit of the General Wine Importation Company, of which he is himself a member. Every act which would otherwise be one of mere extravagance is to such a person seasoned with the *odor lucri*, and reconciled to prudence. Even if the price of the article consumed be extravagant and the quality indifferent, the person, who is in a manner his own customer, is only imposed upon for his own benefit. Nay, if the Joint-Stock Company of Undertakers shall unite with the Medical Faculty, as proposed by the late facetious Doctor G——, under the firm of Death and the Doctor, the shareholder might contrive to secure to his heirs a handsome slice of his own death-bed and funeral expenses. In short, stock companies are the fashion of the age, and an Incorporating Act will, I think, be particularly useful in bringing back the body over whom I have the honour to preside to a spirit of subordination, highly necessary to success in every enterprise where joint wisdom, talent, and labour are to be employed. It is with regret that I state that, besides several differences amongst yourselves, I have not myself for some time been treated with that deference among you which circumstances entitled me to expect.'

Julian. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XVII., p. 812.

Here Julian, seeing, or thinking he saw, the drift of Bridgenorth's suspicions, hastened to exculpate himself from the thought of favouring the Roman Catholic religion. 'It is true,' he said, 'I have been educated in a family where that faith is professed by one honoured individual, and that I have since travelled in Popish countries; but even for these very reasons I have seen Popery too closely to be friendly to its tenets. The bigotry of the laymen—the persevering arts of the priesthood—the perpetual intrigue for the extension of the forms without the spirit of religion—the usurpation of that church over the consciences of men—and her impious pretensions to infallibility, are as inconsistent to my mind as they can seem to yours, with common sense, rational liberty, freedom of conscience, and pure religion.

Kenilworth Castle. Kenilworth. Chap. XXV., p. 291.

At length the princely castle appeared, upon improving which, and the domains around, the Earl of Leicester had, it is said, expended sixty thousand pounds stirling, a sum equal to half a million of our present money.

The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure-garden, with its trim arbours and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could Ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favourite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity. It bore the name of Cæsar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so called. Some antiquaries ascribe its foundation to the time of Kenelph, from whom the castle had its name, a Saxon King of Mercia, and others to an early era after the Norman Conquest. On the exterior walls frowned the scutcheon of the Clintons, by whom they were founded in the reign of Henry I., and of the yet more redoubted Simon de Montfort, by whom, during the Barons' wars, Kenilworth was long held out against Henry III. Here Mortimer, Earl of March, famous alike for his rise and his fall, had once gaily revelled in Kenilworth, while his dethroned sovereign, Edward II., languished in its dungeons. Old John of Gaunt, 'time-honoured Lancaster,' had widely extended the castle, erecting that noble and massive pile which yet bears the name of Lancaster's Buildings; and Leicester himself had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner's ambition. The external wall of this royal castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a

lake, partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-house, or barbican, which still exists, and is equal in extent, and superior in architecture, to the baronial castle of many a northern chief.

Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red-deer, fallow-deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. We cannot but add, that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valour won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendour once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment.

Kings. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXVII., p. 665.

So true it is, that the mass of mankind will respect a monarch stained with actual guilt, more than one whose foibles render him only ridiculous.

—— Kenilworth. Chap. XXXII., p. 310.

The wisest sovereigns err like private men,
And royal hand has sometimes laid the sword
Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,
Which better had been branded by the hangman.
What then?—Kings do their best—and they and we
Must answer for the intent, and not the event.

Old Play.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. I., p. 376.

Let a monarch be as indolent, as selfish, as much disposed to arbitrary power as he will, still, in a free country, his own interests are so clearly connected with those of the public at large, and the evil consequences to his own authority are so obvious and imminent when a different course is pursued, that common policy, as well as common feeling, point to the

equal distribution of justice, and to the establishment of the throne in righteousness. Thus, even sovereigns remarkable for usurpation and tyranny have been found rigorous in the administration of justice among their subjects, in cases where their own power and passions were not compromised.

Kings. Ivanhoe. Chap. XL., p. 655.

But the friar, afraid perhaps of . . . continuing the conversation in too jocose a style,—a false step to be particularly guarded against by those who converse with monarchs,—bowed profoundly, and fell into the rear.

Knavery. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XII., p. 202.

The complexion of this person was dark, and his age somewhat advanced. He wore his own hair combed smooth down, and cut very short. It was jet black, slightly curled by nature, and already mottled with grey. The man's face expressed rather knavery than vice, and a disposition to sharpness, cunning, and roguery, more than the traces of stormy and indulged passions. His sharp, quick black eyes, acute features, ready sardonic smile, promptitude and effrontery, gave him altogether what is called among the vulgar a *knowing* look, which generally implies a tendency to knavery. At a fair or market, you could not for a moment have doubted that he was a horse-jockey, intimate with all the tricks of his trade; yet, had you met him on a moor, you would not have apprehended any violence from him. His dress was also that of a horse-dealer—a close-buttoned jockey-coat, or wrap-rascal, as it was then termed, with huge metal buttons, coarse blue upper stockings, called boot-hose because supplying the place of boots, and a slouched hat. He only wanted a loaded whip under his arm, and a spur upon one heel, to complete the dress of the character he seemed to represent.

Knowledge. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXVII., p. 663.

It is a fault only to be cured by experience and knowledge of the world, which soon teaches every sensible and acute person the important lesson, that amusement, and, what is of more consequence, that information and increase of knowledge, are to be derived from the conversation of every individual whatsoever with whom he is thrown into a natural train of communication. For ourselves, we can

assure the reader—and perhaps, if we have ever been able to afford him amusement, it is owing in a great degree to this cause—that we never found ourselves in company with the stupidest of all possible companions in a post-chaise, or with the most arrant cumber-corner that ever occupied a place in the mail-coach, without finding that, in the course of our conversation with him, we had some ideas suggested to us, either grave or gay, or some information communicated in the course of our journey, which we should have regretted not to have learned, and which we should be sorry to have immediately forgotten.

Knowledge. Guy Mannering. Chap. XXIV., p. 253.

The best of luxuries, the luxury of knowledge.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 301.

The knowledge which we acquire by our own unaided efforts, is much more tenaciously retained by the memory, while the exertion necessary to gain it strengthens the understanding.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Pref., p. 737.

The love of knowledge wants but a beginning—the least spark will give fire when the train is properly prepared; and having been interested in fictitious adventures ascribed to a historical period and characters, the reader begins next to be anxious to learn what the facts really were, and how far the novelist has justly represented them.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Pref., pp. 737, 738.

Even where the mind of the more careless reader remains satisfied with the light perusal he has afforded to a tale of fiction, he will still lay down the book with a degree of knowledge, not perhaps of the most accurate kind, but such as he might not otherwise have acquired. Nor is this limited to minds of a low and incurious description; but, on the contrary, comprehends many persons otherwise of high talents, who, nevertheless, either from lack of time or of perseverance, are willing to sit down contented with the slight information which is acquired in such a manner. The great Duke of Marlborough, for example, having quoted, in conversation, some fact of English history rather inaccurately, was requested to name his authority. 'Shakespeare's Historical Plays,' answered the conqueror of Blenheim; 'the only English history I ever read in my life.'

And a hasty recollection will convince any of us how much better we are acquainted with those parts of English history which that immortal bard has dramatized than with any other portion of British story.

Knowledge. St. Ronan's Well. Chapter XVI., p. 256.

Society has its claims, and . . . the knowledge which is unimparted is necessarily a barren talent, and is lost to society, like the miser's concealed hoard, by the death of the proprietor.

—— Waverley. Chap. III., p. 14.

Nothing perhaps increases by indulgence more than a desultory habit of reading, especially under . . . opportunities of gratifiying it. I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that, with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses ere he can acquire more.

Knowledge: Advice to his Son. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 135.

The hours of youth are too precious to be spent all in gaiety. We must lay up in that period when our spirit is active, and our memory strong, the stores of information which are not only to facilitate our progress through life, but to amuse and interest us in our later stage of existence. I very often think what an unhappy person I should have been, if I had not done something more or less towards improving my understanding when I was at your age, and I never reflect, without severe self-condemnation, on the opportunities of acquiring knowledge which I either trifled with, or altogether neglected. I hope you will be wiser than I have been, and experience less of that self-reproach.

Labour: Advice to his Son. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., pp. 287, 288.

I cannot too much impress upon your mind that *labour* is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life—there is nothing worth having, that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich

man must get rid of his ennui. The only difference betwixt them is, that the poor man labours to get a dinner to his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite to his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labour, than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is indeed this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labour, therefore, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our spring, our summers will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate.

Labour. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 133.

I consider the capacity to labour as part of the happiness I have enjoyed.

Land. Life of Scott. Vol. V., p. 365.

It is a general rule, that whenever a Scotsman gets his head *above water*, he immediately turns it *to land*.

—— Waverley. Chap. XXVIII., p. 140.

In a soil where no care is taken to eradicate tares, they will outgrow and smother the wholesome seed, even if the last is more natural to the soil.

Landlords. Old Mortality. Chap. XL., p. 848.

In Scotland, a landlord's complaisance for his guests decreases in exact proportion to his rise in the world.

—— Waverley. Chap. VII., p. 23.

A miserable inn, where the landlady had neither shoes nor stockings, and the landlord, who called himself a gentleman, was disposed to be rude to his guest because he had not bespoke the pleasure of his society to supper.

—— The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XXVII., p. 326.

He reached the door of the cottage, whistled, shouted, and made his approach known. There was a baying of hounds and collies, and presently the master of the hut

came forth. There was much care on his brow, and he seemed surprised at the sight of Simon Glover, though the herdsman covered both as well as he might; for nothing in that region could be reckoned more uncivil, than for the landlord to suffer anything to escape him, in look or gesture, which might induce the visitor to think that his arrival was an unpleasing, or even an unexpected incident.

Landscape. Guy Mannering. Chap. XXXIII., p. 278.

A landscape covered with snow, though abstractedly it may be called beautiful, has, both from the association of cold and barrenness, and from its comparative infrequency, a wild, strange, and desolate appearance. Objects, well known to us in their common state, have either disappeared, or are so strangely varied and disguised, that we seem gazing on an unknown world.

Language. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 275.

Language is the great mark by which man is distinguished from the beasts, and a strict acquaintance with the manner in which it is composed, becomes, as you follow it a little way, one of the most curious and interesting exercises of the intellect.

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. XLIV., p. 670.

The mixed language, now termed English.

—— The Monastery. Chap. V., p. 702.

To express himself by signs, the common language of all nations.

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. I., p. 506.

French was the language of honour, of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds, who knew no other. Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the gradual formation of a dialect, compounded betwixt the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished have been so happily blended

together, and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.

Laughter. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 75, 76.

Real laughter is a thing as rare as real tears.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XI., p. 38.

Every one has felt that, when a paroxysm of laughter has seized him at a misbecoming time and place, the efforts which he makes to suppress it, nay, the very sense of the impropriety of giving way to it, tend only to augment and prolong the irresistible impulse.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXV., p. 124.

That art of internal laughter by which men of the world learn to indulge their mirth without incurring quarrels, or giving direct offence.

Law. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 10.

Most attorneys have been suspected, more or less justly, of making their own fortune at the expense of their clients.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 235.

A barrister of extended practice, if he has any talents at all, is the best companion in the world.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXVI., p. 661.

He imposed on him the additional, and somewhat more difficult commission, to recommend her to the counsel and services of an honest, at least a reputable and skilful attorney, for the transacting some law business of importance.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XII., p. 203.

The cross-examination commenced, which it is a painful task even for the most candid witness to undergo, since a story, especially if connected with agitating and alarming incidents, can scarce be so clearly and distinctly told, but that some ambiguity and doubt may be thrown upon it by a string of successive and minute interrogatories.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 154.

There is something sickening in seeing poor devils drawn into great expenses about trifles by interested attorneys.

But too cheap access to litigation has its evils on the other hand, for the proneness of the lower class to gratify spite and revenge in this way would be a dreadful evil were they able to endure the expense.

Law. Redgauntlet. Letter I., p. 367.

One can easily, I am assured, get into a lawsuit—it is only the getting out which is sometimes found troublesome.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VII., pp. 5, 6.

There is a degree of melancholy attending the later stage of a barrister's profession, which, though no one cares for sentimentalities attendant on a man of fifty or thereabout, in a rusty black bombazine gown, are not the less cruelly felt; their business sooner or later fails, for younger men will work cheaper, and longer, and harder—besides that the cases are few, comparatively, in which senior counsel are engaged, and it is not etiquette to ask anyone in that advanced age to take the whole burden of a cause. Insensibly, without decay of talent, and without losing the public esteem, there is a gradual decay of employment, which almost no man ever practised thirty years without experiencing; and thus the honours and dignities of the Bench, so hardly earned, and themselves leading but to toils of another kind, are peculiarly desirable.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 140, 141.

There is a maxim almost universal in Scotland, which I should like much to see controlled. Every youth, of every temper and almost every description of character, is sent either to study for the bar, or to a writer's office as an apprentice. The Scottish seem to conceive Themis the most powerful of goddesses. Is a lad stupid, the law will sharpen him:—is he mercurial, the law will make him sedate:—has he an estate, he may get a sheriffdom:—is he poor, the richest lawyers have emerged from poverty:—is he a Tory, he may become a depute-advocate:—is he a Whig, he may with far better hope expect to become, in reputation at least, that rising counsel Mr. ——, when in fact he only rises at tavern dinners. Upon some such wild views, advocates and writers multiply till there is no life for them, and men give up the chase, hopeless and exhausted, and go into the army at five-and-twenty, instead of eighteen, with a

turn for expense perhaps—almost certainly for profligacy, and with a heart embittered against the loving parents or friends who compelled them to lose six or seven years in dusting the rails of the stair with their black gowns, or scribbling nonsense for twopence a page all day, and laying out twice their earnings at night in whisky-punch.

Law. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXII., p. 240.

The Scottish lawyers regard with a sacred and scrupulous horror every question so shaped by the counsel examining as to convey to a witness the least intimation of the nature of the answer which is desired from him. These scruples, though founded on an excellent principle, are sometimes carried to an absurd pitch of nicety, especially as it is generally easy for a lawyer who has his wits about him to elude the objection.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 91.

That bastard verdict, *Not proven*. I hate that Caledonian *medium quid*. One who is not *proved guilty*, is innocent in the eyes of the law.

—— Redgauntlet. Chap. I., p. 424.

He relaxed the scorn of his features into an expression of profound attention,—the highest compliment and the greatest encouragement which a judge can render to the counsel addressing him.

Leicester, Countess of. Kenilworth. Chap. XXII., pp. 274, 275.

The ladies of fashion of the present, or of any other period, must have allowed that the young and lovely Countess of Leicester had, besides her youth and beauty, two qualities which entitled her to a place amongst women of rank and distinction. She displayed, a liberal promptitude to make unnecessary purchases, solely for the pleasure of acquiring useless and showy trifles which ceased to please as soon as they were possessed; and she was, besides, apt to spend a considerable space of time every day in adorning her person, although the varied splendour of her attire could only attract the half satirical praise of the precise Janet, or an approving glance from the bright eyes which witnessed their own beams of triumph reflected from the mirror.

Leisure. The Monastery. Appen., p. 833.

To enjoy leisure, it is absolutely necessary it should be preceded by occupation.

Letter-writing. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 210.

Writing to one's friends is the next thing to seeing them.

Life. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 201.

Life is like a game at cards—our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems at first glance to depend on mere chance. But it is not so, for in the long run the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game.

—— Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. VI., p. 692.

When we set out on the jolly voyage of life, what a brave fleet there is around us, as, stretching our fresh canvas to the breeze, all 'shipshape and Bristol fashion,' pennons flying, music playing, cheering each other as we pass, we are rather amused than alarmed when some awkward comrade goes right ashore for want of pilotage!—Alas! when the voyage is well spent, and we look about us, toil-worn mariners, how few of our ancient consorts still remain in sight, and they, how torn and wasted, and, like ourselves, struggling to keep as long as possible off the fatal shore, against which we are all finally drifting!

—— The Abbot. Chap. XVI., p. 59.

That sort of melancholy pleasure with which those who have long followed the pursuits of life, and are sensible of their vanity, regard the gay, young, and buoyant spirits to whom existence, as yet, is only hope and promise.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XIX., p. 229.

Life is dear even to those who feel it is a burden.

—— A Legend of Montrose. Chap. XVIII., p. 68.

When the small, still voice within a man's own breast, which tells him that his life is of consequence to himself, is seconded by that of numbers around him, who assure him that it is of equal advantage to the public, history affords many examples of men . . . who have consulted self-preservation when the temptations to it were so powerfully increased.

Life. The Antiquary. Chap. XL., p. 498.

Life ebbs from such old age, unmarked and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves yon stranded galley.—
Late she rocked merrily at the least impulse
That wind or wave could give; but now her keel
Is settling on the sand, her mast has ta'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.
Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
Till, bedded on the strand, she shall remain
Useless as motionless.

Old Play.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XI., p. 38.

Life hath its May, and it is mirthful then;
The woods are vocal, and the flowers all odour;
Its very blast has mirth in't—and the maidens,
The while they don their cloaks to screen their kirtles,
Laugh at the rain that wets them.

Old Play.

Lime-works and Seminaries. Life of Scott. Vol. IV., p. 343.

We coasted the low, large, and fertile Isle of Lismore, where a Catholic Bishop, Chisholm, has established a seminary of young men intended for priests, and, what is a better thing, a valuable lime-work. Report speaks well of the lime, but indifferently of the progress of the students.

Literature. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 160, 161.

The general knowledge that an author must write for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation.

—— The Abbot. Intro., p. 3.

In life itself many things befall every mortal, of which the individual never knows the real cause or origin; and were we to point out the most marked distinction between a real and a fictitious narrative, we would say that the former, in reference to the remote causes of the events it relates, is obscure, doubtful, and mysterious; whereas, in the latter case, it is a part of the author's duty to afford satisfactory details upon the causes of the separate events he has recorded, and, in a word, to account for everything.

The reader, like Mungo in the Padlock, will not be satisfied with hearing what he is not made fully to comprehend.

Literature. The Abbot. Intro., p. 1.

Unless on very felicitous occasions, or on those which are equally the reverse, literary popularity is not gained or lost by a single publication. Leisure must be allowed for the tide both to flow and ebb.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Intro., p. 542.

The reign of James I. . . . gave unbounded scope to invention in the fable, while at the same time it afforded greater variety and discrimination of character than could, with historical consistency, have been introduced if the scene had been laid a century earlier.

—— Rob Roy. Intro., p. 528.

When the Author projected this further encroachment on the patience of an indulgent public, he was at some loss for a title; a good name being very nearly of as much consequence in literature as in life.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. I., p. 529.

The seductive love of narrative, when we ourselves are the heroes of the events which we tell, often disregards the attention due to the time and patience of the audience, and the best and wisest have yielded to its fascination.

Liverpool. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XX., p. 823.

Liverpool, which even then showed symptoms of the commercial prosperity that has since been carried to such a height.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XX., pp. 823, 824.

The fermentation excited in London had plainly reached even this remote seaport, and was received by the inhabitants with the peculiar stormy energy which invests men in their situation with the character of the winds and waves with which they are chiefly conversant. The commercial and nautical interests of England were indeed particularly anti-Catholic; although it is not, perhaps, easy to give any distinct reason why they should be so, since theological disputes in general could scarce be con-

sidered as interesting to them. But zeal, amongst the lower orders at least, is often in an inverse ratio to knowledge; and sailors were not probably the less earnest and devoted Protestants, that they did not understand the controversy between the churches. As for the merchants, they were almost necessarily inimical to the gentry of Lancashire and Cheshire; many of whom still retained the faith of Rome, which was rendered ten times more odious to the men of commerce, as the badge of their haughty aristocratic neighbours.

Liverpool Inn. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XX., p. 823.

The inn . . . was full of strangers, seamen, and mercantile people, all intent upon their own affairs, and discussing them with noise and eagerness, peculiar to the business of a thriving seaport. But although the general clamour of the public room, in which the guests mixed with each other, related chiefly to their own commercial dealings, there was a general theme mingling with them, which was alike common and interesting to all; so that, amidst disputes about freight, tonnage, demurrage, and such like, were heard the emphatic sounds of 'Deep, damnable, accursed plot,'—'Bloody Papist villains,'—'The King in danger—the gallows too good for them,' and so forth.

Loch Lomond. Rob Roy. Chap. XXXVI., p. 664.

I will spare you the attempt to describe what you would hardly comprehend without going to see it. But certainly this noble lake, boasting innumerable beautiful islands, of every varying form and outline which fancy can frame,—its northern extremity narrowing until it is lost among dusky and retreating mountains,—while, gradually widening as it extends to the southward, it spreads its base around the indentures and promontories of a fair and fertile land, affords one of the most surprising, beautiful, and sublime spectacles in nature. The eastern side, peculiarly rough and rugged, was at this time the chief seat of MacGregor and his clan,—to curb whom, a small garrison had been stationed in a central position betwixt Loch Lomond and another lake. The extreme strength of the country, however, with the numerous passes, marshes, caverns, and other places of concealment or defence, made the establishment of this little fort seem rather an acknowledgment of the danger than an effectual means of securing against it.

London. The Bride of Lammermoor. Intro., p. 371.

London, the universal mart of talent, and where, as is usual in general marts of most descriptions, much more of each commodity is exposed to sale than can ever find purchasers.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXX., p. 870.

London, the grand central point of intrigues of every description.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXII., p. 882.

The lower orders of London have in all times been remarkable for the delight which they have taken in club-law, or fist-law; and for the equity and impartiality with which they see it administered. The noble science of defence was then so generally known, that a bout at single rapier excited at that time as much interest and as little wonder as a boxing-match in our own days.

Londoners. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. I., p. 546.

A Londoner, with all the acuteness, address, and audacity which belong peculiarly to the youth of a metropolis.

Louis XI. Quentin Durward. Chap. I., p. 14.

Louis XI., whose character, evil as it was in itself, met, combated, and in a great degree neutralized, the mischiefs of the time—as poisons of opposing qualities are said, in ancient books of medicine, to have the power of counteracting each other.

Brave enough for every useful and political purpose, Louis had not a spark of that romantic valour, or of the pride generally associated with it, which fought on for the point of honour, when the point of utility had been long gained. Calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest, he made every sacrifice, both of pride and passion, which could interfere with it. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions, 'that the king knew not how to reign, who knew not how to dissemble; and that, for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets, he would throw it into the fire.' No man of his own, or of any other time, better understood how to avail himself of the frailties of others, and when to avoid giving any advantage by the untimely indulgence of his own.

He was by nature vindictive and cruel, even to the extent of finding pleasure in the frequent executions which he commanded. But, as no touch of mercy ever induced him to spare, when he could with safety condemn, so no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him to a premature violence. He seldom sprung on his prey till it was fairly within his grasp, and till all hope of rescue was vain; and his movements were so studiously disguised, that his success was generally what first announced to the world the object he had been manœuvring to attain.

In like manner, the avarice of Louis gave way to apparent profusion, when it was necessary to bribe the favourite or minister of a rival prince for averting any impending attack, or to break up any alliance confederated against him. He was fond of license and pleasure; but neither beauty nor the chase, though both were ruling passions, ever withdrew him from the most regular attendance to public business and the affairs of his kingdom. His knowledge of mankind was profound, and he had sought it in the private walks of life, in which he often personally mingled; and, though naturally proud and haughty, he hesitated not, with an inattention to the arbitrary divisions of society which was then thought something portentously unnatural, to raise from the lowest rank men whom he employed on the most important duties, and knew so well how to choose them, that he was rarely disappointed in their qualities.

Yet there were contradictions in the character of this artful and able monarch; for human nature is rarely uniform. Himself the most false and insincere of mankind, some of the greatest errors of his life arose from too rash a confidence in the honour and integrity of others. When these errors took place, they seem to have arisen from an over-refined system of policy, which induced Louis to assume the appearance of undoubting confidence in those whom it was his object to overreach; for, in his general conduct, he was as jealous and suspicious as any tyrant who ever breathed.

Two other points may be noticed, to complete the sketch of this formidable character, by which he rose among the rude chivalrous sovereigns of the period to the rank of a keeper among wild beasts, who, by superior wisdom and policy, by distribution of food, and some discipline by blows, comes finally to predominate over those, who, if

unsubjected by his arts, would by main strength have torn him to pieces.

The first of these attributes was Louis's excessive superstition, a plague with which Heaven often afflicts those who refuse to listen to the dictates of religion. The remorse arising from his evil actions Louis never endeavoured to appease by any relaxation in his Machiavellian stratagems, but laboured, in vain, to soothe and silence that painful feeling by superstitious observances, severe penance, and profuse gifts to the ecclesiastics. The second property, with which the first is sometimes found strangely united, was a disposition to low pleasures and obscure debauchery. The wisest, or at least the most crafty sovereign of his time, he was fond of low life, and, being himself a man of wit, enjoyed the jests and repartees of social conversation more than could have been expected from other points of his character. He even mingled in the comic adventures of obscure intrigue, with a freedom little consistent with the habitual and guarded jealousy of his character ; and he was so fond of this species of humble gallantry, that he caused a number of its gay and licentious anecdotes to be enrolled, in a collection well known to book-collectors, in whose eyes (and the work is unfit for any other) the *right* edition is very precious.

Louis XI. Quentin Durward. Chap. IX., p. 52.

Louis, who, like all astucious persons, was as desirous of looking into the hearts of others as of concealing his own.

Love. Waverley. Chap. XIV., pp. 39, 40.

Rose Bradwardine, beautiful and amiable as we have described her, had not precisely the sort of beauty or merit which captivates a romantic imagination in early youth. She was too frank, too confiding, too kind; amiable qualities, undoubtedly, but destructive of the marvellous, with which a youth of imagination delights to address the empress of his affections. Was it possible to bow, to tremble, and to adore, before the timid, yet playful little girl, who now asked Edward to mend her pen, now to construe a stanza in Tasso, and now how to spell a very—very long word in her version of it? All these incidents have their fascination on the mind at a certain period of life, but not when a youth is entering it, and rather looking out for some object whose affection may dignify him in his own eyes, than stooping to one

who looks up to him for such distinction. Hence, though there can be no rule in so capricious a passion, early love is frequently ambitious in choosing its object; or, which comes to the same, selects her (as in the case of Saint Cecilia . . .) from a situation that gives fair scope for *le beau idéal*, which the reality of intimate and familiar life rather tends to limit and impair. I knew a very accomplished and sensible young man cured of a violent passion for a pretty woman, whose talents were not equal to her face and figure, by being permitted to bear her company for a whole afternoon.

Love. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XII., p. 786.

> Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
> Could ever hear by tale or history,
> The course of true love never did run smooth!
> *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The celebrated passage which we have prefixed to this chapter has, like most observations of the same author, its foundation in real experience. The period at which love is formed for the first time, and felt most strongly, is seldom that at which there is much prospect of its being brought to a happy issue. The state of artificial society opposes many complicated obstructions to early marriages; and the chance is very great, that such obstacles prove insurmountable. In fine, there are few men who do not look back in secret to some period of their youth, at which a sincere and early affection was repulsed, or betrayed, or became abortive from opposing circumstances. It is these little passages of secret history which leave a tinge of romance in every bosom, scarce permitting us, even in the most busy or the most advanced period of life, to listen with total indifference to a tale of true love.

—— Waverley. Chap. XXIX., p. 76.

The painful and yet not altogether embittered feelings which separation and uncertainty produce in the mind of a youthful lover. I am not sure if the ladies understand the full value of the influence of absence, nor do I think it wise to teach it them, lest, like the Clelias and Mandanes of yore, they should resume the humour of sending their lovers into banishment. Distance, in truth, produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective. Objects are

softened and rounded, and rendered doubly graceful; the harsher and more ordinary points of character are mellowed down, and those by which it is remembered are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. There are mists too in the mental as well as the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects, and there are happy lights to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.

Love. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XII., p. 786.

That opposition which early attachments are so apt to encounter.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XXV., p. 104.

And when Love's torch hath set the heart in flame,
Comes Seignor Reason with his saws and cautions,
Giving such aid as the old grey-beard sexton,
Who from the church-vault drags his crazy engine,
To ply its dribbling ineffectual streamlet
Against a conflagration.

Old Play.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XI., p. 233.

Nearest of blood should still be next in love;
And when I see these happy children playing,
While William gathers flowers for Ellen's ringlets,
And Ellen dresses flies for William's angle,
I scarce can think, that in advancing life
Coldness, unkindness, interest, or suspicion
Will e'er divide that unity so sacred,
Which nature bound at birth.

Anonymous.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XLIV., p. 511.

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her:
Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms?
Or sigh because she smiles, and smiles on others?
Not I, by Heaven!—I hold my peace too dear,
To let it, like the plume upon her cap,
Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.

Old Play.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XI., p. 785.

No flatterer like a lover, who wishes to carry his point.

Love. The Monastery. Chap. XXX., p. 793.

She felt as those who, loving for the first time, have lost what they loved, before time and repeated calamity have taught them that every loss is to a certain extent reparable or endurable.

—— Waverley. Chap. V., p. 17.

A romantic lover is a strange idolater, who sometimes cares not out of what log he frames the object of his adoration; at least, if nature has given that object any passable proportion of personal charms, he can easily play the Jeweller and Dervise in the Oriental tale,* and supply her richly, out of the stores of his own imagination, with supernatural beauty, and all the properties of intellectual wealth.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XII., p. 790.

The courage of a youthful lover is not easily subdued.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. X., p. 637.

Earth has no passion so bitter as love converted to hatred.

—— Old Mortality. Chap. XII., p. 756.

Love, as usual in such cases, borrowed the name of friendship, used her language, and claimed her privileges. When Edith Bellenden was recalled to her grandmother's castle, it was astonishing by what singular and recurrent accidents she often met young Morton in her sequestered walks, especially considering the distance of their place of abode.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXIV., p. 116.

The royal road to female favour is only open to monarchs when they travel in grand costume, and that when they woo incognito, their path of courtship is liable to the same windings and obstacles which obstruct the course of private individuals.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXIV., p. 115.

Love . . . the first sensation which awakens the most innocent and simple mind to feelings of shyness and restraint towards the male sex in general.

* See Hoppner's tale of 'The Seven Lovers.'

Love. Kenilworth. Chap. VI., p. 202.

The wild and unrestrained joy of a rustic beauty, who finds herself suddenly invested with a splendour which her most extravagant wishes had never imagined, and at the same time with the keen feeling of an affectionate heart, which knows that all the enchantment that surrounds her is the work of the great magician Love.

—— Kenilworth. Chap. XXVII., p. 297.

Nothing is perhaps more dangerous to the future happiness of men of deep thought and retired habits, than the entertaining an early, long, and unfortunate attachment. It frequently sinks so deep into the mind, that it becomes their dream by night and their vision by day—mixes itself with every source of interest and enjoyment; and when blighted and withered by final disappointment, it seems as if the springs of the heart were dried up along with it. This aching of the heart, this languishing after a shadow which has lost all the gaiety of its colouring, this dwelling on the remembrance of a dream from which we have been long roughly awakened, is the weakness of a gentle and generous heart.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XXIII., p. 116.

They *spoke* not then of love, but the thoughts of it were on both sides unavoidable; and thus they were placed in that relation to each other, in which sentiments of mutual regard are rather understood than announced, and which, with the freedoms which it permits, and the uncertainties that attend it, often forms the most delightful hours of human existence, and as frequently leads to those which are darkened by disappointment, fickleness, and all the pains of blighted hope and unrequited attachment.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XI., p. 61.

That mysterious anxiety, and eagerness of expectation, which is always the companion of love, and sometimes hath a considerable share in creating it.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XXXV., p. 168.

Love, like despair, catches at straws.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XI., p. 195.

A lover is by charter wayward and suspicious.

Love. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XX., p. 679.

The subject of a broken and passionate communication between the lovers, broken like an April day, and mingled with many a tender caress, such as modesty permits to lovers when they meet again unexpectedly after a separation which threatened to be eternal.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XVI., p. 256.

No—to the shame of the male sex be it spoken, that no degree of hopeless love, however desperate and sincere, can ever continue for years to embitter life. There must be hope—there must be uncertainty — there must be reciprocity, to enable the tyrant of the soul to secure a dominion of very long duration over a manly and well-constituted mind, which is itself desirous to *will* its freedom.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXVIII., p. 303.

A lover's hope resembles the bean in the nursery tale,—let it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly, that in the course of a few hours the giant Imagination builds a castle on the top, and by and by comes Disappointment with the 'curtal axe,' and hews down both the plant and the superstructure.

—— The Pirate. Chap. XVI., p. 428.

The dubious neutral ground between love and friendship may be long and safely trodden, until he who stands upon it is suddenly called upon to recognise the authority of the one or the other power; and then it most frequently happens that the party who for years supposed himself only to be a friend, finds himself at once transformed into a lover.

Love of Money. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., pp. 6, 7.

John Bull has the better of Sawney; to be sure, he has more guineas to bestow, but we retain our reluctance to part with hard cash, though profuse enough in our hospitality. I have seen a laird, after giving us more champagne and claret than we cared to drink, look pale at the idea of paying a crown in charity.

Lowlander. Rob Roy. Chap. XXXV., p. 663.

That vulgarity which we naturally attach to the Lowland Scottish.

Loyalty. Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. VI., p. 693.

Punctiliously loyal, even in that most staggering test of loyalty, the payment of imposts.

Lunacy. Quentin Durward. Chap. XXVII., p. 135.

The calm and fixed attention with which a brave man eyes the menacing gestures of a lunatic, whilst conscious that his own steadiness and composure operate as an insensible and powerful check on the rage even of insanity.

Lying. The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XXIII., p. 314.

In the manner of . . . a liar who endeavours by reiteration to obtain a credit for his words, which he is internally sensible they do not deserve.

Macbeth. Life of Scott. Vol. IV., pp. 326, 327.

Macbeth is said to have been the last King of Scotland here buried (Iona); sixty preceded him, all doubtless as powerful in their day, but now unknown—*carent quia rate sacro.* A few weeks' labour of Shakespeare, an obscure player, has done more for the memory of Macbeth than all the gifts, wealth, and monuments of this cemetery of princes have been able to secure to the rest of its inhabitants.

Mahometans. The Surgeon's Daughter. Chap. II., p. 753.

The Mahometans have a fanciful idea that the true believer, in his passage to Paradise, is under the necessity of passing barefooted over a bridge composed of red-hot iron. But on this occasion, all the pieces of paper which the Moslem has preserved during his life, lest some holy thing being written upon them might be profaned, arrange themselves between his feet and the burning metal, and so save him from injury. In the same manner, the effects of kind and benevolent actions are sometimes found, even in this world, to assuage the pangs of subsequent afflictions.

Malevolence. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXV., p. 249.

Malevolence, the customary feeling of such persons towards anyone who they think has the means of doing them an injury.

Man. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 419.

Man only differs from birds and beasts, because he has the means of availing himself of the knowledge acquired by his predecessors. The swallow builds the same nest which its father and mother built; and the sparrow does not improve by the experience of his parents. The son of the learned pig, if it had one, would be a mere brute, fit only to make bacon of. It is not so with the human race. Our ancestors lodged in caves and wigwams, where we construct palaces for the rich, and comfortable dwellings for the poor; and why is this—but because our eye is enabled to look back upon the past, to improve upon our ancestors' improvements, and to avoid their errors? This can only be done by studying history, and comparing it with passing events.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXIX., p. 676.

How fares the man on whom good men would look
With eyes where scorn and censure combated,
But that kind Christian love hath taught the lesson—
That they who merit most contempt and hate,
Do most deserve our pity.

Old Play.

—— Redgauntlet. Chap. XIII., p. 475.

In man the spirit sustains the constitutional weakness, as in the winged tribes the feathers bear aloft the body. But there is a bound to these supporting qualities; and as the pinions of the bird must at length grow weary, so the *vis animi* of the human struggler becomes broken down by continued fatigue.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXVIII., p. 674.

Every reader has experienced, that times occur, when, far from being lord of external circumstances, man is unable to rule even the wayward realm of his own thoughts.

Manners. Ivanhoe. Intro., p. 500.

It was not above sixty or seventy years, you observed, since the whole north of Scotland was under a state of government nearly as simple and as patriarchal as those of our good allies the Mohawks and Iroquois. Admitting that the author cannot himself be supposed to have witnessed those times, he must have lived, you observed, among persons who had acted and suffered in them; and

even within these thirty years, such an infinite change has taken place in the manners of Scotland, that men look back upon the habits of society proper to their immediate ancestors, as we do on those of the reign of Queen Anne, or even the period of the Revolution.

Manners. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 127.

To live in bad society will deprave the best manners, and to live in good will improve the worst.

—— Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. V., p. 691.

Much of my materials, besides these, are derived from friends, living or dead. The accuracy of some of these may be doubtful, in which case I shall be happy to receive, from sufficient authority, the correction of the errors which must creep into traditional documents. The object of the whole publication is, to throw some light on the manners of Scotland as they were, and to contrast them occasionally with those of the present day. My own opinions are in favour of our own times in many respects, but not in so far as affords means for exercising the imagination or exciting the interest which attaches to other times. I am glad to be a writer or a reader in 1826, but I would be most interested in reading or relating what happened from half a century to a century before. We have the best of it. Scenes in which our ancestors thought deeply, acted fiercely, and died desperately are to us tales to divert the tedium of a winter's evening, when we are engaged to no party, or beguile a summer's morning, when it is too scorching to ride or walk.

Yet I do not mean that my essays and narratives should be limited to Scotland. I pledge myself to no particular line of subjects; but, on the contrary, say with Burns,

> Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
> Perhaps turn out a sermon.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XXIX., p. 470.

The manners of the country in this, as in many other respects, coincided with those of France before the Revolution. Young women of the higher ranks seldom mingled in society until after marriage, and, both in law and fact, were held to be under the strict tutelage of their parents,

who were too apt to enforce the views for their settlement in life, without paying any regard to the inclination of the parties chiefly interested. On such occasions, the suitor expected little more from his bride than a silent acquiescence in the will of her parents; and as few opportunities of acquaintance, far less of intimacy, occurred, he made his choice by the outside, as the lovers in 'The Merchant of Venice' select the casket, contented to trust to chance the issue of the lottery in which he had hazarded a venture.

Manor-house. Waverley. Chap. VIII., p. 23.

It was about noon when Captain Waverley entered the straggling village, or rather hamlet, of Tully-Veolan, close to which was situated the mansion of the proprietor. The houses seemed miserable in the extreme, especially to an eye accustomed to the smiling neatness of English cottages. They stood, without any respect for regularity, on each side of a straggling kind of unpaved street, where children, almost in a primitive state of nakedness, lay sprawling, as if to be crushed by the hoofs of the first passing horse. Occasionally, indeed, when such a consummation seemed inevitable, a watchful old grandam, with her close cap, distaff, and spindle, rushed like a sibyl in frenzy out of one of these miserable cells, dashed into the middle of the path, and snatching up her own charge from among the sunburnt loiterers, saluted him with a sound cuff, and transported him back to his dungeon, the little white-headed varlet screaming all the while, from the very top of his lungs, a shrilly treble to the growling remonstrances of the enraged matron. Another part in this concert was sustained by the incessant yelping of a score of idle useless curs, which followed, snarling, barking, howling, and snapping at the horses' heels; a nuisance at that time so common in Scotland, that a French tourist, who, like other travellers, longed to find a good and rational reason for everything he saw, has recorded, as one of the memorabilia of Caledonia, that the state maintained in each village a relay of curs, called *collies*, whose duty it was to chase the *chevaux de poste* (too starved and exhausted to move without such a stimulus) from one hamlet to another, till their annoying convoy drove them to the end of their stage. The evil and remedy (such as it is) still exist; but this is remote from our present purpose, and is only thrown out

for consideration of the collectors under Mr. Dent's dog-bill.

As Waverley moved on, here and there an old man, bent as much by toil as years, his eyes bleared with age and smoke, tottered to the door of his hut, to gaze on the dress of the stranger, and the form and motions of the horses, and then assembled with his neighbours, in a little group at the smithy, to discuss the probabilities of whence the stranger came, and where he might be going. Three or four village girls, returning from the well or brook with pitchers and pails upon their heads, formed more pleasing objects: and, with their thin short gowns and single petticoats, bare arms, legs, and feet, uncovered heads, and braided hair, somewhat resembled Italian forms of landscape. Nor could a lover of the picturesque have challenged either the elegance of their costume, or the symmetry of their shape; although, to say the truth, a mere Englishman, in search of the *comfortable*, a word peculiar to his native tongue, might have wished the clothes less scanty, the feet and legs somewhat protected from the weather, the head and complexion shrouded from the sun, or perhaps might even have thought the whole person and dress considerably improved, by a plentiful application of spring water, with a *quantum sufficit* of soap. The whole scene was depressing; for it argued, at the first glance, at least a stagnation of industry, and perhaps of intellect. Even curiosity, the busiest passion of the idle, seemed of a listless cast in the village of Tully-Veolan; the curs aforesaid alone showed any part of its activity; with the villagers it was passive. They stood and gazed at the handsome young officer and his attendant, but without any of those quick motions, and eager looks, that indicate the earnestness with which those who live in monotonous ease at home look out for amusement abroad. Yet the physiognomy of the people, when more closely examined, was far from exhibiting the indifference of stupidity; their features were rough, but remarkably intelligent; grave, but the very reverse of stupid; and from among the young women, an artist might have chosen more than one model, whose features and form resembled those of Minerva. The children, also, whose skins were burnt black, and whose hair was bleached white, by the influence of the sun, had a look and manner of life and interest. It seemed, upon the whole, as if poverty and indolence, its too frequent companion, were combining to depress the

natural genius and acquired information of a hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peasantry.

Manse. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. I., p. 192.

Two houses in St. Ronan's were still in something like decent repair; places essential—the one to the spiritual weal of the inhabitants, the other to the accommodation of travellers. These were the clergyman's manse and the village inn. Of the former we need only say that it formed no exception to the general rule by which the landed proprietors of Scotland seem to proceed in lodging their clergy, not only in the cheapest, but in the ugliest and most inconvenient house which the genius of masonry can conceive. It had the usual number of chimneys—two, namely — rising like asses' ears at either end, which answered the purpose for which they were designed as ill as usual. It had all the ordinary leaks and inlets to the fury of the elements, which usually form the subject of the complaints of a Scottish incumbent to his brethren of the presbytery; and, to complete the picture, the clergyman being a bachelor, the pigs had unmolested admission to the garden and courtyard, broken windows were repaired with brown paper, and the disordered and squalid appearance of a low farmhouse, occupied by a bankrupt tenant, dishonoured the dwelling of one, who, besides his clerical character, was a scholar and a gentleman, though little of a humorist.

Manses. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXI., p. 273.

The 'manses' in her own country, where a set of penurious heritors, professing all the while the devotion of their lives and fortunes to the Presbyterian establishment, strain their inventions to discover what may be nipped, and clipped, and pared from a building which forms but a poor accommodation even for the present incumbent, and, despite the superior advantage of stone-masonry, must, in the course of forty or fifty years, again burden their descendants with an expense, which, once liberally and handsomely employed, ought to have freed their estates from a recurrence of it for more than a century at least.

Manx. Peveril of the Peak. Intro., p. 731.

The Isle of Man . . . that singular territory.

Manx. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXII., p. 834.

The Manx custom of bolting the boiled meat before the broth.

Manx: Peel Castle. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XV., p. 800.

Sodor, or Holm Peel . . . is one of those extraordinary monuments of antiquity with which this singular and interesting island abounds. It occupies the whole of a high rocky peninsula, or rather an island, for it is surrounded by the sea at high water, and scarcely accessible even when the tide is out, although a stone causeway, of great solidity, erected for the express purpose, connects the island with the mainland. The whole space is surrounded by double walls of great strength and thickness; and the access to the interior, at the time which we treat of, was only by two flights of steep and narrow steps, divided from each other by a strong tower and guard-house; under the former of which there is an entrance-arch. The open space within the walls extends to two acres, and contains many worthy objects of antiquarian curiosity. There were, besides the castle itself, two cathedral churches, dedicated, the earlier to Saint Patrick, the latter to Saint Germain; besides two smaller churches; all of which had become, even in that day, more or less ruinous. Their decayed walls, exhibiting the rude and massive architecture of the most remote period, were composed of a ragged greystone, which formed a singular contrast with the bright red freestone of which the window-cases, corner-stones, arches, and other ornamental parts of the building, were composed.

Besides these four ruinous churches, the space of ground enclosed by the massive exterior walls of Holm Peel exhibited many other vestiges of the olden time. There was a square mound of earth, facing, with its angles to the points of the compass, one of those motes, as they were called, on which, in ancient times, the northern tribes elected or recognised their chiefs, and held their solemn popular assemblies, or *comitia*. There was also one of those singular towers so common in Ireland, as to have proved the favourite theme of her antiquaries, but of which the real use and meaning seem yet to be hidden in the mist of ages. This of Holm Peel had been converted to the purpose of a watch-tower. There were, besides, Runic monuments, of which the legends could not be deciphered; and later inscriptions to the memory of champions, of whom the names only were preserved from

oblivion. But tradition and superstitious eld, still most busy where real history is silent, had filled up the long blank of accurate information with tales of sea-kings and pirates, Hebridean chiefs and Norwegian Resolutes, who had formerly warred against, and in defence of, this famous castle. Superstition, too, had her tales of fairies, ghosts, and spectres—her legends of saints and demons, of fairies and of familiar spirits, which in no corner of the British empire are told and received with more absolute credulity than in the Isle of Man.

Amidst all these ruins of an older time arose the castle itself—now ruinous, but in Charles II.'s reign well garrisoned and, in a military point of view, kept in complete order. It was a venerable and very ancient building, containing several apartments of sufficient size and height to be termed noble. But in the surrender of the island by Christian, the furniture had been, in a great measure, plundered or destroyed by the republican soldiers; so that, as we have before hinted, its present state was ill-adapted for the residence of the noble proprietor. Yet it had been often the abode, not only of the Lords of Man, but of those State prisoners whom the Kings of Britain sometimes committed to their charge.

In this castle of Holm Peel the great king-maker, Richard, Earl of Warwick, was confined during one period of his eventful life, to ruminate at leisure on his further schemes of ambition. And here, too, Eleanor, the haughty wife of the good Duke of Gloucester, pined out in seclusion the last days of her banishment. The sentinels pretended that her discontented spectre was often visible at night, traversing the battlements of the external walls, or standing motionless beside a particularly solitary turret of one of the watch-towers with which they are flanked; but dissolving into air at cock-crow, or when the bell tolled from the yet remaining tower of Saint Germain's Church.

Such was Holm Peel, as records inform us, till towards the end of the seventeenth century.

Manx Superstition. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XV., p. 800.

Superstition, too, had her tales of fairies, ghosts, and spectres—her legends of saints and demons, of fairies and of familiar spirits, which in no corner of the British empire are told and received with more absolute credulity than in the Isle of Man.

Manx Superstition. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XVI., p. 805.

Devout believers in all the legends of fairies, so dear to the Celtic tribes, the Manx people held it for certainty that the elves were in the habit of carrying off mortal children before baptism, and leaving in the cradle of the new-born babe one of their own brood, which was almost always imperfect in some one or other of the organs proper to humanity.

Marlborough. Kenilworth. Chap. XI., p. 227.

The town of Marlborough, since celebrated for having given title to the greatest general (excepting one) whom Britain ever produced.

Martyrs. The Antiquary. Chap. VII., p. 388.

In the situation of the martyrs of the early church, who, exposed by heathen tyrants to be slain by wild beasts, were compelled for a time to witness the impatience and rage by which the animals were agitated, while awaiting the signal for undoing their grates, and letting them loose upon the victims.

Marvellous, The. Guy Mannering. Chap. IV., pp. 206, 207.

It often happens, such is our natural love for the marvellous, that we willingly contribute our own efforts to beguile our better judgments.

Mary, Queen of Scots. The Abbot. Chap. XXI., p. 85.

The unhappy Queen of Scotland.

Her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination, that even at the distance of nearly three centuries, it is unnecessary to remind the most ignorant and uninformed reader of the striking traits which characterize that remarkable countenance, which seems at once to combine our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, leaving us to doubt whether they express most happily the queen, the beauty, or the accomplished woman. Who is there that, at the very mention of Mary Stuart's name, has not her countenance before him, familiar as that of the mistress of his youth, or the favourite daughter of his advanced age? Even those who feel themselves compelled to believe all, or much, of what her enemies laid to her charge, cannot think without a sigh upon a countenance expressive of anything rather than

the foul crimes with which she was charged when living, and which still continue to shade, if not to blacken, her memory. That brow, so truly open and regal—those eyebrows, so regularly graceful, which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes which they overarched, and which seem to utter a thousand histories—the nose, with all its Grecian precision of outline—the mouth, so well proportioned, so sweetly formed, as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear—the dimpled chin—the stately swan-like neck, form a countenance, the like of which we know not to have existed in any other character moving in that class of life, where the actresses as well as the actors command general and undivided attention. It is in vain to say that the portraits which exist of this remarkable woman are not like each other; for, amidst their discrepancy, each possesses general features which the eye at once acknowledges as peculiar to the vision which our imagination has raised while we read her history for the first time, and which has been impressed upon it by the numerous prints and pictures which we have seen. Indeed, we cannot look on the worst of them, however deficient in point of execution, without saying that it is meant for Queen Mary; and no small instance it is of the power of beauty, that her charms should have remained the subject not merely of admiration, but of warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse of such a length of time. We know that by far the most acute of those who, in latter days, have adopted the unfavourable view of Mary's character, longed, like the executioner before his dreadful task was performed, to kiss the fair hand of her on whom he was about to perform so horrible a duty.

Dressed, then, in a deep mourning robe, and with all those charms of face, shape, and manner with which faithful tradition has made each reader familiar, Mary Stuart advanced to meet the Lady of Lochleven, who, on her part, endeavoured to conceal dislike and apprehension under the appearance of respectful indifference. The truth was, that she had experienced repeatedly the queen's superiority in that species of disguised yet cutting sarcasm with which women can successfully avenge themselves for real and substantial injuries. It may be well doubted whether this talent was not as fatal to its possessor as the many others enjoyed by that highly gifted but most

unhappy female; for, while it often afforded her a momentary triumph over her keepers, it failed not to exasperate their resentment; and the satire and sarcasm in which she had indulged were frequently retaliated by the deep and bitter hardships which they had the power of inflicting. It is well known that her death was at length hastened by a letter which she wrote to Queen Elizabeth, in which she treated her jealous rival, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, with the keenest irony and ridicule.

Masons. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 156.

Masons, of all men but lovers, love the most to linger ere they depart.

Matrimony. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 202.

My experience makes me alike an enemy to premature marriage and to distant engagements. The first adds to our individual cares the responsibility for the beloved and helpless pledges of our affection, and the last are liable to the most cruel disappointments.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 139.

The happiest marriages are often those in which there is, at first, occasion for prudence and economy.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XXIII., p. 111.

A long . . . discourse upon the domestic duties of a married life, and especially upon the awful power and right supremacy which it became married men to sustain in all differences of opinion with their wives. . . . Husbands, like other belligerent powers, were sometimes disposed to sing *Te Deum*, rather to conceal a defeat than to celebrate a victory.

—— The Pirate. Chap. XIII., pp. 415, 416.

As unions are often formed betwixt couples differing in complexion and stature, they take place more frequently betwixt persons totally differing in feelings, in taste, in pursuits, and in understanding; and it would not be saying, perhaps, too much to aver that two-thirds of the marriages around us have been contracted betwixt persons who, judging *a priori*, we should have thought had scarce any charms for each other.

A moral and primary cause might be easily assigned

for these anomalies, in the wise dispensations of Providence, that the general balance of wit, wisdom, and amiable qualities of all kinds, should be kept up through society at large. For what a world were it, if the wise were to intermarry only with the wise, the learned with the learned, the amiable with the amiable, nay, even the handsome with the handsome? and is it not evident that the degraded castes of the foolish, the ignorant, the brutal, and the deformed (comprehending, by the way, far the greater portion of mankind), must, when condemned to exclusive intercourse with each other, become gradually as much brutalized in person and disposition as so many ourang-outangs? When, therefore, we see the 'gentle joined to the rude,' we may lament the fate of the suffering individual, but we must not the less admire the mysterious disposition of that wise Providence which thus balances the moral good and evil of life; which secures for a family, unhappy in the dispositions of one parent, a share of better and sweeter blood, transmitted from the other, and preserves to the offspring the affectionate care and protection of at least one of those from whom it is naturally due. Without the frequent occurrence of such alliances and unions—missorted as they seem at first sight—the world could not be that for which Eternal Wisdom has designed it—a place of mixed good and evil—a place of trial at once and of suffering, where even the worst ills are checkered with something that renders them tolerable to humble and patient minds, and where the best blessings carry with them a necessary alloy of embittering depreciation.

When, indeed, we look a little closer on the causes of those unexpected and ill-suited attachments, we have occasion to acknowledge that the means by which they are produced do not infer that complete departure from, or inconsistency with, the character of the parties which we might expect when the result alone is contemplated. The wise purposes which Providence appears to have had in view, by permitting such intermixture of dispositions, tempers, and understandings, in the married state, are not accomplished by any mysterious impulse by which, in contradiction to the ordinary laws of nature, men or women are urged to a union with those whom the world see to be unsuitable to them. The freedom of will is permitted to us in the occurrences of ordinary life, as in our moral conduct; and in the former as well as the latter

case, is often the means of misguiding those who possess it. Thus it usually happens, more especially to the enthusiastic and imaginative, that, having formed a picture of admiration in their own mind, they too often deceive themselves by some faint resemblance in some existing being, whom their fancy, as speedily as gratuitously, invests with all the attributes necessary to complete the *beau-ideal* of mental perfection. No one, perhaps, even in the happiest marriage, with an object really beloved, ever discovered by experience all the qualities he expected to possess; but in far too many cases, he finds he has practised a much higher degree of mental deception, and has erected his airy castle of felicity upon some rainbow, which owed its very existence only to the peculiar state of the atmosphere.

Matrimony. The Betrothed. Chap. XVII., p. 604.

The most inveterate wars have their occasional terms of truce; the most bitter and boisterous weather its hours of warmth and of calmness; and so was it with the matrimonial horizon of this amiable pair, which, usually cloudy, had now for brief space cleared up. The splendour of their new apparel, the mirth of the spectacle around them, with the aid, perhaps, of a bowl of muscadine quaffed by Raoul and a cup of hippocras sipped by his wife, had rendered them rather more agreeable in each other's eyes than was their wont; good cheer being in such cases, as oil is to a rusty lock, the means of making those valves move smoothly and glibly which otherwise work not together at all, or by shrieks and groans express their reluctance to move in union.

—— Redgauntlet. Chap. XVII., p. 495.

The truth is, perhaps, the lover's pleasure, like that of the hunter, is in the chase; and that the brightest beauty loses half its merit, as the fairest flower its perfume, when the willing hand can reach it too easily. There must be doubt—there must be danger—there must be difficulty; and if, as the poet says, the course of ardent affection never does run smooth, it is, perhaps, because, without some intervening obstacle, that which is called the romantic passion of love in its high poetical character and colouring can hardly have an existence—any more than there can be a current in a river without the stream being narrowed by steep banks or checked by opposing rocks.

Let not those, however, who enter into a union for life without those embarrassments, . . . and which are perhaps necessary to excite an enthusiastic passion in breasts more firm than theirs, augur worse of their future happiness because their own alliance is formed under calmer auspices. Mutual esteem, an intimate knowledge of each other's character, seen, as in their case, undisguised by the mists of too partial passion—a suitable proportion of parties in rank and fortune, in tastes and pursuits—are more frequently found in a marriage of reason than in a union of romantic attachment; where the imagination, which probably created the virtues and accomplishments with which it invested the beloved object, is frequently afterwards employed in magnifying the mortifying consequences of its own delusion and exasperating all the stings of disappointment. Those who follow the banners of Reason are like the well-disciplined battalion which, wearing a more sober uniform and making a less dazzling show than the light troops commanded by Imagination, enjoy more safety, and even more honour, in the conflicts of human life.

Matrimony. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 203.

Scarce one person out of twenty marries his first love, and scarce one out of twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice at having done so. What we love in those early days is generally rather a fanciful creation of our own than a reality. We build statues of snow, and weep when they melt.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. VIII., p. 182.

This dangerous and ensnaring entanglement.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. III., p. 746.

The presiding genius of the festivity was scarce provided with adequate means to carry her hospitable purpose into effect. The tyrannical conduct of husbands, in such cases, is universal; and I scarce know one householder of my acquaintance who has not, on some ill-omened and most inconvenient season, announced suddenly to his innocent helpmate that he had invited

> Some odious Major Rock,
> To drop in at six o'clock,

to the great discomposure of the lady, and the discredit, perhaps, of her domestic arrangements.

Matrimony. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XL., p. 912.

The quarrels between man and wife are proverbial; but let not these honest folks think that connections of a less permanent nature are free from similar jars.

Meanness. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. IX., p. 629.

The means with which he acted . . . were often stained with falsehood or meanness; therefore it follows that the measures . . . resembled those of the snake, who twines himself through the grass, with the purpose of stinging insidiously those whom he fears to approach with the step of the bold and generous lion.

Meditation. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLII., p. 317.

Under the influence of any partial feeling, it is certain that most men can more easily reconcile themselves to any favourite measure, when agitating it in their own mind, than when obliged to expose its merits to a third party, when the necessity of seeming impartial procures for the opposite arguments a much more fair statement than that which he affords it in tacit meditation.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. VI., pp. 34, 35.

The meditations of youth are seldom so profound as not to yield to the slightest impulse of curiosity, as easily as the lightest pebble, dropped casually from the hand, breaks the surface of a limpid pool.

Melancholy. Quentin Durward. Chap. XIX., p. 94.

Melancholy, even love-melancholy, is not so deeply seated, at least in minds of a manly and elastic character, as the soft enthusiasts who suffer under it are fond of believing. It yields to unexpected and striking impressions upon the senses, to change of place, to such scenes as create new trains of association, and to the influence of the busy hum of mankind.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 250.

Melancholy retrospection without any opportunity of exertion. This state, like others, must be endured with patience; the furiously impatient horse only plunges himself deeper in the slough, as our old hunting excursions may have taught us. In general, the human mind is strong in proportion to the internal energy which it possesses. Evil fortune is as transient as good, and if the

endangered ship is still manned by a sturdy and willing crew, why then

> Up and rig a jury foremast,
> She rights, she rights, boys ; wear of shore.

Melancholy. Kenilworth. Chap. XXV., p. 290.

No infliction can be so distressing to a mind absorbed in melancholy, as being plunged into a scene of mirth and revelry, forming an accompaniment so dissonant from its own feelings.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. IV., p. 751.

There is something in melancholy feelings more natural to an imperfect and suffering state than in those of gaiety, and when they are brought into collision, the former seldom fail to triumph. If a funeral train and wedding-procession were to meet unexpectedly, it will readily be allowed that the mirth of the last would be speedily merged in the gloom of the others.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XIX., p. 821.

That state of romantic melancholy which perhaps is ill exchanged even for feelings of joyful rapture.

Methodism or Methodists. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 215, 216.

They have their faults, and are peculiarly liable to those of hypocrisy, and spiritual ambition, and priestcraft. On the other hand, they do infinite good, carrying religion into classes in society where it could scarce be found to penetrate, did it rely merely upon proof of its doctrines, upon calm reason, and upon rational argument. The Methodists add a powerful appeal to the feelings and passions ; and though I believe this is often exaggerated into absolute enthusiasm, yet I consider upon the whole they do much to keep alive a sense of religion, and the practice of morality necessarily connected with it.

Might v. Right. The Betrothed. Chap. XXIV., p. 629.

Such adventures as are now only recorded in works of mere fiction were not uncommon in the feudal ages, when might was so universally superior to right ; and it followed that those whose condition exposed them to frequent violence were more prompt in repelling, and more patient in enduring it, than could otherwise have been expected from their sex and age.

Mildness. Aunt Margaret's Mirror. Chap. II., p. 877.

Mildness, and even timidity, is capable at times of vehement and fixed purposes.

Mind. The Monastery. Chap. XXI., p. 761.

The first of all qualities, a steady and collected mind.

Mind's Diversion. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 221.

I do not know anything which relieves the mind so much from the sullens as trifling discussions about antiquarian *old womanries*. It is like knitting a stocking, diverting the mind without occupying it; or it is like, by Our Lady, a mill-dam, which leads one's thoughts gently and imperceptibly out of the channel in which they are chafing and boiling. To be sure, it is only conducting them to turn a child's mill: what signifies that?—the diversion is a relief though the object is of little importance.

Miners. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXV., p. 849.

These rude and subterranean people.

Minstrels. Castle Dangerous. Chap. XVIII., p. 875.

The only way to please a minstrel was to listen with patience and commendation to the lays which he liked best to sing, or the tales which he most loved to tell.

Mischief. The Two Drovers. Chap. II., p. 863.

The general love of mischief, which characterizes mankind in all ranks of life, to the honour of Adam's children be it spoken. Good John Barleycorn* . . . heightens and exaggerates the prevailing passions, be they angry or kindly.

Mischief-makers. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XII., p. 239.

We have heard of men of undoubted benevolence of character and disposition, whose principal delight was to see a miserable criminal, degraded alike by his previous crimes and the sentence which he had incurred, conclude a vicious and wretched life by an ignominious and painful death. . . . We leave the explanation of such anomalies to the labours of craniologists, for they seem to defy all the researches of the ethic philosopher.

* Beer or ale.

Misers. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXIV., p. 651.

The miser, with a sparkling eye and a trembling hand, clutched fast the proffered coin, and having balanced the pieces with exquisite pleasure on the extremity of his withered finger, began almost instantly to show that not even the possession of gold can gratify for more than an instant the very heart that is most eager in the pursuit of it. First, the pieces might be light—with hasty hand he drew a small pair of scales from his bosom and weighed them, first together, then separately, and smiled with glee as he saw them attain the due depression in the balance.

Misery. The Antiquary. Chap. XLI., p. 503.

He laughed that bitter laugh which is perhaps the most fearful expression of mental misery.

Mobs. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XXXIII. p. 724.

A multitude, from whatever cause assembled, seldom remains long silent.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XXXII., p. 722.

Who, like the multitude of every great city, thrust each other and shout for rapture on account of any cause for which a crowd may be collected together.

Money. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXVI., p. 661.

Had she possessed that knowledge of the world from which her habits of life had completely excluded her, she might have known that the large sum of money which she brought along with her might, judiciously managed, have been a passport to her into the mansions of nobles and the palaces of princes. But, however conscious of its general power, which assumes so many forms and complexions, she was so inexperienced as to be most unnecessarily afraid that the means by which the wealth had been acquired might exclude its inheritrix from shelter even in the house of a humble tradesman.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XVIII., p. 591.

The affectation of most young men of lively imagination, who suppose that they can better dispense with the possession of money, than resign their time and faculties to the labour necessary to acquire it.

Morals. Ivanhoe. Chap. XLIII., p. 663.

Even in our own days, when morals are better understood, an execution, a bruising match, a riot, or a meeting of radical reformers, collects, at considerable hazard to themselves, immense crowds of spectators, otherwise little interested, except to see how matters are to be conducted, or whether the heroes of the day are, in the heroic language of insurgent tailors, 'flints' or 'dunghills.'

Mortality. The Antiquary. Chap. XXXI., p. 472.

The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish Kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to give countenance to the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer, and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen such as they themselves, and who now is such as they must in their time become. But this decent and praiseworthy practice was not adopted at the time of which I am treating.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons,—miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. . . . In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the Parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury

them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

Mortality. Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XV., pp. 457, 458.

Death is dreadful at all ages; but in the first springtide of youth, with all the feelings of enjoyment afloat and eager for gratification, to be snatched forcibly from the banquet to which the individual has but just sat down, is peculiarly appalling, even when the change comes in the ordinary course of nature.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XXVII., p. 460.

That mortality which levels all distinctions.

—— Rob Roy. Appen., p. 694.

Death, the sad but sure remedy for mortal evils, and decider of all doubts and uncertainties.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXV., p. 655.

> Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us,
> As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,
> From all our toys and baubles. His rough call
> Unlooses all our favourite ties on earth;
> And well if they are such as may be answer'd
> In yonder world, where all is judged of truly.
> *Old Play.*

Murray, Earl of. The Abbot. Chap. XVIII., p. 70.

This distinguished statesman, for as such his worst enemies acknowledged him, possessed all the external dignity, as well as almost all the noble qualities, which could grace the power that he enjoyed; and had he succeeded to the throne as his legitimate inheritance, it is probable he would have been recorded as one of Scotland's wisest and greatest kings. But that he held his authority by the deposition and imprisonment of his sister and benefactress was a crime which those only can excuse who think ambition an apology for ingratitude.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XXXV., pp. 812, 813.

This celebrated person had in his appearance, as well as in his mind, much of the admirable qualities of James V., his father. Had not the stain of illegitimacy rested upon

his birth, he would have filled the Scottish throne with as much honour as any of the Stuart race. But history, while she acknowledges his high talents, and much that was princely, nay, royal, in his conduct, cannot forget that ambition led him farther than honour or loyalty warranted. Brave amongst the bravest, fair in presence and in favour, skilful to manage the most intricate affairs, to attach to himself those who were doubtful, to stun and overwhelm, by the suddenness and intrepidity of his enterprises, those who were resolute in resistance, he attained, and as to personal merit certainly deserved, the highest place in the kingdom. But he abused, under the influence of strong temptation, the opportunities which his sister Mary's misfortunes and imprudence threw in his way; he supplanted his sovereign and benefactress in her power, and his history affords us one of those mixed characters, in which principle was so often sacrificed to policy, that we must condemn the statesman while we pity and regret the individual. Many events in his life gave likelihood to the charge that he himself aimed at the crown; and it is too true that he countenanced the fatal expedient of establishing an English, that is, a foreign and a hostile, interest in the councils of Scotland. But his death may be received as an atonement for his offences, and may serve to show how much more safe is the person of a real patriot than that of the mere head of a faction, who is accounted answerable for the offences of his meanest attendants.

Muse. The Antiquary. Chap. XXI., pp. 439, 440.

Morning, said to be friendly to the muses, has probably obtained this character from its effect upon the fancy and feelings of mankind. Even to those who . . . have spent a sleepless and anxious night, the breeze of the dawn brings strength and quickening both of mind and body.

Music. Quentin Durward. Chap. X., p. 57.

Music, like beauty, is often most delightful, or at least most interesting to the imagination, when its charms are but partially displayed, and the imagination is left to fill up what is from distance but imperfectly detailed.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. X., p. 57.

There are . . . charms in sweet sounds which can lull to rest even the natural feelings of impatience.

Music. The Pirate. Chap. XV., p. 424.

The sword-dance was succeeded by various other specimens of the same exercise, and by songs, to which the singers lent their whole soul, while the audience were sure, as occasion offered, to unite in some favourite chorus. It is upon such occasions that music, though of a simple and even rude character, finds its natural empire over the generous bosom, and produces that strong excitement which cannot be attained by the most learned compositions of the first masters, which are caviare to the common ear, although, doubtless, they afford a delight, exquisite in its kind, to those whose natural capacity and education have enabled them to comprehend and relish those difficult and complicated combinations of harmony.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. II., p. 379.

Music, when the performers are concealed, affects us with a pleasure mingled with surprise, and reminds us of the natural concert of birds among the leafy bowers.

—— Redgauntlet. Chap. IX., p. 454.

It is well known that, in Scotland, where there is so much national music, the words and airs of which are generally known, there is a kind of freemasonry amongst performers, by which they can by the mere choice of a tune express a great deal to the hearers. Personal allusions are often made in this manner with much point and pleasantry; and nothing is more usual at public festivals than that the air played to accompany a particular health or toast is made the vehicle of compliment, of wit, and sometimes of satire.

—— Waverley. Chap. XIII., p. 36.

The little labours in which she had been employed obviously showed a natural taste, which required only cultivation. . . . She sung with great taste and feeling, and with a respect to the sense of what she uttered, that might be proposed in example to ladies of much superior musical talent. Her natural good sense taught her, that if, as we are assured by high authority, music be 'married to immortal verse,' they are very often divorced by the performer in a most shameful manner. It was perhaps owing to this sensibility to poetry, and power of combining its expression with those of the musical notes, that her singing gave more pleasure to all the unlearned in music, and even to many

of the learned, than could have been communicated by a much finer voice and more brilliant execution, unguided by the same delicacy of feeling.

Music. Rob Roy. Appen., p. 694.

The effect of music arises, in a great degree, from association; and sounds which might jar the nerves of a Londoner or Parisian, bring back to the Highlander his lofty mountain, wild lake, and the deeds of his fathers of the glen.

Names. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XX., p. 275.

Mary, though the prettiest and most classical of Scottish names, is now unknown in the land.

Narrow-mindedness. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., pp. 317, 318.

I have never remarked anyone, be he soldier, or divine, or lawyer, that was exclusively attached to the narrow habits of his own profession, but what such person became a great twaddle in good society, besides, what is of much more importance, becoming narrow-minded and ignorant of all general information.

National Character. Life of Scott. Vol. V., p. 251.

The character of a nation is not to be learnt from its fine folk.

Nature. The Heart of Midlothian. XLIX., p. 339.

Those who love nature always desire to penetrate into its utmost recesses.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. I., p. 585.

The close observers of vegetable nature have remarked that, when a new graft is taken from an aged tree, it possesses indeed in exterior form the appearance of a youthful shoot, but has in fact attained to the same state of maturity, or even decay, which has been reached by the parent stem. Hence, it is said, arises the general decline and death that about the same season is often observed to spread itself through individual trees of some particular species, all of which, deriving their vital powers from the parent stock, are therefore incapable of protracting their existence longer than it does.

In the same manner, efforts have been made by the mighty of the earth to transplant large cities, states, and communities by one great and sudden exertion, expecting to secure to the new capital the wealth, the dignity, the magnificent decorations and unlimited extent of the ancient city, which they desire to renovate; while, at the same time, they hope to begin a new succession of ages from the date of the new structure, to last, they imagine, as long, and with as much fame, as its predecessor, which the founder hopes his new metropolis may replace in all its youthful glories. But nature has her laws which seem to apply to the social as well as the vegetable system. It appears to be a general rule, that what is to last long should be slowly matured and gradually improved, while every sudden effort, however gigantic, to bring about the speedy execution of a plan calculated to endure for ages is doomed to exhibit symptoms of premature decay from its very commencement. Thus, in a beautiful Oriental tale, a dervise explains to the sultan how he had reared the magnificent trees among which they walked, by nursing their shoots from the seed; and the prince's pride is damped when he reflects that those plantations, so simply raised, were gathering new vigour from each returning sun, while his own exhausted cedars, which had been transplanted by one violent effort, were drooping their majestic heads in the valley of Orez.

Nature. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. VII., p. 398.

The morning, which had arisen calm and bright, gave a pleasant effect even to the waste moorland view, . . . and the glorious ocean, crisped with a thousand rippling waves of silver, extended . . . in awful yet complacent majesty to the verge of the horizon. With such scenes of calm sublimity the human heart sympathizes even in its most disturbed moods, and deeds of honour and virtue are inspired by their majestic influence.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLIX., p. 339.

An admirer of the beauties of nature, a taste which compensates many evils to those who happen to enjoy it.

—— Black Dwarf. Intro., p. 90.

Nature maintains a certain balance of good and evil in all her works; and there is no state perhaps so utterly desolate, which does not possess some source of gratification peculiar to itself.

Nature. The Pirate. Chap. III., p. 371.

The book of nature, . . . that noblest of volumes, where we are ever called to wonder and to admire, even when we cannot understand. The plants of those wild regions, the shells on the shores, and the long list of feathered clans which haunt their cliffs and eyries.

Natures. The Betrothed. Chap. VIII., p. 571.

In slow and solid natures there is usually a touch of shamefacedness, and a sensitiveness to the breach of petty observances.

Necessity. The Pirate. Chap. XIII., p. 416.

Necessity, which teaches all the liberal arts, can render us also adepts in dissimulation.

News. Life of Scott. Vol. X., p. 20.

Good news becomes doubly acceptable when transmitted through a friendly channel.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XIX., p. 429.

The subject of foreign news and the political and military situation of the country, themes upon which every man thinks himself qualified to give an opinion.

Nonsense. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 370.

Every age must swallow a certain deal of superstitious nonsense: only, observing the variety which nature seems to study through all her works, each generation takes its nonsense, as heralds say, *with a difference.*

Oath, The. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXII., p. 239.

The solemn oath,—'the truth to tell, and no truth to conceal, as far as she knew or should be asked,' was then administered by the judge 'in the name of God, and as the witness should answer to God at the great day of judgment;' an awful adjuration, which seldom fails to make impression even on the most hardened characters, and to strike with fear even the most upright.

Ocean. The Pirate. Chap. VII., p. 388.

She does no work by halves, yon raving ocean;
Engulphing those she strangles, her wild womb
Affords the mariners whom she hath dealt on,
Their death at once, and sepulchre.

Old Play.

Oratory. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 215.

Many men care less to gain their point than they do to play the orator, and be listened to for a certain time. This done, and due quantity of personal consideration being gained, the individual orator is usually satisfied with the reasons of the civil listener, who has suffered him to enjoy his hour of consequence.

Pain and Pleasure. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 211.

It is a hundred times more easy to inflict pain than to create pleasure.

Parental Duty. Heart of Midlothian. Chap. VIII., p. 182.

As is usual among the poorer students of divinity at Scottish universities, he contrived not only to maintain himself according to his simple wants, but even to send considerable assistance to his sole remaining parent, a sacred duty of which the Scotch are seldom negligent.

Passion. A Legend of Montrose. Chap. XXII., p. 79.

Passion, an ingenious, as well as an eloquent advocate.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XVIII., p. 593.

I was in a towering passion—to which, by the way, nothing contributes more than the having recently undergone a spice of personal fear, which, like a few drops of water flung on a glowing fire, is sure to inflame the ardour which it is insufficient to quench.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XXII., pp. 605, 606.

The Scotch partners gained, in the course of this contro versy, what is very convenient to persons who are in the wrong, an opportunity and pretext for putting themselves in a violent passion, and for taking, under the pretext of the provocation they had received, measures to which some sense of decency, if not of conscience, might otherwise have deterred them from resorting.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XXVI., p. 127.

The violent expression of exasperated and headlong passion, as indeed it belongs more to the brutal than the intelligent part of our nature, has little to interest us, in comparison to the deep workings of a vigorous and powerful mind.

Passion. Anne of Geierstein. Chap. IX., p. 426.

No passion is so unutterably selfish as that of fear.

—— Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XXVII., p. 524.

Obstacles, opposed to the current of his passion, were like rocks in the bed of a river, whose course they cannot interrupt, while they provoke it to rage and foam.

—— The Two Drovers. Chap. II., p. 866.

There is something in the tone of deep and concentrated passion which attracts attention and imposes awe, even by the very sound.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXIX., p. 912.

After the example of spoiled children of all ages and stations, gave a loose to the frantic vehemence of passion.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. II., pp. 380, 381.

Like many a parent of hot and impatient character, she was mistaken in estimating the feelings of her daughter, who, under a semblance of extreme indifference, nourished the germ of those passions which sometimes spring up in one night, like the gourd of the prophet, and astonish the observer by their unexpected ardour and intensity.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. I., p. 378.

Alas! what fiend can suggest more desperate counsels than those adopted under the guidance of our own violent and unresisted passions?

—— Count Robert of Paris. Intro., p. 582.

In this world it is not often that the gratification of our angry passions lies in the same road with the advancement of our interest, and that the wise man, the *verè sapiens*, seldom hesitates which of these two he ought to prefer.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. I., p. 16.

The passions of the great, their quarrels, and their reconciliations, involve the fortunes of all who approach them.

—— The Antiquary. Intro., p. 361.

Among the same class I have placed some of the scenes in which I have endeavoured to illustrate the operation of the

higher and more violent passions; both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with my friend Wordsworth that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, peculiarly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have long been familiar. The antique force and simplicity of their language, often tinctured with the Oriental eloquence of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief and dignity to their resentment.

Past, The. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 398.

Hardly anything makes the mind recoil so much upon itself as the being suddenly and strongly recalled to times long past, and that by the voice of one whom we have so much loved and respected.

—— Old Mortality. Chap. XXXVIII., p. 844.

Made . . . that mournful impression, soft and affecting, yet withal soothing, which the sensitive mind usually receives from a return to the haunts of childhood and early youth, after having experienced the vicissitudes and tempests of public life.

Patriotism. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXVII., p. 258.

The hostess . . . was her countrywoman, and the eagerness with which Scottish people meet, communicate, and, to the extent of their power, assist each other, although it is often objected to us as a prejudice and narrowness of sentiment, seems, on the contrary, to arise from a most justifiable and honourable feeling of patriotism, combined with a conviction, which, if undeserved, would long since have been confuted by experience, that the habits and principles of the nation are a sort of guarantee for the character of the individual. At any rate, if the extensive influence of this national partiality be considered as an additional tie, binding man to man, and calling forth the good offices of such as can render them to the countryman who happens to need them, we think it must be found to exceed, as an active and efficient motive to generosity, that more impartial and wider principle of general benevolence, which we have sometimes seen pleaded as an excuse for assisting no individual whatever.

Patriotism. Waverley. Chap. VI., p. 21.

Patriotism, as it is the fairest, so it is often the most suspicious mask of other feelings.

Peace. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLII., p. 314.

The peace-making particle. . . . *If.*

Peasants. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XI., p. 193.

It is well known, that much, both of what is good and bad in the Scottish national character, arises out of the intimacy of their family connections. 'To be come of honest folk,' that is, of people who have borne a fair and unstained reputation, is an advantage as highly prized among the lower Scotch, as the emphatic counterpart, 'to be of a good family,' is valued among their gentry. The worth and respectability of one member of a peasant's family is always accounted by themselves and others, not only a matter of honest pride, but a guarantee for the good conduct of the whole.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XI., p. 413.

The feuars heard and scratched their heads, coughed, sneezed, and being pressed for answer, rejoined with one voice, 'They could not say';—the universal refuge of a Scottish peasant, when pressed to admit a claim which his conscience owns, or perhaps his feelings, and his interest inclines him to deny.

—— Old Mortality. Chap. XXXVI., p. 833.

Her mother appeared,—a handsome young country-woman, to whose features, originally sly and *espiègle* in expression, matrimony had given that decent matronly air which peculiarly marks the peasant's wife of Scotland.

Pedestrianism. Guy Mannering. Chap. XXII., p. 248.

Dr. Johnson thought life had few things better than the excitation produced by being whirled rapidly along in a post-chaise; but he who has in youth experienced the confident and independent feeling of a stout pedestrian in an interesting country, and during fine weather, will hold the taste of the great moralist cheap in comparison.

Pedigree. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 4.

Every Scotchman has a pedigree. It is a national prerogative as unalienable as his pride and his poverty.

Pedigree. Rob Roy. Appen., p. 684.

In giving an account of a Highlander, his pedigree is first to be considered.

Pedigrees. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 232.

From counting of pedigrees, good Lord deliver us!

Pedlars. Kenilworth. Chap. XIX., p. 265.

A lively, bustling, arch fellow, whose pack and oaken *ell wand*, studded duly with brass points, denoted him to be of Autolycus's profession, occupied a good deal of the attention, and furnished much of the amusement of the evening. The pedlars of those days, it must be remembered, were men of far greater importance than the degenerate and degraded hawkers of our modern times. It was by means of these peripatetic vendors that the country trade, in the finer manufactures used in female dress particularly, was almost entirely carried on; and if a merchant of this description arrived at the dignity of travelling with a pack-horse, he was a person of no small consequence, and company for the most substantial yeoman or franklin whom he might meet in his wanderings.

Peevishness. Old Mortality. Chap. XXXVII., p. 837.

Like many peevish people, he seemed to have an intuitive perception as to what was most likely to tease those whom he conversed with.

Pens. Waverley. Chap. XIX., p. 52.

The ingenious licentiate, Francisco de Ubeda, when he commenced his history of La Picara Justina Diez,—which, by the way, is one of the most rare books of Spanish literature,—complained of his pen having caught up a hair, and forthwith begins, with more eloquence than common sense, an affectionate expostulation with that useful implement, upbraiding it with being the quill of a goose,—a bird inconstant by nature, as frequenting the three elements of water, earth, and air, indifferently, and being, of course, 'to one thing constant never.' Now I protest to thee, gentle reader, that I entirely dissent from Francisco de Ubeda in this matter, and hold it the most useful quality of my pen, that it can speedily change from grave to gay, and from description and dialogue to narra-

tive and character. So that, if my quill display no other properties of its mother-goose than her mutability, truly I shall be well pleased; and I conceive that you, my worthy friend, will have no occasion for discontent.

People. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. IV., p. 750.

The common people, never at any time attached to those who, being in the immediate possession of authority, are often obliged to employ it in controlling their humours.

Perquisites. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XI., p. 785.

Hers was a soul of a kind often to be met with, both among the lower and higher vulgar, who, without being, on a broad scale, accessible to bribes or corruption, are nevertheless much attached to perquisites, and considerably biassed in their line of duty, though perhaps insensibly, by the love of petty observances, petty presents, and trivial compliments.

Perth. The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. I., pp. 205, 206.

Among all the provinces in Scotland, if an intelligent stranger were asked to describe the most varied and the most beautiful, it is probable he would name the county of Perth. A native, also, of any other district of Caledonia, though his partialities might lead him to prefer his native county in the first instance, would certainly class that of Perth in the second, and thus give its inhabitants a fair right to plead that—prejudice apart—Perthshire forms the fairest portion of the northern kingdom. It is long since Lady Mary Wortley Montague, with that excellent taste which characterizes her writings, expressed her opinion that the most interesting district of every country, and that which exhibits the varied beauties of natural scenery in greatest perfection, is that where the mountains sink down upon the champaign, or more level land. The most picturesque, if not the highest hills, are also to be found in the county of Perth. The rivers find their way out of the mountainous region by the wildest leaps, and through the most romantic passes connecting the Highlands with the Lowlands. Above, the vegetation of a happier climate and soil is mingled with the magnificent characteristics of mountain scenery; and woods, groves, and thickets in profusion clothe the base of the hills, ascend up the ravines, and mingle with the precipices. It

is in such favoured regions that the traveller finds what the poet Gray, or someone else, has termed, Beauty lying in the lap of Terror.

From the same advantage of situation, this favoured province presents a variety of the most pleasing character. Its lakes, woods, and mountains may vie in beauty with any that the Highland tour exhibits; while Perthshire contains amidst this romantic scenery, and in some places in connection with it, many fertile and habitable tracts, which may vie with the richness of merry England herself. The county has also been the scene of many remarkable exploits and events, some of historical importance, others interesting to the poet and romancer, though recorded in popular tradition alone. It was in these vales that the Saxons of the plain and the Gael of the mountains had many a desperate and bloody encounter, in which it was frequently impossible to decide the palm of victory between the mailed chivalry of the Low Country and the plaided clans whom they opposed.

Perth, so eminent for the beauty of its situation, is a place of great antiquity; and old tradition assigns to the town the importance of a Roman foundation. That victorious nation, it is said, pretended to recognise the Tiber in the much more magnificent and navigable Tay, and to acknowledge the large level space, well known by the name of the North Inch, as having a near resemblance to the Campus Martius. The city was often the residence of our monarchs, who, although they had no palace at Perth, found the Cistercian Convent amply sufficient for the reception of their court. It was here that James I., one of the wisest and best of the Scottish kings, fell a victim to the jealousy of the vengeful aristocracy. Here, also, occurred the mysterious conspiracy of Gowrie,* the scene of which has only of late been effaced, by the destruction of the ancient palace in which the tragedy was acted. The Antiquarian Society of Perth,† with just zeal for the objects of their pursuit, have published an accurate plan of this memorable mansion, with some remarks upon its connection with the narrative of the plot, which display equal acuteness and candour.

* [A reputed attempt, on the part of the Earl of Gowrie and his brother Ruthven, to kidnap and slay King James VI. at Perth in 1600; but in which both the earl and Ruthven met their death. It is also alleged that the killing of these two noblemen was at all events welcome to James, if not indeed planned by him.]

† [The first volume, printed at Perth, 1827, is all that ever appeared.]

One of the most beautiful points of view which Britain, or perhaps the world, can afford, is, or rather we may say was, the prospect from a spot called the Wicks of Baiglie, being a species of niche, at which the traveller arrived, after a long stage from Kinross, through a waste and uninteresting country, and from which, as forming a pass over the summit of a ridgy eminence which he had gradually surmounted, he beheld, stretching beneath him, the valley of the Tay, traversed by its ample and lordly stream; the town of Perth, with its two large meadows or Inches, its steeples and its towers; the hills of Moncreiff and Kinnoul faintly rising into picturesque rocks, partly clothed with woods; the rich margin of the river, studded with elegant mansions; and the distant view of the huge Grampian mountains, the northern screen of this exquisite landscape. The alteration of the road, greatly, it must be owned, to the improvement of general intercourse, avoids this magnificent point of view, and the landscape is introduced more gradually and partially to the eye, though the approach must be still considered as extremely beautiful. There is yet, we believe, a footpath left open, by which the station at the Wicks of Baiglie may be approached; and the traveller, by quitting his horse or equippage, and walking a few hundred yards, may still compare the real landscape with the sketch which we have attempted to give. But it is not in our power to communicate, or in his to receive, the exquisite charm which surprise gives to pleasure, when so splendid a view arises when least expected or hoped for, and which Chrystal Croftangry experienced when he beheld, for the first time, the matchless scene.

Childish wonder, indeed, was an ingredient in my delight, for I was not above fifteen years old; and as this had been the first excursion which I was permitted to make on a pony of my own, I also experienced the glow of independence, mingled with that degree of anxiety which the most conceited boy feels when he is first abandoned to his own undirected counsels. I recollect pulling up the reins without meaning to do so, and gazing on the scene before me as if I had been afraid it would shift like those in a theatre before I could distinctly observe its different parts, or convince myself that what I saw was real. Since that hour, and the period is now more than fifty years past, the recollection of that inimitable landscape has possessed the strongest influence over my mind,

and retained its place as a memorable thing when much that was influential on my own fortunes has fled from my recollection. It is therefore natural that, whilst deliberating on what might be brought forward for the amusement of the public, I should pitch upon some narrative connected with the splendid scenery which made so much impression on my youthful imagination, and which may perhaps have that effect in setting off the imperfections of the composition, which ladies suppose a fine set of china to possess in heightening the flavour of indifferent tea.

Pessimism. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 195.

I see no reason why one should not, with God's assistance, shun noxious thoughts, which foretell evil, and cannot remedy it.

Pet. The Antiquary. Chap. VI., p. 385.

Having, agreeably to the established custom in cases of pet, refused the refreshment of tea and coffee.

Philanthropy. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 217.

I have some distrust of the fanaticism even of philanthropy. A good part of it arises in general from mere vanity and love of distinction, gilded over to others and to themselves with some show of benevolent sentiment.

Philosophy. Peveril of the Peak. Pref., p. 735.

I chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, in a state betwixt sleeping and waking, which I consider as so highly favourable to philosophy, that I have no doubt some of its most distinguished systems have been composed under its influence.

Pilots. Quentin Durward. Chap. XXXII., p. 155.

Like a wary and skilful pilot, neither to suffer himself to be disconcerted by his own fears, nor to abandon the helm, while there was a chance of saving the vessel by adroit pilotage.

Pilots. The Monastery. Chap. XXVII., p. 783.

Stand by the helm like a resolute pilot, watch every contingence, do his best to weather each reef and shoal, and commit the rest to Heaven and his Patroness.

Piquet. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XVIII., p. 263.

Piquet, the most beautiful game at which a man can make sacrifice of his fortune.

Pleasure. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XIII., p. 603.

It is seldom that a day of pleasure upon review seems altogether so exquisite as the partaker of the festivity may have felt it while passing over him.

—— Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. II., p. 679.

A career of pleasure is unfavourable for acquiring a taste for natural beauty, and still more so for forming associations of a sentimental kind connecting us with the inanimate objects around us.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XXXVIII., p. 671.

There are few more melancholy sensations than those with which we regard scenes of past pleasure when altered and deserted.

Politeness. Waverley. Chap. XXIX., p. 76.

There are few nations, by the way, who can boast of so much natural politeness as the Highlanders.*

—— The Antiquary. Chap. VII., p. 386.

His old-fashioned politeness had none of the ease of the present day, which permits you, if you have a mind, to *cut* the person you have associated with for a week, the instant you feel or suppose yourself in a situation which makes it disagreeable to own him.

* The Highlander, in former times, had always a high idea of his own gentility, and was anxious to impress the same upon those with whom he conversed. His language abounded in the phrases of courtesy and compliment; and the habit of carrying arms, and mixing with those who did so, made it particularly desirable they should use cautious politeness in their intercourse with each other.

Political Differences. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 350.

The differences of political opinions are only skin-deep wounds, which assume at times an angry appearance, but have no real effect on the wholesome constitution of the country.

Political Rights. Life of Scott. Vol. V., p. 296.

Property, morals, education, are the proper qualifications for those who should hold political rights, and extending them very widely greatly lessens the chance of these qualifications being found in electors. Look at the sort of persons chosen at elections where the franchise is very general, and you will find either fools who are content to flatter the passions of the mob for a little transient popularity, or knaves who pander to their follies, that they may make their necks a footstool for their own promotion.

Politics. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 201, 202.

Tory and Whig may go be d——d together, as names that have disturbed old Scotland, and torn asunder the most kindly feelings, since the first day they were invented. Yes, d——n them, they are the spells to rouse all our angry passions. . . . Even yet, God knows, I would fight in honourable contest with word or blow, for my political opinions; but I cannot permit that strife to mix its waters with my daily meal, those waters of bitterness which poison all mutual love and confidence betwixt the well-disposed on either side, and prevent them, if need were, from making mutual concessions and balancing the constitution against the ultras of both parties.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 33.

Of the three kingdoms, the English alone are qualified to mix in politics safely and without fatal results: the fierce and hasty resentments of the Irish, and the sullen, long-enduring, revengeful temper of my countrymen, make such agitations have a much wider and more dreadful effect amongst them.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XXVI., p. 466.

He flourished much on generosity and forgiveness of mutual injuries, and . . . the mutability of human affairs, always favourite topics with the weaker party in politics.

Politics. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 170.

Politics are the blowpipe beneath whose influence the best-cemented friendships diffuse.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XII., p. 64.

THE POLITICIAN.

This is a lecturer, so skill'd in policy,
That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning)
He well might read a lesson to the devil,
And teach the old seducer new temptations.
Old Play.

Poor. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. VIII., p. 578.

She very generously gave her assistance to the poor, on the same mixed principles as young practitioners in medicine assist them, partly from compassion, and partly to keep her hand in use.

Popularity. Rob Roy. Chap. XXXIV., p. 657.

Power and popularity had its inconveniences in the Highlands, as everywhere else.

Post-Offices. The Antiquary. Chap. XV., p. 411.

We beg leave to transport the reader to the back-parlour of the postmaster's house at Fairport, where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters, in order, from the outside of the epistles, and, if they are not belied, occasionally from the inside also, to amuse themselves with gleaning information, or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbours.

Poverty. The Abbot. Chap. VII., p. 26.

When I hae saxpence under my thumb,
Then I get credit in ilka town;
But when I am puir, they bid me gae by—
Oh, poverty parts good company!
Old Song.

—— Waverley. Chap. VIII., p. 24.

Poverty, and indolence, its too frequent companion.

Poverty. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 296.

Extreme poverty brings ignorance and vice, and these are the mothers of crime.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 267.

The mere scarcity of money (so that actual wants are provided) is not poverty—it is the bitter draught to owe money which we cannot pay.

Power. Woodstock. Chap. IX., p. 45.

It is dangerous to be a witness of the infirmities of men high in power.

—— A Legend of Montrose. Chap. XVII., p. 64.

The power of man at no time appears more contemptible than when it is placed in contrast with scenes of natural terror and dignity.

Praise. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 335.

I think very lightly in general of praise; it costs men nothing, and is usually only lip-salve. Some praise, however, and from some people, does at once delight and strengthen the mind.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XXXVI., p. 489.

Thus,—which is always the case when a man of rank leaves a private family where he has studied to appear obliging,—all were ready to open in praise.

—— Kenilworth. Chap. XXV., p. 290.

The usual mixture of satire which qualifies more or less our estimate of our neighbours, especially if they chance to be also our betters.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXII., p. 110.

In some cases exaggerated or unappropriate praise becomes the most severe satire.

Prater. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXI., p. 280.

A forward prater in society, like a busy bustler in a crowd, besides all other general points of annoyance, is eternally rubbing upon some tender point, and galling men's feelings, without knowing or regarding it.

Prayer. The Talisman. Chap. XXII., p. 825.

The sincere and earnest approach of the Christian to the throne of the Almighty teaches the best lesson of patience under affliction; since wherefore should we mock the Deity with supplications, when we insult Him by murmuring under His decrees? or how, while our prayers have in every word admitted the vanity and nothingness of the things of time in comparison to those of eternity, should we hope to deceive the Searcher of hearts, by permitting the world and worldly passions to reassume the reins even immediately after a solemn address to Heaven?

—— The Monastery. Chap. XXIX., p. 791.

It is seldom we are exactly blessed with the precise fulfilment of our wishes at the moment when we utter them; perhaps because Heaven wisely withholds what, if granted, would be often received with ingratitude.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XIII., p. 205.

Left alone and separated from all earthly counsel, she had recourse to a Friend and Adviser whose ear is open to the cry of the poorest and most afflicted of His people. She knelt, and prayed with fervent sincerity, that God would please to direct her what course to follow in her arduous and distressing situation. It was the belief of the time and sect to which she belonged, that special answers to prayer, differing little in their character from divine inspiration, were, as they expressed it, 'borne in upon their minds' in answer to their earnest petitions in a crisis of difficulty. Without entering into an abstruse point of divinity, one thing is plain,—namely, that the person who lays open his doubts and distresses in prayer, with feeling and sincerity, must necessarily, in the act of doing so, purify his mind from the dross of worldly passions and interests, and bring it into that state, when the resolutions adopted are likely to be selected rather from a sense of duty than from any inferior motive.

Prayers. Rob Roy. Chap. XX., p. 597.

Engaged in the act of prayer. The Scotch perform this duty in a standing instead of a kneeling posture—more, perhaps, to take as broad a distinction as possible from the ritual of Rome than for any better reason; since I

have observed that in their family worship, as doubtless in their private devotions, they adopt, in their immediate address to the Deity, that posture which other Christians use as the humblest and most reverential.

Preachers. Rob Roy. Chap. XX., p. 598.

Age and infirmities had impaired the powers of a voice originally strong and sonorous. He read his text with a pronunciation somewhat inarticulate; but when he closed the Bible, and commenced his sermon, his tones gradually strengthened, as he entered with vehemence into the arguments which he maintained. They related chiefly to the abstract points of the Christian faith,—subjects grave, deep, and fathomless by mere human reason, but for which, with equal ingenuity and propriety, he sought a key in liberal quotations from the inspired writings. My mind was unprepared to coincide in all his reasoning, nor was I sure that in some instances I rightly comprehended his positions. But nothing could be more impressive than the eager enthusiastic manner of the good old man, and nothing more ingenious than his mode of reasoning. The Scotch, it is well known, are more remarkable for the exercise of their intellectual powers, than for the keenness of their feelings; they are, therefore, more moved by logic than by rhetoric, and more attracted by acute and argumentative reasoning on doctrinal points, than influenced by the enthusiastic appeals to the heart and to the passions by which popular preachers in other countries win the favour of their hearers.

Precaution. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XII., p. 201.

A parade of precaution that, however ill-timed and unnecessary, is generally displayed *after* an event, which such precaution, if used in time, might have prevented.

Prejudices. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XII., p. 789.

His prejudices . . . were both deep and envenomed, as those of country gentlemen often become, who, having little to do or think of, are but too apt to spend their time in nursing and cherishing petty causes of wrath against their next neighbours.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XXI., p. 444.

Those who are prejudiced in favour of a new acquaintance can, for a time at least, discover excellencies in his very faults, and perfections in his deficiencies.

Presbyterianism. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 36.

The discipline of the Presbyterian Sabbath was severely strict, and I think injudiciously so. Although Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' Gesner's 'Death of Abel,' Rowe's 'Letters,' and one or two other books which, for that reason, I still have a favour for, were admitted to relieve the gloom of one dull sermon succeeding to another—there was far too much tedium annexed to the duties of the day: and in the end it did none of us any good.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XX., p. 597.

The multitude . . . now enclosed within the building were engaged, as the choral swell of voices from within announced to us, in the solemn exercises of devotion. The sound of so many voices united by the distance into one harmony, and freed from those harsh discordances which jar the ear when heard more near, combining with the murmuring brook, and the wind which sung among the old firs, affected me with a sense of sublimity. All nature, as invoked by the Psalmist whose verses they chanted, seemed united in offering that solemn praise in which trembling is mixed with joy as she addressed her Maker. I had heard the service of high mass in France, celebrated with all the *éclat* which the choicest music, the richest dresses, the most imposing ceremonies, could confer on it; yet it fell short in effect of the simplicity of the Presbyterian worship. The devotion in which every one took a share seemed so superior to that which was recited by musicians as a lesson which they had learned by rote, that it gave the Scottish worship all the advantage of reality over acting.

—— Rob Roy. Appen., p. 684.

It is singular enough, that it seems to have aggravated the feelings of the nonconforming Presbyterians, when the penalties which were most unjustly imposed upon themselves were relaxed towards the poor MacGregors;—so little are the best men, any more than the worst, able to judge with impartiality of the same measures, as applied to themselves, or to others.

—— Old Mortality. Chap. XIX., p. 781.

The towns, the villages, the farm-houses, the properties of small heritors, sent forth numerous recruits to the Presby-

terian interest. These men had been the principal sufferers during the oppression of the time. Their minds were fretted, soured, and driven to desperation, by the various exactions and cruelties to which they had been subjected; and, although by no means united among themselves, either concerning the purpose of this formidable insurrection, or the means by which that purpose was to be obtained, most of them considered it as a door opened by Providence to obtain the liberty of conscience of which they had been long deprived, and to shake themselves free of a tyranny directed both against body and soul.

Presbyterianism. Old Mortality. Chap. I., pp. 713, 714.

Under the reign of the last Stuarts, there was an anxious wish on the part of government to counteract, by every means in their power, the strict or puritanical spirit which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government, and to revive those feudal institutions which united the vassal to the liege lord, and both to the crown. Frequent musters and assemblies of the people, both for military exercise and for sports and pastimes, were appointed by authority. The interference, in the latter case, was impolitic, to say the least; for, as usual on such occasions, the consciences which were at first only scrupulous, became confirmed in their opinions, instead of giving way to the terrors of authority; and the youth of both sexes, to whom the pipe and tabor in England, or the bagpipe in Scotland, would have been in themselves an irresistible temptation, were enabled to set them at defiance, from the proud consciousness that they were at the same time resisting an act of council. To compel men to dance and be merry by authority has rarely succeeded even on board of slave-ships, where it was formerly sometimes attempted by way of inducing the wretched captives to agitate their limbs and restore the circulation, during the few minutes they were permitted to enjoy the fresh air upon deck. The rigour of the strict Calvinists increased in proportion to the wishes of the government that it should be relaxed. A judaical observance of the Sabbath —a supercilious condemnation of all manly pastimes and harmless recreations, as well as of the profane custom of promiscuous dancing, that is, of men and women dancing together in the same party (for I believe they admitted that the exercise might be inoffensive if practised by the parties separately)—distinguishing those who professed a

more than ordinary share of sanctity, they discouraged, as far as lay in their power, even the ancient *wappenschaws*, as they were termed, when the feudal array of the county was called out, and each crown-vassal was required to appear with such muster of men and armour as he was bound to make by his fief, and that under high statutory penalties. The Covenanters were the more jealous of those assemblies, as the lord lieutenants and sheriffs under whom they were held, had instructions from the government to spare no pains which might render them agreeable to the young men who were thus summoned together, upon whom the military exercise of the morning, and the sports which usually closed the evening, might naturally be supposed to have a seductive effect.

The preachers and proselytes of the more rigid Presbyterians laboured, therefore, by caution, remonstrance, and authority, to diminish the attendance upon these summonses, conscious that in doing so they lessened not only the apparent, but the actual strength of the government, by impeding the extension of that *esprit de corps* which soon unites young men who are in the habit of meeting together for manly sport or military exercise. They therefore exerted themselves earnestly to prevent attendance on these occasions by those who could find any possible excuse for absence, and were especially severe upon such of their hearers as mere curiosity led to be spectators, or love of exercise to be partakers, of the array and the sports which took place. Such of the gentry as acceded to these doctrines were not always, however, in a situation to be ruled by them. The commands of the law were imperative; and the privy council, who administered the executive power in Scotland, were severe in enforcing the statutory penalties against the crown-vassals who did not appear at the periodical wappenschaw. The landholders were compelled, therefore, to send their sons, tenants, and vassals to the rendezvous, to the number of horses, men, and spears at which they were rated; and it frequently happened that, notwithstanding the strict charge of their elders, to return as soon as the formal inspection was over, the young men-at-arms were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in the sports which succeeded the muster, or to avoid listening to the prayers read in the churches on these occasions, and thus, in the opinion of their repining parents, meddling with the accursed thing which is an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

Presbyterianism. Woodstock. Chap. XXXIII., p. 161.

The Presbyterians, though they not only concurred with, but led the way in the Civil War, were at its conclusion highly dissatisfied with the ascendancy of the military sectaries, and not to be trusted as cordial agents in anything where their interest was concerned.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXIII., p. 285.

With the fanaticism of the Scottish Presbyterians there was always mingled a glow of national feeling.

Present. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 150.

N O W are three important letters of the alphabet, mighty slippery, and apt to escape the grasp.

Pride. The Monastery. Chap. XX., p. 757.

Pride, which has been said to save man, and woman too, from falling, has yet a stronger influence on the mind when it embraces the cause of passion, and seldom fails to render it victorious over conscience and reason.

—— Waverley. Chap. XLIII., p. 108.

Pride, which supplies its caustic as a useful, though severe, remedy for the wounds of affection.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. IV., p. 540.

The most contemptible species of vanity, the weakness which is commonly termed family pride.

—— The Abbot. Chap. VII., p. 27.

Gave way to the natural expressions of wounded pride, grief, and fear, and wept with unrestrained profusion and unqualified bitterness.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XX., p. 431.

He formed the resolution which might have been expected from so young a man,—to shut the eyes, namely, of his calmer reason, and follow the dictates of his offended pride.

—— The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XXII., p. 307.

We leave this worthy pair of friends to their secret practices, of which we shall afterwards see the results. They were, although of different qualities, as well matched for device and execution of criminal projects as the greyhound

is to destroy the game which the slowhound raises, or the slowhound to track the prey which the gazehound discovers by the eye. Pride and selfishness were the characteristics of both; but, from the difference of rank, education, and talents, they had assumed the most different appearance in the two individuals.

Pride. The Talisman. Chap. IV., p. 757.

—— That modest pride which throws fetters even on love itself.

—— The Abbot. Chap. IV., pp. 21, 22.

Ah! my brethren, beware of wrath—beware of pride—beware of the deadly and destroying sin which so often shows itself to our frail eyes in the garments of light! What is our earthly honour? Pride, and pride only. What our earthly gifts and graces? Pride and vanity. Voyagers speak of Indian men who deck themselves with shells, and anoint themselves with pigments, and boast of their attire as we do of our miserable carnal advantages—Pride could draw down the morning-star from heaven even to the verge of the pit—Pride and self-opinion kindled the flaming sword which waves us off from Paradise—Pride made Adam mortal, and a weary wanderer on the face of the earth, which he had else been at this day the immortal lord of—Pride brought amongst us sin, and doubles every sin it has brought. It is the outpost which the devil and the flesh most stubbornly maintain against the assaults of grace; and until it be subdued, and its barriers levelled with the very earth, there is more hope of a fool than of the sinner. Rend, then, from your bosoms this accursed shoot of the fatal apple; tear it up by the roots, though it be twisted with the chords of your life. Profit by the example of the miserable sinner that has passed from us, and embrace the means of grace while it is called to-day—ere your conscience is seared as with a firebrand, and your ears deafened like those of the adder, and your heart hardened like the nether millstone. Up, then, and be doing—wrestle and overcome; resist, and the enemy shall flee from you—Watch and pray, lest ye fall into temptation, and let the stumbling of others be your warning and your example. Above all, rely not on yourselves, for such self-confidence is even the worst symptom of the disorder itself. The Pharisee, perhaps, deemed himself humble while he stooped in the Temple, and

thanked God that he was not as other men, and even as the publican. But while his knees touched the marble pavement, his head was as high as the topmost pinnacle of the Temple. Do not, therefore, deceive yourselves, and offer false coin, where the purest you can present is but as dross—think not that such will pass the assay of Omnipotent Wisdom. Yet shrink not from the task, because, as is my bounden duty, I do not disguise from you its difficulties. Self-searching can do much—Meditation can do much—Grace can do all.

Principle. Quentin Durward. Chap. XXVI., pp. 128, 129.

The worst minds have often something of good principle in them—banditti show fidelity to their captain, and sometimes a protected and promoted favourite has felt a gleam of sincere interest in the monarch to whom he owed his greatness.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Intro., pp. 541, 542.

I am, I own, no great believer in the moral utility to be derived from fictitious compositions; yet, if in any case a word spoken in season may be of advantage to a young person, it must surely be when it calls upon him to attend to the voice of principle and self-denial, instead of that of precipitate passion.

Printing. Peveril of the Peak. Pref., p. 736.

The immortal memory of Caxton, Valdarar, Pynson, and the other fathers of that great art, which has made all and each of us what we are.

Prodigality. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. I., p. 586.

Even the borrowed splendour in which Constantine decked his city bore in it something which seemed to mark premature decay. The imperial founder, in seizing upon the ancient statues, pictures, obelisks, and works of art, acknowledged his own incapacity to supply their place with the productions of later genius; and when the world, and particularly Rome, was plundered to adorn Constantinople, the emperor, under whom the work was carried on, might be compared to a prodigal youth, who strips an aged parent of her youthful ornaments, in order to decorate a flaunting paramour, on whose brow all must consider them as misplaced.

Professions. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 273.

A physician without learning is a mere quack; a lawyer without learning is a pettifogger; and a clergyman without learning is like a soldier without a sword, who has not the means of enforcing the authority of his Divine Master.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. IV., p. 541.

The cattle trade, no very dignified professional pursuit.

Profligacy. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXIII., p. 285.

He found means (too easily afforded to all youths who have certain expectations) of procuring such a command of money as enabled him to anticipate in boyhood the frolics and follies of a more mature age, and, with these accomplishments, he was returned on his father's hands as a profligate boy, whose example might ruin a hundred.

Profligacy: Stuart time. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XLIV., p. 932.

The festivity was pursued with the usual appliances of wine, music, and games of hazard; with which, however, there mingled in that period much more wit, and a good deal more gross profligacy of conversation, than the talents of the present generation can supply, or their taste would permit.

Proofs. Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. II., p. 678.

Words, when they are unsupported by proofs, are like seed sown on the naked rocks, or like an house biggit on the flitting and faithless sands.

Prosers. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXVI., p. 253.

Like other prosers, was blessed with a happy obtuseness of perception concerning the unfavourable impressions which he sometimes made on his auditors.

Prosperity. The Betrothed. Chap. XVII., p. 606.

The griefs of the powerful and the fortunate are often mingled with impatience of interrupted prosperity.

—— Quentin Durward. Pref., pp. 4, 5.

I have always observed your children of prosperity, whether by way of hiding their full glow of splendour from those whom fortune has treated more harshly, or whether that to have risen in spite of calamity is as honour-

able to their fortune as it is to a fortress to have undergone a siege—however this be, I have observed that such persons never fail to entertain you with an account of the damage they sustain by the hardness of the times. You seldom dine at a well-supplied table, but the intervals between the champagne, the Burgundy, and the hock are filled, if your entertainer be a moneyed man, with the fall of interest and the difficulty of finding investments for cash, which is therefore lying idle on his hands; or, if he be a landed proprietor, with a woeful detail of arrears and diminished rents. This hath its effects. The guests sigh and shake their heads in cadence with their landlord, look on the sideboard loaded with plate, sip once more the rich wines which flow around them in quick circulation, and think of the genuine benevolence which, thus stinted of its means, still lavishes all that it yet possesses on hospitality; and, what is yet more flattering, on the wealth which, undiminished by these losses, still continues, like the inexhaustible hoard of the generous Aboulcasem, to sustain, without impoverishment, such copious drains.

This querulous humour, however, hath its limits, like to the conning of grievances, which all valetudinarians know is a most fascinating pastime, so long as there is nothing to complain of but chronic complaints. But I never heard a man whose credit was actually verging to decay talk of the diminution of his funds; and my kind and intelligent physician assures me that it is a rare thing with those afflicted with a good rousing fever, or any such active disorder, which

> With mortal crisis doth portend
> His life to appropinque an end,

to make their agonies the subject of amusing conversation.

Protestants of Ireland. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 58.

The Protestants of the old school, the determined Orangemen, are a very fine race, but dangerous for the quiet of a country; they reminded me of the Spaniard in Mexico, and seemed still to walk among the Catholics with all the pride of the conquerors of the Boyne and the captors of Limerick. Their own belief is completely fixed, that there are enough of men in Down and Antrim to conquer all Ireland again; and when one considers the habitual authority they have exercised, their energetic and military character, and the singular way in which they are banded

and united together, they may be right enough for what I know, for they have all one mind and one way of pursuing it.

Providence. Quentin Durward. Intro., p. 3.

Providence seems always to unite the existence of peculiar danger with some circumstance which may put those exposed to the peril upon their guard. The constant suspicion attached to any public person who becomes badly eminent for breach of faith is to him what the rattle is to the poisonous serpent; and men come at last to calculate, not so much on what their antagonist says, as upon that which he is likely to do; a degree of mistrust which tends to counteract the intrigues of such a faithless character, more than his freedom from the scruples of conscientious men can afford him advantage.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXIV., p. 847.

That confidence in an overruling Providence which never forsakes a good and brave man.

—— The Surgeon's Daughter. Chap. VII., p. 773.

Providence baffles the precautions of mortals.

—— Guy Mannering. Chap. V., p. 210.

Here was a country gentleman whose most estimable quality seemed his perfect good nature, secretly fretting himself and murmuring against others, for causes which, compared with any real evil in life, must weigh like dust in the balance. But such is the equal distribution of Providence. To those who lie out of the road of great afflictions are assigned petty vexations, which answer all the purpose of disturbing their serenity; and every reader must have observed, that neither natural apathy nor acquired philosophy can render country gentlemen insensible to the grievances which occur at elections, quarter-sessions, and meetings of trustees.

Prudence. The Monastery. Intro., p. 686.

The numerous vessels of so many different sorts, and destined for such different purposes, which are launched in the same mighty ocean, although each endeavours to pursue its own course, are in every case more influenced by the winds and tides, which are common to the element which they all navigate, than by their own separate

exertions. And it is thus in the world, that when human prudence has done its best, some general, perhaps national event destroys the schemes of the individual, as the casual touch of a more powerful being sweeps away the web of the spider.

Psalmody, Scotch. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 323.

Scotch psalmody, too, should be heard from a distance. The grunt and the snivel, and the whine and the scream, should be all blended in that deep and distant sound, which, rising and falling like the Eolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of one's Maker. Even so the distant funeral; the few mourners on horseback, with their plaids wrapped around them—the father heading the procession as they enter the river, and pointing out the ford by which his darling is to be carried on the last long road—none of the subordinate figures in discord with the general tone of the incident, but seeming just accessions, and no more;—this *is* affecting.

Public. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. I., p. 159.

The public, where their own prejudices are not concerned, are easily engaged on the side of disinterestedness and humanity.

—— Waverley. Pref., p. 8.

It remains to be tried whether the public (like a child to whom a watch is shown) will, after having been satiated with looking at the outside, acquire some new interest in the object when it is opened, and the internal machinery displayed to them.

Public Opinion. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 111.

I am not very anxious about the opinion of the public, as I have never been able to see that such anxiety has any effect in mollifying the minds of the readers, while it renders that of the author very uncomfortable—so *vogue la galère.*

Pulpit. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 204.

The eloquence of the pulpit should be of a chaste and dignified character; earnest, but not high-flown and ecstatic, and consisting as much in close reasoning as in elegant expression. It occurs to me as a good topic for more than one discourse—the manner in which the

heresies of the earlier Christian Church are treated in the Acts and the Epistles. It is remarkable that, while the arguments by which they are combated are distinct, clear, and powerful, the inspired writers have not judged it proper to go beyond general expressions, respecting the particular heresies which they combated. If you look closely, there is much reason in this. . . . In general, I would say, that on entering on the clerical profession, were it my case, I should be anxious to take much pains with my sermons, and the studies on which they must be founded. Nothing rewards itself so completely as exercise, whether of the body or mind. We sleep sound, and our waking hours are happy, because they are employed; and a little sense of toil is necessary to the enjoyment of leisure, even when earned by study and sanctioned by the discharge of duty. I think most clergymen diminish their own respectability by falling into indolent habits, and what players call *walking through their parts.*

Punishment. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. I., pp. 157, 158.

As the ultimate purpose of punishment has in view the prevention of crimes, it may at least be doubted whether, in abridging the melancholy ceremony, we have not in part diminished that appalling effect upon the spectators which is the useful end of all such inflictions, and in consideration of which alone, unless in very particular cases, capital sentences can be altogether justified.

Purcel. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XLV., p. 933.

The celebrated Purcel.

Puritan Congregation. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XLIII., p. 926.

One of those conventicles, which, though contrary to the existing laws, still continued to be regularly held in different parts of London and the suburbs. Many of these, as frequented by persons of moderate political principles, though dissenters from the Church for conscience' sake, were connived at by the prudence or timidity of the government. But some of them, in which assembled the fiercer and more exalted sects of Independents, Anabaptists, Fifth-Monarchy men, and other sectaries, whose stern enthusiasm had contributed so greatly to effect the overthrow of the late king's throne, were sought after,

suppressed, and dispersed, whenever they could be discovered. . . .

About two hundred persons were assembled . . . in an area filled up with benches, as if for the exercise of worship; and they were all of the male sex, and well armed with pikes and muskets, as well as swords and pistols. Most of them had the appearance of veteran soldiers, now past the middle of life, yet retaining such an appearance of strength as might well supply the loss of youthful agility. They stood, or sat, in various attitudes of stern attention; and, resting on their spears and muskets, kept their eyes firmly fixed on the preacher, who ended the violence of his declamation by displaying from the pulpit a banner, on which was represented a lion, with the motto, '*Vicit Leo ex tribu Judæ.*'

The torrent of mystical yet animating eloquence of the preacher—an old grey-haired man, whom zeal seemed to supply with the powers of voice and action, of which years had deprived him—was suited to the taste of his audience, but could not be transferred to these pages without scandal and impropriety. He menaced the rulers of England with all the judgments denounced on those of Moab and Assyria—he called upon the saints to be strong, to be up and doing; and promised those miracles which, in the campaigns of Joshua and his successors, the valiant Judges of Israel, supplied all odds against the Amorites, Midianites, and Philistines. He sounded trumpets, opened vials, broke seals, and denounced approaching judgments under all the mystical signs of the Apocalypse. The end of the world was announced, accompanied with all its preliminary terrors.

Puritanism: Air. Woodstock. Chap. I., p. 8.

The air that blew over the towers of Oxford was unfavourable to the growth of Puritanism, which was more general in the neighbouring counties.

Puritanism: Applause. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXIV., p. 844.

A deep and emphatic humming noise, which was at that time the mode in which the Puritans signified their applause, as well of the doctrines expressed by a favourite divine in the pulpit, as of those delivered in private society.

Puritanism: Character. The Fortunes of Nigel. Intro., pp. 542, 543.

Nor is it only in the pages of a puritanical, perhaps a satirical writer, that we find so shocking and disgusting a picture of the coarseness of the beginning of the seventeenth century. On the contrary, in all the comedies of the age, the principal character for gaiety and wit is a young heir, who has totally altered the establishment of the father to whom he has succeeded, and, to use the old simile, who resembles a fountain which plays off in idleness and extravagance the wealth which its careful parents painfully had assembled in hidden reservoirs.

And yet, while that spirit of general extravagance seemed at work over a whole kingdom, another and very different sort of men were gradually forming the staid and resolved characters which afterwards displayed themselves during the civil wars, and powerfully regulated and affected the character of the whole English nation, until, rushing from one extreme to another, they sunk in a gloomy fanaticism the splendid traces of the reviving fine arts.

Puritanism: Dress. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XIII., p. 790.

The sad-coloured gown—the pinched and plaited cap, which carefully obscured the profusion of long dark brown hair—the small ruff, and the long sleeves.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXIV., p. 843.

The range of grave and severe faces which composed this society—men, sincere, perhaps, in their pretensions to a superior purity of conduct and morals, but in whom that high praise was somewhat chastened by an affected austerity in dress and manners, allied to those Pharisees of old, who made broad their phylacteries, and would be seen of man to fast, and to discharge with rigid punctuality the observances of the law. Their dress was almost uniformly a black cloak and doublet, cut straight and close, and undecorated with lace or embroidery of any kind, black Flemish breeches and hose, square-toed shoes, with large roses made of serge ribbon. Two or three had large loose boots of calf-leather, and almost every one was begirt with a long rapier, which was suspended by leathern thongs to a plain belt of buff, or of black leather.

One or two of the elder guests, whose hair had been thinned by time, had their heads covered with a skull-cap of black silk or velvet, which, being drawn down betwixt the ears and the skull, and permitting no hair to escape, occasioned the former to project in the ungraceful manner which may be remarked in old pictures, and which procured for the Puritans the term of 'prick-eared Roundheads,' so unceremoniously applied to them by their contemporaries.

Puritanism: Dress. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXIV., p. 843.

In the plain, black, stiff dress, which was affected by the formal Puritans of the time, in evidence of their contempt of the manners of the luxurious court of Charles the Second; amongst whom, excess of extravagance in apparel, like excess of every other kind, was highly fashionable.

Puritanism: Duty. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. IX., p. 773.

The piety of Master Solsgrace was sincere; and if he had many of the uncharitable prejudices against other sects, which polemical controversy had generated, and the Civil War brought to a head, he had also that deep sense of duty, by which enthusiasm is so often dignified, and held his very life little, if called upon to lay it down in attestation of the doctrines in which he believed. But he was soon to prepare for leaving the district, which Heaven, he conceived, had assigned to him as his corner of the vineyard; he was to abandon his flock to the wolf—was to forsake those with whom he had held sweet counsel in religious communion—was to leave the recently-converted to relapse into false doctrines, and forsake the wavering, whom his continued cares might have directed into the right path,—these were of themselves deep causes of sorrow, and were aggravated, doubtless, by those natural feelings with which all men, especially those whose duties or habits have confined them to a limited circle, regard the separation from wonted scenes, and their accustomed haunts of solitary musing, or social intercourse.

Puritanism: Enthusiasm. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XLIII., p. 927.

The insane enthusiasm of the time.

Puritanism; Fanaticism. Old Mortality. Chap. XII., p. 756.

Was disgusted alike by their narrow-minded and selfish party spirit, their gloomy fanaticism, their abhorrent condemnation of all elegant studies or innocent exercises, and the envenomed rancour of their political hatred.

Puritanism: Revelry (Cavaliers and Puritans). Peveril of the Peak. Chap. IV., p. 753.

Left free space for the revelry of the evening.

That of the Cavaliers may be easily conceived, since it had the usual accompaniments of singing, jesting, quaffing of healths, and playing of tunes, which have in almost every age and quarter of the world been the accompaniments of festive cheer. The enjoyments of the Puritans were of a different and less noisy character. They neither sang, jested, heard music, nor drank healths; and yet they seemed not the less, in their own phrase, to enjoy the creature comforts which the frailty of humanity rendered grateful to their outward man.

Puritan Opinion of Shakespeare. Woodstock. Chap. III., p. 23.

'Scoff not,' said the soldier, 'lest I, being called thereto by the voice within me, do deal with thee as a scorner. Verily, I say, that since the devil fell from heaven, he never lacked agents on earth; yet nowhere hath he met with a wizard having such infinite power over men's souls as this pestilent fellow Shakespeare. Seeks a wife a foul example for adultery, here she shall find it—Would a man know how to train his fellow to be a murderer, here shall he find tutoring—Would a lady marry a heathen negro, she shall have chronicled example for it—Would anyone scorn at his Maker, he shall be furnished with a jest in this book—Would he defy his brother in the flesh, he shall be accommodated with a challenge—Would you be drunk, Shakespeare will cheer you with a cup—Would you plunge in sensual pleasures, he will soothe you to indulgence, as with the lascivious sounds of a lute. This, I say, this book is the well-head and source of all those evils which have overrun the land like a torrent, making men scoffers, doubters, deniers, murderers, makebates, and lovers of the winepot, haunting unclean places, and sitting long at the evening wine. Away with him, away with

him, men of England! to Tophet with his wicked book, and to the Vale of Hinnom with his accursed bones! Verily, but that our march was hasty when we passed Stratford, in the year 1643, with Sir William Waller; but that our march was hasty——'

Puritans: Character. Woodstock. Chap. II., p. 12.

Innocent pleasures of what kind soever they held in suspicion and contempt, and innocent mirth they abominated. It was, however, a cast of mind that formed men for great and manly actions, as it adopted principle, and that of an unselfish character, for the ruling motive, instead of the gratification of passion. Some of these men were indeed hypocrites, using the cloak of religion only as a covering for their ambition; but many really possessed the devotional character, and the severe republican virtue, which others only affected. By far the greater number hovered between these extremes, felt to a certain extent the power of religion, and complied with the times in affecting a great deal.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. IV., p. 750.

A solemn enthusiasm, a stern and determined depth of principle, a confidence in the sincerity of their own motives, and the manly English pride which inclined them to cling to their former opinions, like the traveller in the fable to his cloak, the more strongly that the tempest blew around them, detained in the ranks of the Puritans many, who, if no longer formidable from numbers, were still so from their character. They consisted chiefly of the middling gentry, with others whom industry or successful speculations in commerce or in mining had raised into eminence—the persons who feel most umbrage from the overshadowing aristocracy, and are usually the most vehement in defence of what they hold to be their rights. Their dress was in general studiously simple and unostentatious, or only remarkable by the contradictory affectation of extreme simplicity or carelessness. The dark colour of their cloaks, varying from absolute black to what was called sad-coloured—their steeple-crowned hats, with their broad, shadowy brims—their long swords, suspended by a simple strap around the loins, without shoulder belt, sword-knot, plate, buckles, or any of the other decorations with which the Cavaliers loved to adorn their trusty rapiers—the shortness of their hair, which made their ears appear

of disproportioned size—above all, the stern and gloomy gravity of their looks, announced their belonging to that class of enthusiasts, who, resolute and undismayed, had cast down the former fabric of government, and who now regarded with somewhat more than suspicion that which had been so unexpectedly substituted in its stead. There was gloom in their countenances; but it was not that of dejection, far less of despair. They looked like veterans after a defeat, which may have checked their career and wounded their pride, but has left their courage undiminished.

Puritans: Congregation. Woodstock. Chap. I., p. 8.

There were among the congregation . . . one or two that, by their habits and demeanour, seemed country gentlemen of consideration, and there were also present some of the notables of the town of Woodstock, cutlers or glovers chiefly, whose skill in steel or leather had raised them to a comfortable livelihood. These dignitaries wore long black cloaks, plaited close at the neck, and, like peaceful citizens, carried their Bibles and memorandum-books at their girdles, instead of knife or sword.* This respectable, but least numerous part of the audience, were such decent persons as had adopted the Presbyterian form of faith, renouncing the liturgy and hierarchy of the Church of England, and living under the tuition of the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough, much famed for the length and strength of his powers of predication. With these grave seniors sat their goodly dames in ruff and gorget, like the portraits which in catalogues of paintings are designed 'wife of a burgomaster'; and their pretty daughters, whose study, like that of Chaucer's physician, was not always in the Bible, but who were, on the contrary, when a glance could escape the vigilance of their honoured mothers, inattentive themselves, and the cause of inattention in others.

But, besides these dignified persons, there were in the church a numerous collection of the lower orders, some brought thither by curiosity, but many of them unwashed artificers, bewildered in the theological discussions of the time, and of as many various sects as there are colours in the rainbow. The presumption of these learned Thebans being in exact proportion to their ignorance, the last was

* This custom among the Puritans is mentioned often in old plays, and among others in 'The Widow of Watling Street.'

total and the first boundless. Their behaviour in the church was anything but reverential or edifying. Most of them affected a cynical contempt for all that was only held sacred by human sanction—the church was to these men but a steeple-house, the clergyman an ordinary person, her ordinances dry bran and sapless pottage, unfitted for the spiritualized palates of the saints, and the prayer an address to Heaven to which each acceded or not as in his too critical judgment he conceived fit.

The elder amongst them sat or lay on the benches, with their high steeple-crowned hats pulled over their severe and knitted brows, waiting for the Presbyterian parson, as mastiffs sit in dumb expectation of the bull that is to be brought to the stake. The younger mixed, some of them, a bolder licence of manners with their heresies; they gazed round on the women, yawned, coughed, and whispered, ate apples and cracked nuts, as if in the gallery of a theatre ere the piece commences.

Besides all these, the congregation contained a few soldiers, some in corselets and steel-caps, some in buff, and others in red coats. These men of war had their bandoliers, with ammunition, slung round them, and rested on their pikes and muskets. They, too, had their peculiar doctrines on the most difficult points of religion, and united the extravagances of enthusiasm with the most determined courage and resolution in the field. The burghers of Woodstock looked on these military saints with no small degree of awe; for though not often sullied with deeds of plunder or cruelty, they had the power of both absolutely in their hands, and the peaceful citizen had no alternative, save submission, to whatever the ill-regulated and enthusiastic imaginations of their martial guides might suggest.

Puritans: Courage. Peveril of the Peak. Notes, p. 952.

Enthusiastic, yet firm and courageous Puritans.

Puritans: Description. Woodstock. Chap. XIII., p. 63.

What was called a Puritan; a member of a sect who, in the primitive sense of the word, were persons that did not except against the doctrines of the Church of England, or even in all respects against its hierarchy, but chiefly dissented from it on the subject of certain ceremonies, habits, and forms of ritual, which were insisted upon by the celebrated and unfortunate Laud with ill-timed tenacity.

Puritans' Enjoyments. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. IV., p. 754.

On this occasion, as on most others, the rareness of indulgence promoted the sense of enjoyment, and that those who made abstinence, or at least moderation, a point of religious principle, enjoyed their social meeting the better that such opportunities rarely presented themselves. If they did not actually drink each other's healths, they at least showed, by looking and nodding to each other as they raised their glasses, that they all were sharing the same festive gratification of the appetite, and felt it enhanced, because it was at the same time enjoyed by their friends and neighbours. Religion, as it was the principal topic of their thoughts, became also the chief subject of their conversation, and as they sat together in small separate knots, they discussed doctrinal and metaphysical points of belief, balanced the merits of various preachers, compared the creeds of contending sects, and fortified by scriptural quotations those which they favoured.

Puritans: Morality. Woodstock. Chap. V., p, 32.

Those feelings of correct morality and more devoted religious feeling by which, with few exceptions, the Parliamentary party were distinguished. . . . Yet it was well known that whatever might be Cromwell's own religious creed, he was not uniformly bounded by it in the choice of his favourites, but extended his countenance to those who could serve him, even although, according to the phrase of the time, they came out of the darkness of Egypt.

Puritans: Power. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. IV., p. 753.

All the minstrels of the district, like the Episcopal clergy, had been put to silence during the reign of the self-entitled saints of the Commonwealth.

Quakers. The Heart of Midlothian. Notes, p. 352.

The simple-minded and excellent Society of Friends.

—— Ivanhoe. Chap. II., p. 509.

A Quaker beauty of the present day, who, while she retains the garb and costume of her sect, continues to give to its simplicity, by the choice of materials and the mode

of disposing them, a certain air of coquettish attraction, savouring but too much of the vanities of the world.

Quakers. Redgauntlet. Letter VII., p. 389.

Thy father's Hannah is generally allowed to be an exception to all Scottish housekeepers, and stands unparalleled for cleanliness among the women of Auld Reekie; but the cleanliness of Hannah is sluttishness compared to the scrupulous purifications of these people, who seem to carry into the minor decencies of life that conscientious rigour which they affect in their morals.

Qualifications for Chairmanship of a Public Dinner. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 78, 79.

First, always hurry the bottle round for five or six rounds, without prosing yourself, or permitting others to prose. A slight filip of wine inclines people to be pleased, and removes the nervousness which prevents men from speaking—disposes them, in short, to be amusing and to be amused.

Secondly, push on, keep moving. Do not think of saying fine things—nobody cares for them any more than for fine music, which is often too liberally bestowed on such occasions.—Speak at all ventures, and attempt the *mot pour rire*. You will find people satisfied with wonderfully indifferent jokes, if you can but hit the taste of the company, which depends much on its character. Even a very high party, primed with all the cold irony and *non est tanti* feelings or no feelings of fashionable folks, may be stormed by a jovial, rough, round, and ready preses. Choose your text with discretion—the sermon may be as you like. Should a drunkard or an ass break in with anything out of joint, or if you can parry it with a jest, good and well—if not, do not exert your serious authority, unless it is something very bad. The authority even of a chairman ought to be very cautiously exercised. With patience you will have the support of every one.

Thirdly, when you have drunk a few glasses to play the good-fellow, and banish modesty—(if you are unlucky enough to have such a troublesome companion)—then beware of the cup too much. Nothing is so ridiculous as a drunken preses.

Lastly, always speak short, and *Skeoch doch na skiel*—cut a tale with a drink.

Qualities. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXXIX., p. 352.

One quality which usually recommends men to the favour of rich relations—namely, a close and cautious care of what is already his own.

Quarrels. Waverley. Chap. LVII., p. 135.

We do not now quarrel according to the modes and figures of Caranza or Vincent Saviola. . . . For instance, you may challenge a man for treading on your corn in a crowd, or for pushing you up to the wall, or for taking your seat in the theatre; but the modern code of honour will not permit you to found a quarrel upon your right of compelling a man to continue addresses to a female relative, which the fair lady has already refused.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XXXII., p. 663.

They quarrelled for the future part of their lives in plenty, just as they had formerly quarrelled in poverty; for wrangling curs will fight over a banquet as fiercely as over a bare bone.

Rabble. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XX., p. 232.

The rabble, who often show an intuitive sharpness in ascribing the proper character from external appearance.

Raillery. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XVII., p. 620.

Few Scotsmen understand raillery upon the subject of their names.

—— Waverley. Chap. XXII., p. 111.

Raillery, which is, perhaps, the readiest mode of escaping from the feelings of self-reproof.

Rank. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XLIV., p. 932.

There were many youths of the highest rank, and with them, as is usual in those circles, many of a different class, whom talents, or impudence, or wit, or a turn for gambling, had reared up into companions for the great and the gay.

Reading. Waverley. Chap. III., p. 14.

The passion for reading, like other strong appetites, produced by indulgence a sort of satiety.

Reading. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 323.

The habit of reading useful, and at the same time entertaining books of history, is often acquired during the retirements which delicate health in convalescence imposes on us.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VI., pp. 323, 324.

I do not so much approve of tasks and set hours for serious reading, as of the plan of endeavouring to give a taste for history to the youths themselves, and suffering them to gratify it in their own way and at their own time. For this reason I would not be very scrupulous what books they began with, or whether they began at the middle or end. The knowledge which we acquire of free will and by spontaneous exertion is like food eaten with appetite—it digests well, and benefits the system ten times more than the double cramming of an alderman. If a boy's attention can be drawn in conversation to any interesting point of history, and the book is pointed out to him where he will find the particulars conveyed in a lively manner, he reads the passage with so much pleasure that he very naturally recurs to the book at the first unoccupied moment to try if he cannot pick more amusement out of it; and when once a lad gets the spirit of information, he goes on himself with little trouble but that of selecting for him the best and most agreeable books.

Recapitulation. The Antiquary. Chap. II., p. 369.

The tiresome task of recapitulation.

Reflection. The Pirate. Chap. X., p. 401.

Any sudden cause for anxious and mortifying reflection, which, in advanced age, occasions sullen and pensive inactivity, stimulates youth to eager and active exertion; as if, like the hurt deer, they endeavoured to drown the pain of the shaft by the rapidity of motion.

—— Waverley. Chap. II., p. 12.

An hour of cool reflection is a great matter, when employed in weighing the comparative evil of two measures, to neither of which we are internally partial.

Reformation. The Monastery. Chap. XXV., p. 774.

Providence, which suits its instruments to the end they are to achieve, had awakened in the cause of Reformation

in Scotland a body of preachers of more energy than refinement, bold in spirit and strong in faith, contemners of whatever stood betwixt them and their principal object, and seeking the advancement of the great cause in which they laboured by the roughest road, provided it were the shortest. The soft breeze may wave the willow, but it requires the voice of the tempest to agitate the boughs of the oak; and, accordingly, to milder hearers, and in a less rude age, their manners would have been ill adapted, but they were singularly successful in their mission to the rude people to whom it was addressed.

Reformation. The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XXVII., p. 330.

'And now, brother Simon, since you think it perilous to own me and my opinions, I must walk alone with my own doctrines, and the dangers they draw on me. But should your eye, less blinded than it now is by worldly hopes and fears, ever turn a glance back on him who soon may be snatched from you, remember that by nought, save a deep sense of the truth and importance of the doctrine which he taught, could Clement Blair have learned to encounter, nay, to provoke, the animosity of the powerful and inveterate, to alarm the fears of the jealous and timid, to walk in the world as he belonged not to it, and to be accounted mad of men, that he might, if possible, win souls to God. Heaven be my witness, that I would comply in all lawful things to conciliate the love and sympathy of my fellow-creatures! It is no light thing to be shunned by the worthy as an infected patient; to be persecuted by the Pharisees of the day as an unbelieving heretic; to be regarded with horror at once and contempt by the multitude, who consider me as a madman, who may be expected to turn mischievous. But were all those evils multiplied an hundred-fold, the fire within must not be stifled, the voice which says within me—Speak, must receive obedience. Woe unto me if I preach not the gospel, even should I at length preach it from amidst the pile of flames!'

So spoke this bold witness; one of those whom Heaven raised up from time to time, to preserve amidst the most ignorant ages, and to carry down to those which succeed them, a manifestation of unadulterated Christianity, from the time of the apostles to the age when, favoured by the invention of printing, the Reformation broke out in full splendour.

Regrets. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 202.

The watches of the night press wearily when disturbed by fruitless regrets and disagreeable anticipations.

Religion. Quentin Durward. Intro., p. 3.

The ties of religion, honour, and morality, by which mankind at large feel themselves influenced.

—— Quentin Durward. Pref., p. 9.

Though they might differ from those of my own, I had every possible respect for the religious rules of every Christian community, sensible that we addressed the same Deity, on the same grand principle of salvation, though with different forms; which variety of worship, had it pleased the Almighty not to permit, our observances would have been as distinctly prescribed to us as they are laid down under the Mosaic law.

—— The Black Dwarf. Chap. VI., p. 112.

The affecting serenity which sincere piety, like oil sprinkled on the waves, can throw over the most acute feelings.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XI., p. 56.

The singular group showing, in their various opinions, upon how many devious coasts human nature may make shipwreck, when she has once let go her hold on the anchor which religion has given her to lean upon.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XX., p. 440.

Religion, the mother of peace.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XXX., p. 795.

There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity; there are those, too, who have heard its 'still small voice' amid rural leisure and placid contentment. But perhaps the knowledge which causeth not to err is most frequently impressed upon the mind during seasons of affliction; and tears are the softened showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring and take root in the human breast.

Religion, Enthusiasm in. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., pp. 255, 256.

Not that sincere zeal for religion, in which mortals cannot be too fervid, but the far more doubtful enthusiasm which makes religion a motive and a pretext for particular lines of thinking in politics and in temporal affairs. This is a spirit which, while it has abandoned the lower classes—where perhaps it did some good, for it *is* a guard against gross and scandalous vice—has transferred itself to the upper classes, where, I think, it can do little but evil,—disuniting families, setting children in opposition to parents, and teaching, as I think, a new way of going to the Devil for God's sake.

Remorse. The Antiquary. Chap. XXXIII., p. 475.

Remorse—she ne'er forsakes us—
A bloodhound staunch—she tracks our rapid step
Through the wild labyrinth of youthful frenzy,
Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us;
Then in our lair, when Time hath chilled our joints,
And maimed our hope of combat, or of flight,
We hear her deep-mouthed bay announcing all
Of wrath, and wo, and punishment that bides us.
Old Play.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XXIII., p. 765.

'Tis when the wound is stiffening with the cold,
The warrior first feels pain—'tis when the heat
And fiery fever of his soul is passed,
The sinner feels remorse.
Old Play.

—— Waverley. Chap. IV., p. 15.

Even guilt itself does not impose upon some minds so keen a sense of shame and remorse, as a modest, sensitive, and inexperienced youth feels from the consciousness of having neglected etiquette or excited ridicule. Where we are not at ease, we cannot be happy.

Repose. The Pirate. Chap. XLII., p. 531.

Whatever may be alleged to the contrary by the sceptic and the scorner, to each duty performed there is assigned a degree of mental peace and high consciousness of honourable exertion, corresponding to the difficulty of the task accomplished. That rest of the body which succeeds to

hard and industrious toil is not to be compared to the repose which the spirit enjoys under similar circumstances.

Reproach. Waverley. Chap. XII., p. 34.

The common people, who often judge hardly of each other, as well as of their betters, although they had expressed great compassion for the poor *innocent* while suffered to wander in rags about the village, no sooner beheld him decently clothed, provided for, and even a sort of favourite, than they called up all the instances of sharpness and ingenuity, in action and repartee, which his annals afforded, and charitably bottomed thereupon a hypothesis that Davie Gellatley was no farther fool than was necessary to avoid hard labour. This opinion was not better founded than that of the Negroes, who, from the acute and mischievous pranks of the monkeys, suppose that they have the gift of speech, and only suppress their powers of elocution to escape being set to work.

Republicanism. Life of Scott. Vol. X., pp. 30, 31.

Increasing the number of the electors would not distinguish them with more judgment for selecting a candidate, nor render them less venal, though it might make their price cheaper. But it would expose them to a worse species of corruption than that of money—the same that has been and is practised more or less in all republics—I mean that the intellects of the people will be liable to be besotted by oratory *ad captandum*, more dangerous than the worst intoxicating liquors.

Resolution. Old Mortality. Chap. XXXVIII., p. 844.

Virtuous resolution and manly disinterestedness seldom fail to restore tranquillity even where they cannot create happiness.

Resolutions. The Antiquary. Chap. XXX., p. 468.

Our best resolutions are frail when opposed to our predominant inclinations.

Restraint. The Talisman. Chap. II., p. 742.

The manners of the Eastern warrior were grave, graceful, and decorous; indicating, however, in some particulars the habitual restraint which men of warm and choleric tempers often set as a guard upon their native impetuosity

of disposition, and at the same time a sense of his own dignity, which seemed to impose a certain formality of behaviour in him who entertained it.

Revelry. The Pirate. Chap. XVII., p. 429.

The morning which succeeds such a feast . . . usually lacks a little of the zest which seasoned the revels of the preceding day, as the fashionable reader may have observed at a public breakfast during the race-week in a country town; for, in what is called the best society, these lingering moments are usually spent by the company each apart in their own dressing-rooms.

Revenge. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXII., p. 283.

Revenge which is suppressed and deferred is always most to be dreaded.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. XXV., p. 453.

With many bad men to suspect an injury, and to nourish the purpose of revenge, was one and the same movement.

Reverence. Quentin Durward. Chap. VI., p. 34.

Doffing his cap with the reverence due from youth to age.

Reverses. Guy Mannering. Chap. XIII., pp. 229, 230.

After a pleasant ride of about an hour, the old towers of the ruin presented themselves in the landscape. The thoughts, with what different feelings he had lost sight of them so many years before, thronged upon the mind of the traveller. The landscape was the same; but how changed the feelings, hopes, and views, of the spectator! Then, life and love were new, and all the prospect was gilded by their rays. And now, disappointed in affection, sated with fame, and what the world calls success, his mind goaded by bitter and repentant recollection, his best hope was to find a retirement in which he might nurse the melancholy that was to accompany him to his grave. 'Yet why should an individual mourn over the instability of his hopes, and the vanity of his prospects? The ancient chiefs, who erected these enormous and massive towers to be the fortress of their race and the seat of their power,—could they have dreamed the day was to come when the last of their descendants should be expelled, a ruined wanderer, from his possessions? But nature's bounties are unaltered. The sun will shine as fair on these ruins, whether the property of a stranger, or of a sordid and

obscure trickster of the abused law, as when the banners of the founder first waved upon their battlements.'

The door of the house . . . was that day open to all. He entered among others, who traversed the apartments—some to select articles for purchase, others to gratify their curiosity. There is something melancholy in such a scene, even under the most favourable circumstances. The confused state of the furniture, displaced for the convenience of being easily viewed and carried off by the purchasers, is disagreeable to the eye. Those articles which, properly and decently arranged, look creditable and handsome, have then a paltry and wretched appearance; and the apartments, stripped of all that render them commodious and comfortable, have an aspect of ruin and dilapidation. It is disgusting, also, to see the scenes of domestic society and seclusion thrown open to the gaze of the curious and vulgar; to hear their coarse speculations and brutal jests upon the fashions and furniture to which they are unaccustomed,—a frolicsome humour, much cherished by the whisky which in Scotland is always put in circulation on such occasions. All these are ordinary effects of such a scene as Ellangowan now presented; but the moral feeling, that, in this case, they indicated the total ruin of an ancient and honourable family, gave them treble weight and poignancy.

Revolutions. Old Mortality. Chap. XXXVI., pp. 832, 833.

A new era, being the year immediately subsequent to the British Revolution.

Scotland had just begun to repose from the convulsion occasioned by a change of dynasty, and, through the prudent tolerance of King William, had narrowly escaped the horrors of a protracted civil war. Agriculture began to revive; and men, whose minds had been disturbed by the violent political concussions, and the general change of government in church and state, had begun to recover their ordinary temper, and to give the usual attention to their own private affairs in lieu of discussing those of the public. The Highlanders alone resisted the newly-established order of things, and were in arms in a considerable body under the Viscount of Dundee, whom our readers have hitherto known by the name of Grahame of Claverhouse. But the usual state of the Highlands was so unruly that their being more or less disturbed was not supposed greatly to affect the general tranquillity of the

country, so long as their disorders were confined within their own frontiers. In the Lowlands, the Jacobites, now the undermost party, had ceased to expect any immediate advantage by open resistance, and were, in their turn, driven to hold private meetings, and form associations for mutual defence, which the government termed treason, while *they* cried out persecution.

The triumphant whigs, while they re-established presbytery as the national religion, and assigned to the general assemblies of the kirk their natural influence, were very far from going the lengths which the Cameronians and the more extravagant portion of the nonconformists under Charles and James loudly demanded. They would listen to no proposal for re-establishing the Solemn League and Covenant; and those who had expected to find in King William a zealous Covenanted monarch were grievously disappointed, when he intimated, with the phlegm peculiar to his country, his intention to tolerate all forms of religion which were consistent with the safety of the state. The principles of indulgence thus espoused and gloried in by the government gave great offence to the more violent party, who condemned them as diametrically contrary to Scripture; for which narrow-spirited doctrine they cited various texts, all, as it may well be supposed, detached from their context, and most of them derived from the charges given to the Jews in the Old Testament dispensation, to extirpate idolaters out of the promised land. They also murmured highly against the influence assumed by secular persons in exercising the rights of patronage, which they termed a rape upon the chastity of the church. They censured and condemned as Erastian many of the measures by which government after the Revolution showed an inclination to interfere with the management of the church, and they positively refused to take the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary, until they should, on their part, have sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant,—the Magna Charta, as they termed it, of the Presbyterian Church.

This party, therefore, remained grumbling and dissatisfied, and made repeated declarations against defections and causes of wrath, which, had they been prosecuted as in the two former reigns, would have led to the same consequence of open rebellion. But as the murmurers were allowed to hold their meetings uninterrupted, and to testify as much as they pleased against Socinianism,

Erastianism, and all the compliances and defections of the time, their zeal, unfanned by persecution, died gradually away, their numbers became diminished, and they sank into the scattered remnant of serious, scrupulous, and harmless enthusiasts. . . . But in the years which immediately succeeded the Revolution, the Cameronians continued a sect strong in numbers and vehement in their political opinions, whom government wished to discourage, while they prudently temporized with them. These men formed one violent party in the state; and the episcopalian and Jacobite interest, notwithstanding their ancient and national animosity, yet repeatedly endeavoured to intrigue among them, and avail themselves of their discontents, to obtain their assistance in recalling the Stuart family. The revolutionary government, in the meanwhile, was supported by the great bulk of the Lowland interest, who were chiefly disposed to a moderate presbytery, and formed in a great measure the party who, in the former oppressive reigns, were stigmatized by the Cameronians for having exercised that form of worship under the declaration of Indulgence issued by Charles II. Such was the state of parties in Scotland immediately subsequent to the Revolution.

Revolutions. Old Mortality. Chap. XXV., p. 800.

The mob of the insurgents, always loudest in applause of those who push political or religious opinions to extremity, and disgusted with such as endeavour to reduce them to the yoke of discipline, preferred . . . the more zealous leaders.

Ridicule. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. X., p. 637.

Unhappily, as the aged, even the wisest of them, will forget themselves, so the young naturally enter into an alliance to spy out, ridicule, and enjoy their foibles.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XXIV., p. 119.

Ridicule, the weapon of all others most feared by enthusiasts of every description, and which, from its predominance over such minds, often checks what is absurd, and fully as often smothers that which is noble.

—— Anne of Geierstein. Chap. III., p. 405.

However unreasonable ridicule may be, it is always unpleasing to be subjected to it, but more particularly is it distressing to a young man, where beauty is a listener.

Ridicule. Guy Mannering. Chap. XLVII., p. 322.

Like most dull men, he heartily hated and feared ridicule.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. X., p. 592.

It is seldom that youth, however high-minded, is able, from mere strength of character and principle, to support itself against the force of ridicule.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XIV., p. 608.

'Laughed at!' said Nigel, who, like others of his age, was more sensible to ridicule than to reason—'Who dares laugh at me?'

—— Peveril of the Peak. Pref., p. 738.

I still consider hypocrisy and enthusiasm as fit food for ridicule and satire, yet I am sensible of the difficulty of holding fanaticism up to laughter or abhorrence, without using colouring which may give offence to the sincerely worthy and religious. Many things are lawful, which we are taught are not convenient; and there are many tones of feeling which are too respectable to be insulted, though we do not altogether sympathize with them.

Ritualism. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 31, 32.

To press the observancy and ritual of religion on those who are not influenced by its doctrines, is planting the growing tree with its head downwards. Rites are sanctified by belief; but belief can never arise out of an enforced observance of ceremonies; it only makes men detest what is imposed on them by compulsion.

Rivers. Rob Roy. Chap. XXVIII., p. 627.

'That's the Forth,' said the Bailie, with an air of reverence, which I have observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers. The Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, the Spey, are usually named by those who dwell on their banks with a sort of respect and pride, and I have known duels occasioned by any word of disparagement. I cannot say I have the least quarrel with this sort of harmless enthusiasm.

Rizzio. The Abbot. Chap. XVIII., p. 69.

The scene of Rizzio's slaughter, a catastrophe which had chilled with horror all even in that rude age, which had been the theme of wonder and pity through every cottage and castle in Scotland, and had not escaped that of Avenel.

Rogues. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XVII., p. 219.

Like all rogues, he was a great calumniator of the fair sex.

Roman Catholic Marriages. Ivanhoe. Chap. XLIV., p. 670.

The Church gave her full solemnities, graced with all the splendour which she of Rome knows how to apply with such brilliant effect.

Roman Catholicism. Life of Scott. Vol. V., p. 67.

The old gentlewoman of Babylon.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXIX., p. 868.

The pretended discovery of the Papist Plot. . . . Then, so odious were the Catholics in the eyes of the credulous people of England, that, upon the accusation of the most infamous of mankind, common informers, the scourings of jails, and the refuse of the whipping-post, the most atrocious charges against persons of the highest rank and fairest character were readily received and credited.

Roman Catholicism: Architecture. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. I., pp. 192, 193.

Beside the manse stood the kirk of Saint Ronan's, a little old mansion with a clay floor, and an assemblage of wretched pews, originally of carved oak, but heedfully clouted with white fir-deal. But the external form of the church was elegant in the outline, having been built in Catholic times, when we cannot deny to the forms of ecclesiastical architecture that grace which, as good Protestants, we refuse to their doctrine.

Roman Catholicism: Buildings. The Abbot. Chap. VIII., p. 30.

'Why mourn ye,' said an aged matron, seeing the discontent of some of the citizens, while a stately convent was burnt by the multitude,—'why mourn ye for its destruction? If you knew half the flagitious wickedness which has been perpetrated within that house, you would rather bless the divine judgment, which permits not even the senseless walls that screened such profligacy any longer to cumber Christian ground.'

But although, in many instances, the destruction of the Roman Catholic buildings might be, in the matron's way of judging, an act of justice, and in others an act of

policy, there is no doubt that the humour of demolishing monuments of ancient piety and munificence, and that in a poor country like Scotland, where there was no chance of their being replaced, was both useless, mischievous, and barbarous.

Roman Catholicism: Clergy. Quentin Durward. Pref., p. 11.

With an air of *prévenance*, and ready civility of communication, which I have found a leading characteristic of the Catholic clergy, whether they are well informed or otherwise.

—— The Abbot. Chap. VIII., p. 30.

The destruction of the Popish edifices did not take place at once throughout Scotland, but at different times, and according to the spirit which actuated the reformed clergy, some of whom instigated their hearers to these acts of demolition, and others, with better taste and feeling, endeavoured to protect the ancient shrines, while they desired to see them purified from the objects which had attracted idolatrous devotion. From time to time, therefore, the populace of the Scottish towns and villages, when instigated either by their own feelings of abhorrence for Popish superstition, or by the doctrines of the most zealous preachers, resumed the work of destruction, and exercised it upon some sequestered church, chapel, or cell, which had escaped the first burst of their indignation against the religion of Rome. In many places, the vices of the Catholic clergy, arising out of the wealth and the corruption of that tremendous hierarchy, furnished too good an apology for wreaking vengeance upon the splendid edifices which they inhabitated.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XV., p. 583.

He had the well-bred, insinuating, and almost flattering address peculiar to the clergy of his persuasion, especially in England, where the lay Catholic, hemmed in by penal laws, and by the restrictions of his sect and recommendation of his pastor, often exhibits a reserved, and almost a timid manner in the society of Protestants; while the priest, privileged by his order to mingle with persons of all creeds, is open, alert, and liberal in his intercourse with them, desirous of popularity, and usually skilful in the mode of obtaining it.

Roman Catholicism v. the Bible: Corruption. The Monastery. Chap. VIII., p. 710.

The Lady of Avenel . . . might privately doubt some of the doctrines announced by the Church of Rome, and . . . had probably tacitly appealed from that corrupted system of Christianity to the volume on which Christianity itself is founded.

Roman Catholicism: Fasts and Penances. The Monastery. Appen., p. 840.

The Church of Rome, which I abominate, were it but for her fasts and penances.

Roman Catholicism: Funerals. Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XXXIII., p. 552.

The funeral . . . was solemnized with the mournful magnificence . . . with which the Church of Rome so well knows how to affect at once the eye, ear, and feelings.

Roman Catholicism: Ignorance. The Monastery. Chap. VIII., p. 708.

The monk dropped into the natural train of pensive thought which these autumnal emblems of mortal hopes are peculiarly calculated to inspire. 'There,' he said, looking at the leaves which lay strewed around, 'lie the hopes of early youth, first formed that they may soonest wither, and loveliest in spring to become most contemptible in winter; but you, ye lingerers,' he added, looking to a knot of beeches which still bore their withered leaves, 'you are the proud plans of adventurous manhood, formed later, and still clinging to the mind of age, although it acknowledges their inanity! None lasts —none endures, save the foliage of the hardy oak, which only begins to show itself when that of the rest of the forest has enjoyed half its existence. A pale and decayed hue is all it possesses, but still it retains that symptom of vitality to the last.—So be it with Father Eustace! The fairy hopes of my youth I have trodden under foot like those neglected rustlers—to the prouder dreams of my manhood I look back as to lofty chimeras, of which the pith and essence have long since faded; but my religious vows, the faithful profession which I have made in my maturer age, shall retain life while aught of Eustace lives. Dangerous it may be--feeble it must be—yet live

it shall, the proud determination to serve the Church of which I am a member, and to combat the heresies by which she is assailed.' Thus spoke, at least thus thought, a man zealous according to his imperfect knowledge, confounding the vital interests of Christianity with the extravagant and usurped claims of the Church of Rome, and defending his cause with an ardour worthy of a better.

Roman Catholicism: Ignorance. The Monastery. Chap. XXX., pp. 793, 794.

It was when plunged among these desolating reflections, that Mary Avenel felt the void of mind, arising from the narrow and bigoted ignorance in which Rome then educated the children of her Church. Their whole religion was a ritual, and their prayers were the formal iteration of unknown words, which, in the hour of affliction, could yield but little consolation to those who from habit resorted to them. Unused to the practice of mental devotion, and of personal approach to the Divine presence by prayer, she could not help exclaiming in her distress, 'There is no aid for me on earth, and I know not how to ask it from Heaven!'

Roman Catholicism: Influence. Rob Roy. Chap. XV., p. 584.

Knowing how artfully the Catholic clergy maintain, at all times and seasons, their influence over the minds of their followers.

Roman Catholicism: Irish Superstition. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 58, 59.

The Catholic is holding up his head now in a different way from what they did in former days, though still with a touch of the savage about them. It is, after all, a helpless sort of superstition, which with its saints days, and the influence of its ignorant, bigoted priesthood, destroys ambition and industrious exertion. It is rare to see the Catholic rise above the line he is born in. The Protestant part of the country is as highly improved as many parts of England. Education is much more frequent in Ireland and England. In Kerry, one of the wildest counties, you find peasants who speak Latin. It is not the art of reading, however, but the use which is made of it, that is to

be considered. It is much to be wished that the priests themselves were better educated, but the College at Maynooth has been a failure. The students, all men of the lower orders, are educated there in all the bigotry of the Catholic religion, unmitigated by any of the knowledge of the world which they used to acquire in France, Italy, or Spain, from which they returned very often highly accomplished and companionable men.

Roman Catholicism: Jesuits. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 32.

These Jesuits, who constitute emphatically an *imperium in imperio*, labouring first for the benefit of their own order, and next for that of the Roman See.

Roman Catholicism: Monasteries. The Antiquary. Chap. IV., p. 374.

A little orchard, where the aged apple-trees, well loaded with fruit, showed, as is usual in the neighbourhood of monastic buildings, that the days of the monks had not always been spent in indolence, but often dedicated to horticulture and gardening.

Roman Catholicism: Monks. The Monastery. Chap. I., p. 687.

O ay! the monks, the monks, they did the mischief!
Theirs all the grossness, all the superstition,
Of a most gross and superstitious age—
May He be praised that sent the healthful tempest
And scatter'd all these pestilential vapours!
But that we owed them *all* to yonder Harlot
Throned on the seven hills with her cup of gold,
I will as soon believe, with kind Sir Roger,
That old Moll White took wing with cat and broomstick,
And raised the last night's thunder.

Old Play.

—— The Monastery. Chap. I., pp. 688, 689.

As for the information possessed by those dependents of the abbacies, they might have been truly said to be better fed than taught, even though their fare had been worse than it was. Still, however, they enjoyed opportunities of knowledge from which others were excluded. The monks were in general well acquainted with their vassals and tenants, and familiar in the families of the better class

among them, where they were sure to be received with the respect due to their twofold character of spiritual father and secular landlord. Thus it often happened, when a boy displayed talents and inclination for study, one of the brethren, with a view to his being bred to the Church, or out of good-nature, in order to pass away his own idle time, if he had no better motive, initiated him into the mysteries of reading and writing, and imparted to him such other knowledge as he himself possessed. And the heads of these allied families, having more time for reflection, and more skill, as well as stronger motives for improving their small properties, bore amongst their neighbours the character of shrewd, intelligent men, who claimed respect on account of their comparative wealth, even while they were despised for a less warlike and enterprising turn than the other Borderers. They lived as much as they well could amongst themselves, avoiding the company of others, and dreading nothing more than to be involved in the deadly feuds and ceaseless contentions of the secular landholders.

Roman Catholicism: Monks. The Monastery. Chap. IX., p. 715.

To men of any rank, the esteem of their order is naturally most dear; but in the monastic establishment, cut off as the brethren are from other objects of ambition, as well as from all exterior friendship and relationship, the place which they hold in the opinion of each other is all in all.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XXXIV., p. 807.

It is not texts will do it—Church artillery
Are silenced soon by real ordnance,
And canons are but vain opposed to cannon.
Go, coin your crosier, melt your church plate down,
Bid the starved soldier banquet in your halls,
And quaff your long-saved hogsheads—Turn them out,
Thus primed with your good cheer, to guard your wall,
And they will venture for't.

Old Play.

Roman Catholicism: Penances. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. LI., p. 349.

It then appeared, from the crucifix, the beads, and the shirt of hair which he wore next his person, that his sense

of guilt had induced him to receive the dogmata of a religion which pretends, by the maceration of the body, to expiate the crimes of the soul.

Roman Catholicism: Popery. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 305.

I hold Popery to be such a mean and depraving superstition, that I am not sure I could have found myself liberal enough for voting the repeal of the penal laws as they existed before 1780. They must, and would, in course of time, have smothered Popery; and, I confess, I should have seen the old Lady of Babylon's mouth stopped with pleasure. But now, that you have taken the plaster off her mouth, and given her free respiration, I cannot see the sense of keeping up the irritation about the claim to sit in Parliaments. Unopposed, the Catholic superstition may sink into dust, with all its absurd ritual and solemnities. Still, it is an awful risk. The world is, in fact, as silly as ever, and a good competence of nonsense will always find believers, Animal magnetism, phrenology, etc., etc., have all had their believers, and why not Popery?

Roman Catholicism: Priests. The Monastery. Chap. V., p. 698.

A priest, ye cry, a priest!—lame shepherds they,
How shall they gather in the straggling flock?
Dumb dogs which bark not, how shall they compel
The loitering vagrants to the Master's fold?
Fitter to bask before the blazing fire,
And snuff the mess neat-handed Phillis dresses,
Than on the snow-wreath battle with the wolf.
'*The Reformation.*'

Roman Catholicism: Saint Worship. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 151.

The Catholic idea of the employment of saints . . . the absurdity of saint-worship, which degrades their religion.

Roman Catholicism: Superstition. The Abbot. Chap. XXVII., p. 112.

The superstitious practices of the Catholic religion.

Roman Catholicism: Tyranny. The Abbot. Chap. XIII., p. 47.

They who, in peaceful times, are most ambitious of authority among others, shrink from the competition at

such eventful periods, when neither ease nor parade attend the possession of it, and when it gives only a painful pre-eminence both in danger and in labour, and exposes the ill-fated chieftain to the murmurs of his discontented associates, as well as to the first assault of the common enemy. But he on whom the office of the Abbot of Saint Mary's was now conferred had a mind fitted for the situation to which he was called. Bold and enthusiastic, yet generous and forgiving—wise and skilful, yet zealous and prompt—he wanted but a better cause than the support of a decaying superstition to have raised him to the rank of a truly great man. But as the end crowns the work, it also forms the rule by which it must be ultimately judged; and those who, with sincerity and generosity, fight and fall in an evil cause posterity can only compassionate as victims of a generous but fatal error. Amongst these we must rank Ambrosius, the last Abbot of Kennaquhair, whose designs must be condemned, as their success would have riveted on Scotland the chains of antiquated superstition and spiritual tyranny; but whose talents commanded respect, and whose virtues, even from the enemies of his faith, extorted esteem.

Royalists. Old Mortality. Chap. XII., p. 756.

His mind was . . . revolted by the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of the government—the misrule, licence, and brutality of the soldiery—the executions on the scaffold, the slaughters in the open field, the free quarters and exactions imposed by military law, which placed the lives and fortunes of a free people on a level with Asiatic slaves.

Royalty. Quentin Durward. Chap. IX., p. 51.

Princes love not to see their subjects approach them with an air conscious of deserving, and thereby seeming desirous to extort acknowledgment and recompense for their services.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XXVI., p. 124.

One hardly knows whether to term it a privilege or a penalty annexed to the quality of princes, that, in their intercourse with each other, they are required, by the respect which is due to their own rank and dignity, to regulate their feelings and expressions by a severe etiquette, which precludes all violent and avowed display

of passion, and which, but that the whole world are aware that this assumed complaisance is a matter of ceremony, might justly pass for profound dissimulation. It is no less certain, however, that the overstepping of these bounds of ceremonial, for the purpose of giving more direct vent to their angry passions, has the effect of compromising their dignity with the world in general.

Royalty. The Talisman. Chap. XI., p. 781.

Leopold, Grand Duke of Austria, was the first possessor of that noble country to whom the princely rank belonged. He had been raised to the ducal sway in the German empire on account of his near relationship to the emperor, Henry the Stern, and held under his government the finest provinces which are watered by the Danube. His character has been stained in history on account of one action of violence and perfidy, which arose out of these very transactions in the Holy Land; and yet the shame of having made Richard a prisoner, when he returned through his dominions unattended and in disguise, was not one which flowed from Leopold's natural disposition. He was rather a weak and a vain than an ambitious or tyrannical prince. His mental powers resembled the qualities of his person. He was tall, strong, and handsome, with a complexion in which red and white were strongly contrasted, and had long flowing locks of fair hair. But there was an awkwardness in his gait, which seemed as if his size was not animated by energy sufficient to put in motion such a mass; and in the same manner, wearing the richest dresses, it always seemed as if they became him not. As a prince, he appeared too little familiar with his own dignity; and, being often at a loss how to assert his authority when the occasion demanded it, he frequently thought himself obliged to recover, by acts and expressions of ill-timed violence, the ground which might have been easily and gracefully maintained by a little more presence of mind in the beginning of the controversy.

Sabbath. Rob Roy. Chap. IV., p. 539.

Journeys of length being made on horseback, and, of course, by brief stages, it was usual always to make a halt on the Sunday in some town where the traveller might attend divine service, and his horse have the benefit of

the day of rest, the institution of which is as humane to our brute labourers as profitable to ourselves. A counterpart to this decent practice, and a remnant of old English hospitality, was, that the landlord of a principal inn laid aside his character of a publican on the seventh day, and invited the guests who chanced to be within his walls to take a part of his family beef and pudding. This invitation was usually complied with by all whose distinguished rank did not induce them to think compliance a derogation ; and the proposal of a bottle of wine after dinner, to drink the landlord's health, was the only recompense ever offered or accepted.

Sacrifice. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. II., p. 380.

Every reader must have observed in some family of his acquaintance some individual of a temper soft and yielding, who, mixed with stronger and more ardent minds, is borne along by the will of others, with as little power of opposition as the flower which is flung into a running stream. It usually happens that such a compliant and easy disposition, which resigns itself without murmur to the guidance of others, becomes the darling of those to whose inclinations its own seemed to be offered in ungrudging and ready sacrifice.

Sagacity. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 292.

The shrewd sagacity, or the romantic spirit of thinking and adventuring which the Scotch often conceal under their apparent coldness.

Sailors. Life of Scott. Vol. X., p. 124.

A sailor in particular is a bad refuser, and before he can turn three times round, he is bound by a triple knot to all sorts of nonsense.

—— Guy Mannering. Chap. IV., p. 208.

He was apparently a seafaring man, rather under the middle size, and with a countenance bronzed by a thousand conflicts with the north-east wind. His frame was prodigiously muscular, strong and thick-set; so that it seemed as if a man of much greater height would have been an inadequate match in any close, personal conflict. He was hard-favoured, and, which was worse, his face bore nothing of the *insouciance*, the careless, frolicsome jollity and vacant curiosity of

a sailor on shore. These qualities, perhaps as much as any others, contribute to the high popularity of our seamen, and the general good inclination which our society expresses towards them. Their gallantry, courage, and hardihood, are qualities which excite reverence, and perhaps rather humble pacific landsmen in their presence; and neither respect, nor a sense of humiliation, are feelings easily combined with a familiar fondness towards those who inspire them. But the boyish frolics, the exulting high spirits, the unreflecting mirth of a sailor, when enjoying himself on shore, temper the more formidable points of his character.

Salisbury Crags. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. VII., pp. 176, 177.

If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semicircular rocks, called Salisbury Crags, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon; now, a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now, a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of these enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with, or divided from, each other, in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied,—so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime,—is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes, the effect approaches near to enchantment. This path used to be my favourite evening and morning resort, when engaged with a favourite author, or new subject of study. It is, I am informed, now become totally impassable; a circumstance which, if true, reflects little credit on the taste of the Good Town or its leaders.

Sarcasm. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXVIII., p. 904.

An Indian proverb says, that the dart of contempt will even pierce through the shell of the tortoise; but this is more peculiarly the case when conscience tells the subject of the sarcasm that it is justly merited.

Satan. Quentin Durward. Chap. XXIX., p. 141.

Thy time is not yet out—the devil thou servest
Has not as yet deserted thee. He aids
The friends who drudge for him, as the blind man
Was aided by the guide, who lent his shoulder
O'er rough and smooth, until he reached the brink
Of the fell precipice—then hurl'd him downward.
Old Play.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXXIII., p. 328.

The devil always finds logic to convince his followers.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XXV., p. 615.

The great author of all ill.

Savages. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLIX., p. 340.

The eyes of the lad were keen and sparkling; his gesture free and noble, like that of all savages.

Scandal. Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. VI., p. 693.

No one can escape scandal.

—— Antiquary. Chap. XII., p. 403.

As if scandal ever failed to stoop upon so acceptable a quarry as the failings of the good man, the decline of the powerful, or the decay of the prosperous.

Scenery. The Antiquary. Chap. XVII., p. 418.

It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of Scottish scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that you may travel through the country in every direction without being aware of your vicinity to what is well worth seeing, unless intention or accident carry you to the very spot.

—— Old Mortality. Chap. XXXVI., p. 833.

It was on a delightful summer evening, that a stranger, well mounted, and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent which

terminated in view of the romantic ruins of Bothwell Castle and the river Clyde, which winds so beautifully between rocks and woods to sweep around the towers formerly built by Aymer de Valence. Bothwell Bridge was at a little distance, and also in sight. The opposite field, once the scene of slaughter and conflict, now lay as placid and quiet as the surface of a summer lake. The trees and bushes, which grew around in romantic variety of shade, were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze. The very murmur of the river seemed to soften itself into unison with the stillness of the scene around.

The path through which the traveller descended was occasionally shaded by detached trees of great size, and elsewhere by the hedges and boughs of flourishing orchards, now laden with summer fruits. The nearest object of consequence was a farmhouse, or, it might be, the abode of a small proprietor, situated on the side of a sunny bank, which was covered by apple and pear trees. At the foot of the path which led up to this modest mansion was a small cottage, pretty much in the situation of a porter's lodge, though obviously not designed for such a purpose. The hut seemed comfortable, and more neatly arranged than is usual in Scotland. It had its little garden, where some fruit-trees and bushes were mingled with kitchen herbs; a cow and six sheep fed in a paddock hard by; the cock strutted and crowed, and summoned his family around him before the door; a heap of brushwood and turf, neatly made up, indicated that the winter fuel was provided: and the thin blue smoke which ascended from the straw-bound chimney, and winded slowly out from among the green trees, showed that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready. To complete the little scene of rural peace and comfort, a girl of about five years old was fetching water in a pitcher from a beautiful fountain of the purest transparency, which bubbled up at the root of a decayed old oak-tree, about twenty yards from the end of the cottage.

The stranger reined up his horse, and called to the little nymph, desiring to know the way to Fairy-Knowe. The child set down her water-pitcher, hardly understanding what was said to her, put her fair flaxen hair apart on her brows, and opened her round blue eyes with the wondering 'What's your wull?' which is usually a peasant's first answer, if it can be called one, to all questions whatever.

Scholarship. Waverley. Chap. VI., p. 20.

A scholar, according to the scholarship of Scotchmen, that is, his learning was more diffuse than accurate, and he was rather a reader than a grammarian.

Schoolboys. Woodstock. Chap. XXIII., p. 112.

The impatience of a schoolboy, who, desirous of enjoying his holiday, hears without marking the advice of tutor or parent, about taking care not to catch cold, and so forth.

School-teachers. Old Mortality. Prelim. Chap., p. 708.

'Most readers,' says the Manuscript of Mr. Pattieson, 'must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout and song and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on their playground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismission, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his schoolroom, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and labouring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of classic genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded, in his imagination, by their connection with tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that the 'Eclogues' of Virgil and 'Odes' of Horace are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blubbering schoolboy. If to these mental distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which the solitary walk, in the cool of a fine summer evening, affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the irksome task of public instruction.

Science. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 297, 298.

I am no great believer in the extreme degree of improvement to be derived from the advancement of science; for every study of that nature tends, when pushed to a certain extent, to harden the heart, and render the philosopher reckless of everything save the objects of his own pursuit; all equilibrium in the character is destroyed, and the visual force of the understanding is perverted by being fixed on one object exclusively. Thus we see theological sects (although inculcating the moral doctrines) are eternally placing man's zeal in opposition to them; and even in the practice of the bar it is astonishing how we become callous to right and wrong, when the question is to gain or lose a cause. I have myself often wondered how I became so indifferent to the horrors of a criminal trial, if it involved a point of law. In like manner, the pursuit of physiology inflicts tortures on the lower animals of creation, and at length comes to rub shoulders against the West Port. The state of high civilization to which we have arrived is perhaps scarcely a national blessing, since, while the *few* are improved to the highest point, the *many* are in proportion tantalized and degraded, and the same nation displays at the same time the very highest and the very lowest state in which the human race can exist in point of intellect. After all, the golden age was the period for general happiness, when the earth gave its stores without labour, and the people existed only in the numbers which it could easily subsist; but this was too good to last. As our numbers grew, our wants multiplied —and here we are, contending with increasing difficulties by the force of repeated inventions. Whether we shall at last eat each other, as of yore, or whether the earth will get a flap with a comet's tail first, who but the reverend Mr. Irving will venture to pronounce?

Scripture. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XIII., p. 206.

The old man avoided all passages and expressions, of which Scripture affords so many, that might be considered as applicable to his own domestic misfortune.

Scruples. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXIII., p. 836.

He put upon a table a piece of money, sufficient, as he judged, to pay his share of the preceding night's reckoning; not caring to be indebted for his entertainment to

the strangers, whom he was leaving without the formality of an adieu.

His conscience cleared of this gentleman-like scruple, Peveril proceeded with a light heart.

Secrets. The Abbot. Chap. IV., p. 19.

With all the exterior of one who is possessed of an important secret,—that is, she had the corners of her mouth turned down, her eyes raised up, her lips pressed as fast together as if they had been sewed up, to prevent her blabbing, and an air of prim, mystical importance diffused over her whole person and demeanour, which seemed to intimate, 'I know something which I am resolved not to tell you!'

Seeming. Ivanhoe. Chap. XXXVI., p. 633.

Say not my art is fraud—all live by seeming.
The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming;
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier,
Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,
All practise it; and he who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small credit
In church, or camp, or state—So wags the world.

Old Play.

Self. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXXV., p. 703.

Richie Moniplies, like most folks who have a good opinion of themselves, was fond of the task of consolation, which at once displayed his superiority (for the consoler is necessarily, for the time at least, superior to the afflicted person), and indulged his love of talking.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXXI., p. 686.

This worthy, like some other persons who rank high in ther own opinion, was very apt, when he could have no other auditor, to hold conversation with one who was sure to be a willing listener—I mean with himself.

Self-conceit. Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 314.

It is with *some folk*, selon les règles, that in proportion as they are pure themselves, they are entitled to render uncomfortable those whom they consider as less perfect.

Self-denial. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 207.

There would be little grace in doing a kind thing, if you did not suffer pain or inconvenience upon the score.

Self-denial. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. X., p. 636.

A fountain distributed its silver produce, like a benevolent individual, who, self-denying to himself, is liberal to all others who are in necessity.

Self-interest. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. I., p. 376.

Interest—the interest of her family, if not her own—seemed too obviously the motive of her actions; and where this is the case, the sharp-judging and malignant public are not easily imposed upon by outward show.

Selfishness. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., pp. 15, 16.

Selfish feelings are so much the fashion among fashionable men—it is accounted so completely absurd to do anything which is not to contribute more or less directly to the immediate personal *éclat* or personal enjoyment of the party—that young men lose sight of real power and real importance, the foundation of which must be laid, even selfishly considered, in contributing to the general welfare, —like those who have thrown their bread on the waters, expecting, and surely receiving, after many days, its return in gratitude, attachment, and support of every kind. The memory of the most splendid entertainment passes away with the season, but the money and pains bestowed upon a large estate not only contribute to its improvement, but root the bestower in the hearts of hundreds over hundreds.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XXXIX., p. 675.

Was resolved to lose nothing for want of keeping himself in view; and, as often happens to men who entertain selfish objects, overshot his mark, and rendered his attentions tedious and inconvenient.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XVII., p. 87.

When is a mental argument conducted without some reference to selfish consideration?

—— The Betrothed. Chap. VI., p. 565.

Something selfish will often mingle with our noblest and purest emotions.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Intro., p. 543.

Coarse sensuality brought along with it its ordinary companion, a brutal degree of undisguised selfishness, destructive alike of philanthropy and good breeding; both of

which, in their several spheres, depend upon the regard paid by each individual to the interest as well as the feelings of others.

Self-love. Kenilworth. Chap. XXX., p. 304.

A regard for personal appearance is a species of self-love from which the wisest are not exempt, and to which the mind clings so instinctively, that not only the soldier advancing to almost inevitable death, but even the doomed criminal who goes to certain execution, shows an anxiety to array his person to the best advantage.

Self-opinion. Waverley. Chap. V., p. 19.

There is no better antidote against entertaining too high an opinion of others, than having an excellent one of ourselves at the very same time.

Self-preservation. Old Mortality. Chap. XXXVIII., p. 843.

The instinct of self-preservation seldom fails, even in the most desperate circumstances, to recall the human mind to some degree of equipoise, unless when altogether distracted by terror.

Senses. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXXVIII., p. 348.

The ear, usually deafened by pain, is sometimes, on the contrary, rendered morbidly acute.

Servants. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 136.

Trust him with as little cash as possible, and keep short accounts. Many a good servant is spoiled by neglecting this simple precaution. The man is tempted to some expense of his own, gives way to it, and then has to make it up by a system of overcharge and peculation; and thus mischief begins, and the carelessness of the master makes a rogue out of an honest lad, and cheats himself into the bargain.

—— The Abbot. Chap. III., p. 12.

The domestics around her, less jealous, or less scrupulous . . . acted as servants usually do, following the bias, and flattering, for their own purposes, the humour of the lady; and the boy soon took on him those airs of superiority which the sight of habitual deference seldom fails to inspire.

Sextons. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XXIII., p. 454.

The . . . man of skulls.

Shakespeare. Peveril of the Peak. Pref., p. 738.

That immortal bard.

Sheep. Quentin Durward. Chap. XXII., p. 108.

A flock of sheep . . . when a stranger dog is in presence, may be sometimes seen to assemble in the rear of an old bell-wether, who is, from office and authority, judged by them to have rather more courage than themselves.

Ships. The Talisman. Chap. XI., p. 785.

Through this disorderly troop Richard burst his way, like a goodly ship under full sail, which cleaves her forcible passage through the rolling billows, and heeds not that they unite after her passage and roar upon her stern.

Shooting (or Sport). St. Ronan's Well. Chap. III., p. 203.

The privilege of shooting over his moors, which is enough to turn the head of a young Scottishman at any time.

Sickness. The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. XVII., p. 283.

He who has experienced the sensation of being compelled to sleep, in spite of racking bodily pains, by the administration of a strong opiate, and of having been again startled by noise and violence out of the unnatural state of insensibility in which he had been plunged by the potency of the medicine, may be able to imagine the confused and alarmed state of . . . mind, and the agony of his body, which acted and reacted upon each other. If we add to these feelings the consciousness of a criminal command, sent forth and in the act of being executed, it may give us some idea of an awakening, to which, in the mind of the party, eternal sleep would be a far preferable doom.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 60.

I used to think a slight illness was a luxurious thing. My pillow was then softened by the hand of affection, and the little cares put in exercise to soothe the languor or pain, were more flattering and pleasing than the consequences of the illness were disagreeable. It was a new scene to be watched and attended, and I used to think that the *malade imaginaire* gained something by his

humour. It is different in the latter stages—the old post-chaise gets more shattered and out of order at every turn; windows will not be pulled up, doors refuse to open, or being open will not shut again—which last is rather my case. There is some new subject of complaint every moment—your sickness become thicker and thicker—your comforting and sympathizing friends fewer and fewer—for why should they sorrow for the course of nature? The recollection of youth, health, and uninterrupted powers of activity, neither improved nor enjoyed, is a poor strain of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at last, and cure all.

Sickness. Quentin Durward. Chap. XX., p. 101.

Men in a desperate illness refuse not the remedy prescribed by quacks and mountebanks.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XVIII., p. 608.

Nothing can be more melancholy than to hear the mind at work concerning its ordinary occupations, when the body is stretched in pain and danger upon the couch of severe sickness; the contrast betwixt the ordinary state of health, its joys or its labours, renders doubly affecting the actual helplessness of the patient before whom these visions are rising, and we feel a corresponding degree of compassion for the sufferer, whose thoughts are wandering so far from his real condition.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXVI., p. 293.

The small-pox, that venomous scourge which each village Esculapius (thanks to Jenner) can now tame as easily as their tutelary deity subdued the Python.

Signs. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXIII., p. 886.

Their communication was carried on less by words than by looks and expressive signs; by which, in all such situations, men learn to supply the use of language, and to add mystery to what is in itself sufficiently terrible to the captive.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XXIV., p. 769.

The way in which a police officer holds communication with his magistrate, that is, as much by signs as by words.

Sincerity. Woodstock. Chap. XXVIII., p. 140.

Conscious of mutual sincerity, by a sort of intellectual communication, through which individuals are led to understand each other better, perhaps, in delicate circumstances, than by words.

Slander. Kenilworth. Intro., p. 177.

Slander, which very seldom favours the memories of persons in exalted stations.

Sleep. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 275, 276.

If you once turn on your side after the hour at which you ought to rise, it is all over. Bolt up at once.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXV., p. 895.

Nothing is more soporific to any (save a philosopher or moneyed man) than the operation of figures; and when in bed, the effect is irresistible.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XXIX., p. 124.

Sleep, like other earthly blessings, is niggard of its favours when most courted.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXVI., p. 896.

Sleep surprised his worn-out frame in the midst of his projects of discovery and vengeance, and, as frequently happens, the light of the ensuing day proved favourable to calmer resolutions.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXII., p. 105.

The fugitive prince slept, in spite of danger, with the profound repose which youth and fatigue inspire.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXIX., p. 265.

Whose slumbers, like those of most who labour under mental malady, had been short, and were easily broken.

—— Kenilworth. Chap. XXXIII., p. 315.

Till exhausted nature proved too strong for love, for grief, for fear, nay, even for uncertainty, and she slept. . . . The Indian sleeps at the stake, in the intervals between his tortures; and mental torments, in like manner, exhaust by long continuance the sensibility of the sufferer, so that an interval of lethargic repose must necessarily ensue, ere the pangs which they inflict can again be renewed.

Sleep. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. VIII., p. 401.

Light meals procure light slumbers.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. X., p. 397.

Despite of wrath, doubt, and anxiety, he sank into slumber. It is seldom that sleep, after such violent agitation, is either sound or refreshing.

Sluggard. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXV., p. 248.

The animal had been neglected like most things else in the castle of the sluggard.

Smuggling. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. I., p. 158.

Contraband trade, though it strikes at the root of legitimate government by encroaching on its revenues,—though it injures the fair trader, and debauches the mind of those engaged in it,—is not usually looked upon, either by the vulgar or by their betters, in a very heinous point of view. On the contrary, in those countries where it prevails, the cleverest, boldest, and most intelligent of the peasantry are uniformly engaged in illicit transactions, and very often with the sanction of the farmers and inferior gentry. Smuggling was almost universal in Scotland in the reigns of George I. and II.; for the people, unaccustomed to imposts, and regarding them as an unjust aggression upon their ancient liberties, made no scruple to elude them whenever it was possible to do so.

Society. Rob Roy. Chap. XXI., p. 602.

A social supper—the only meal at which the rigid Presbyterians made some advance to sociality on the Sabbath.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 218.

The state of society now leads to such accumulations of humanity, that we cannot wonder if it ferment and reek like a compost dunghill. Nature intended that population should be diffused over the soil in proportion to its extent. We have accumulated in huge cities and smothering manufactories the numbers which should be spread over the face of a country; and what wonder that they should be corrupted? We have turned healthful and pleasant brooks into morasses and pestiferous lakes,—what wonder the soil should be unhealthy?

Society. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXVI., p. 295.

That precision and easy brevity which is only acquired by habitually conversing in the higher ranks of society, and which is the diametrical opposite of that protracted style of disquisition

Which squires call potter, and which men call prose.

—— Redgauntlet. Chap. IX., p. 454.

In a wild, wandering, and disorderly course of life, men, as they become loosened from the ordinary bonds of civil society, hold those of comradeship more closely sacred; so that honour is sometimes found among thieves, and faith and attachment in such as the law has termed vagrants.

—— Ivanhoe. Intro., p. 502.

What I have applied to language is still more justly applicable to sentiments and manners. The passions, the sources from which these must spring in all their modifications, are generally the same in all ranks and conditions, all countries and ages; and it follows, as a matter of course, that the opinions, habits of thinking, and actions, however influenced by the peculiar state of society, must still, upon the whole, bear a strong resemblance to each other. Our ancestors were not more distinct from us, surely, than Jews are from Christians; they had 'eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions'; were 'fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer,' as ourselves. The tenor, therefore, of their affections and feelings must have borne the same general proportion to our own.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. I., p. 84.

It is not difficult for a youth with a real desire to please and be pleased to make his way into good society in Edinburgh—or indeed anywhere.

Soldiers. Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XXXIV., p. 558.

Soldiers are always most pleased when they are best in order for performing their military service; and license or inactivity, however acceptable at times, are not, when continued, so agreeable to their nature as strict discipline and a prospect of employment.

Soldiers. Quentin Durward. Chap. VII., p. 41.

A soldier's festival is generally a very extempore affair, providing there is enough of meat and drink to be had.

—— Guy Mannering. Chap. XXI., p. 246.

A retired old soldier is always a graceful and respected character. He grumbles a little now and then, but then his is licensed murmuring. Were a lawyer, or a physician, or a clergyman, to breathe a complaint of hard luck or want of preferment, a hundred tongues would blame his own incapacity as the cause; but the most stupid veteran that ever faltered out the thrice-told tale of a siege and a battle, and a cock and a bottle, is listened to with sympathy and reverence, when he shakes his thin locks, and talks with indignation of the boys that are put over his head.

—— The Talisman. Chap. V., p. 758.

A Christian soldier, a devoted lover, could fear nothing, think of nothing, but his duty to Heaven and his devoir to his lady.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XVIII., p. 667.

The count, on the other hand, had all that bravery, generosity, and love of adventure, which was possessed by the rude soldier, with the virtues, partly real, partly fantastic, which those of his rank and country acquired from the spirit of chivalry. The one might be compared to the diamond as it came from the mine, before it had yet received the advantages of cutting and setting; the other was the ornamented gem, which, cut into facets and richly set, had lost perhaps a little of its original substance, yet still, at the same time, to the eye of an inspector, had something more showy and splendid than when it was, according to the phrase of lapidaries, *en brut*. In the one case, the value was more artificial; in the other, it was the more natural and real of the two.

—— Waverley. Chap. VII., p. 23.

The duty of an officer, the most imposing of all others to the inexperienced mind, because accompanied with so much outward pomp and circumstance, is in its essence a very dry and abstract task, depending chiefly upon arithmetical combinations, requiring much attention, and a cool and reasoning head, to bring them into action.

Soldiers. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. III., p. 602.

To a despotic monarch, a faithful Life-guardsman is a person of confidence, while an officer of high rank is always in some degree a subject of distrust.

Soldier's Qualifications. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 99.

Calm but remarkably firm temper—fond of mathematics, engineering, and all sorts of calculation—clear-headed and good-natured. When you add to this a good person and good manners, with great dexterity in horsemanship and all athletic exercises, and a strong constitution, one hopes you have the grounds of a good soldier.

Soliloquy. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXII., p. 644.

In narrative, no doubt, the writer has the alternative of telling that his personages thought so and so, inferred thus and thus, and arrived at such and such a conclusion; but the soliloquy is a more concise and spirited mode of communicating the same information.

Solitude. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 312.

Solitude is only agreeable when the power of having society is removed to a short space, and can be commanded at pleasure. 'It is not good for man to be alone.' It blunts our faculties and freezes our active virtues.

—— Old Mortality. Chap. XIV., pp. 763, 764.

It is a remarkable effect of such extensive wastes, that they impose an idea of solitude even upon those who travel through them in considerable numbers; so much is the imagination affected by the disproportion between the desert around and the party who are traversing it. Thus the members of a caravan of a thousand souls may feel, in the deserts of Africa or Arabia, a sense of loneliness unknown to the individual traveller whose solitary course is through a thriving and cultivated country.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XXII., p. 624.

Solitude is favourable to feelings of self-importance; and it is when alone, and occupied only with their own thoughts, that fanatics have reveries and imagined saints lose themselves in imaginary ecstasies.

Sorrow. Life of Scott. Vol. IV., p. 379.

Sorrow for the time levels the highest distinctions of rank.

Sorrow. The Pirate. Intro., p. 360.

Sorrow mixes her memorials with the purest remembrances of pleasure.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. VIII., p. 570.

Sorrow and fear sometimes make sufferers eloquent.

—— Woodstock. Chap. II., p. 12.

Mortal beauty must share human sorrows.

Spectres. Woodstock. Chap. XIX., p. 93.

Folk do not see spectres in the scenes with which they have been familiar from infancy.

Speculation. Rob Roy. Chap. I., p. 530.

In the fluctuations of mercantile speculation, there is something captivating to the adventurer, even independent of the hope of gain. He who embarks on that fickle sea, requires to possess the skill of the pilot and the fortitude of the navigator, and after all may be wrecked and lost, unless the gales of fortune breathe in his favour. This mixture of necessary attention and inevitable hazard,—the frequent and awful uncertainty whether prudence shall overcome fortune, or fortune baffle the schemes of prudence, affords full occupation for the powers, as well as for the feelings of the mind, and trade has all the fascination of gambling without its moral guilt.

Spiders. The Talisman. Chap. XXI., p. 820.

Stopping and remaining fixed at intervals, like the spider, which, moving towards her object, collapses into apparent lifelessness when she thinks she is the object of observation.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXIII., p. 841.

Eyed . . . wistfully, as a spider may be supposed to look upon a stray wasp which has got into his web, and which he longs to secure, though he fears the consequences of attempting him.

Spiritual Guides. The Monastery. Chap. XXXII., p. 802.

The spiritual guide who . . . shows a deep conviction of the importance of his office, seldom fails to impress a similar feeling upon his hearers.

Sport. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. II., p. 381.

The master of the game is, in all country houses, a man of great importance, and entitled to use considerable freedom of speech.

—— Castle Dangerous. Chap. VII., p. 833.

The principles on which modern and ancient hunting were conducted are as different as possible. A fox, or even a hare, is, in our own day, considered as a sufficient apology for a day's exercise to forty or fifty dogs, and nearly as many men and horses ; but the ancient chase, even though not terminating, as it often did, in battle, carried with it objects more important, and an interest immeasurably more stirring. If indeed one species of exercise can be pointed out as more universally exhilarating and engrossing than others, it is certainly that of the chase. The poor over-laboured drudge, who has served out his day of life, and wearied all his energies in the service of his fellow-mortals—he who has been for many years the slave of agriculture, or (still worse) of manufactures—engaged in raising a single peck of corn from year to year, or in the monotonous labours of the desk—can hardly remain dead to the general happiness when the chase sweeps past him with hound and horn, and for a moment feels all the exultation of the proudest cavalier who partakes the amusement. Let anyone who has witnessed the sight recall to his imagination the vigour and lively interest which he has seen inspired into a village, including the oldest and feeblest of its inhabitants. In the words of Wordsworth, it is, on such occasions,

> Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away,
> Not a soul will remain in the village to-day ;
> The hare has just started from Hamilton's grounds,
> And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the hounds.

But compare these inspiring sounds to the burst of a whole feudal population enjoying the sport, whose lives, instead of being spent in the monotonous toil of modern avocations, have been agitated by the hazards of war, and of the chase, its near resemblance, and you must necessarily suppose that the excitation is extended, like a fire which catches to dry heath. To use the common expression, borrowed from another amusement, all is fish that comes in the net on such occasions. An ancient hunting-match (the nature of the carnage excepted) was almost equal to

a modern battle, when the strife took place on the surface of a varied and unequal country. A whole district poured forth its inhabitants, who formed a ring of great extent, called technically a tinchel, and, advancing and narrowing their circle by degrees, drove before them the alarmed animals of every kind; all and each of which, as they burst from the thicket or the moorland, were objects of the bow, the javelin, or whatever missile weapons the hunters possessed; while others were run down and worried by large greyhounds, or more frequently brought to bay, when the more important persons present claimed for themselves the pleasure of putting them to death with their chivalrous hands, incurring individually such danger as is inferred from a mortal contest even with the timid buck, when he is brought to the death-struggle, and has no choice but yielding his life or putting himself upon the defensive, by the aid of his splendid antlers, and with all the courage of despair.

Sport. Quentin Durward. Chap. IX., p. 55.

A sportsman of rank, . . . in boasting of the number of birds which he has bagged, does not always dilate upon the presence and assistance of the gamekeeper.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XXIII., p. 627.

Few disappointments of a small nature are more teasing than that of a sportsman, who, having set out with all means and appliances for destruction of game, finds that there is none to be met with; because he conceives himself, with his full shooting trim and his empty game-pouch, to be subjected to the sneer of every passing rustic.

Sport and Study. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., pp. 416, 417.

Sport is a good thing both for health and pastime; but you must never allow it to interfere with serious study. Consider, therefore, study as the principal object. Many men have read and written their way to independence and fame: but no man ever gained it by exclusive attention to exercises or to pleasures of any sort.

Sport: Angling. Waverley. Chap. IV., p. 15.

Of all diversions which ingenuity ever devised for the relief of idleness, fishing is the worst qualified to amuse a man who is at once indolent and impatient.

Sport: Angling. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XI., p. 783.

Took no heed to old Isaac Walton's recommendation to fish the streams inch by inch. He chose, indeed, with an angler's eye, the most promising casts, where the stream broke sparkling over a stone, affording the wonted shelter to a trout; or where, gliding away from a rippling current to a still eddy, it streamed under the projecting bank, or dashed from the pool of some low cascade. By this judicious selection of spots whereon to employ his art, the sportsman's basket was soon sufficiently heavy to show that his occupation was not a mere pretext.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XXIV., p. 101.

That silent and unsocial pleasure.

Statesmanship. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 112, 113.

The principles of statesmen are regulated by their advance towards, or retreat from, power; and that from men who are always acting upon the emergencies of the moment, it is in vain to expect consistency. Perfect consistency, I agree, we cannot look for—it is inconsistent with humanity. But that gross inconsistency which induces men to clasp to their bosom the man whom they most hated, and to hold up to admiration the principles which they have most forcibly opposed, may gain a temporary triumph, but will never found a strong Ministry or a settled Government.

Stoicism. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 138.

Of all schools, commend me to the Stoics. We cannot indeed overcome our affections, nor ought we if we could, but we may repress them within due bounds, and avoid coaxing them to make fools of those who should be their masters.

—— Guy Mannering. Chap. LI., p. 335.

Stoicism, . . . that philosophy which, rooted in pride, yet frequently bears the fruits of virtue.

Stories. The Tapestried Chamber. Intro., p. 883.

It must be admitted that the particular class of stories which turns on the marvellous possesses a stronger influence when told than when committed to print. The volume taken up at noonday, though rehearsing the

same incidents, conveys a much more feeble impression than is achieved by the voice of the speaker on a circle of fireside auditors, who hang upon the narrative as the narrator details the minute incidents which serve to give it authenticity, and lowers his voice with an affectation of mystery while he approaches the fearful and wonderful part.

Streams. Old Mortality. Chap. XL., p. 849.

The stream brawled down among them in all its freshness and vivacity, giving the life and animation which a mountain rivulet alone can confer on the barest and most savage scenes, and which the inhabitants of such a country miss when gazing even upon the tranquil winding of a majestic stream through plains of fertility, and beside palaces of splendour.

Strength and Activity. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 132.

I have perhaps all my life set an undue value on these gifts. Yet it does appear to me that high and independent feelings are naturally, though not uniformly or inseparably, connected with bodily advantages. Strong men are usually good-humoured, and active men often display the same elasticity of mind as of body. These superiorities, indeed, are often misused. But, even for these things, God shall call us to judgment.

Stuart Age. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XLV., p. 933.

Under cover of observing the gamester, or listening to the music, the gallantries of that all-licensed age were practised among the gay and fair.

Superstition. Life of Scott. Vol. X., p. 197.

Superstition is very picturesque, and I make it at times stand me in great stead; but I never allow it to interfere with interest or convenience.

—— The Pirate. Chap. XXI., p. 446.

Superstition, when not arrayed in her full horrors, but laying a gentle hand only on her suppliant's head, had charms which we fail not to regret, even in those stages of society from which her influence is well-nigh banished by the light of reason and general education. At least, in more ignorant periods, her system of ideal terrors had

something in them interesting to minds which had few means of excitement. This is more especially true of those lighter modifications of superstitious feelings and practices which mingle in the amusements of the ruder ages, and are, like the auguries of Hallow-e'en in Scotland, considered partly as matter of merriment, partly as sad and prophetic earnest. And, with similar feelings, people even of tolerable education have, in our times, sought the cell of a fortune-teller, upon a frolic, as it is termed, and yet not always in a disposition absolutely sceptical towards the responses they receive.

Superstition. Ivanhoe. Chap. XVIII., pp. 565, 566.

The Saxons, who, of all people of Europe, were most addicted to a superstitious observance of omens, and to whose opinions can be traced most of those notions upon such subjects, still to be found among our popular antiquities. For the Normans being a mixed race, and better informed according to the information of the times, had lost most of the superstitious prejudices which their ancestors had brought from Scandinavia, and piqued themselves upon thinking freely on such topics.

—— The Pirate. Chap. V., pp. 383, 384.

Witchcraft or sorcery. Superstitions of this nature pass through two stages ere they become entirely obsolete. Those supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers are venerated in the earlier stages of society. As religion and knowledge increase, they are first held in hatred and horror, and are finally regarded as impostors. Scotland was in the second state—the fear of witchcraft was great, and the hatred against those suspected of it intense. Zetland was as yet a little world by itself, where, among the lower and ruder classes, so much of the ancient northern superstition remained, as cherished the original veneration for those affecting supernatural knowledge, and power over the elements, which made a constituent part of the ancient Scandinavian creed.

—— A Legend of Montrose. Chap. XIII., p. 47.

All Highlanders are superstitious.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. I., p. 14.

Superstition, a plague with which Heaven often afflicts those who refuse to listen to the dictates of religion.

Superstition. Woodstock. Chap. XI., p. 55.

We say this with the necessary salvo; for we have known many whose curtains have been shrewdly shaken by superstition, though their fears were unsanctioned by any religious faith. The devils, we are assured, believe and tremble; but on earth there are many who, in worse plight than even the natural children of perdition, tremble without believing and fear even while they blaspheme.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XXI., p. 600.

I suppose that all men, in situations of peculiar doubt and difficulty, when they have exercised their reason to little purpose, are apt, in a sort of despair, to abandon the reins to their imagination, and be guided altogether by chance, or by those whimsical impressions which take possession of the mind, and to which we give way as if to involuntary impulses.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. II., pp. 744, 745.

It is too well known, that those whose families are long pursued by . . . a fatal disease, . . . become, it may be said, superstitious respecting its fatal effects, and ascribe to place, circumstance, and individual care, much more perhaps than these can in any case contribute, to avert the fatality of constitutional distemper.

Sympathy. Guy Mannering. Chap. LV., p. 345.

It was one of those moments of intense feeling when the frost of the Scottish people melts like a snow-wreath, and the dissolving torrent carries dam and dyke before it.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. I., p. 158.

The populace, whose good nature, in most cases, forgets the crime of the condemned person, and dwells only on his misery.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XVIII., p. 590.

Man can give but a certain portion of distressful emotions to the causes which demand them; and if two operate at once, our sympathy, like the funds of a compounding bankrupt, can only be divided between them.

—— Kenilworth. Chap. X., p. 225.

Nothing can so soon attract the unfortunate as real or seeming sympathy with their sorrows.

Tact. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXV., p. 291.

Good sense and tact, which constitute betwixt them that which is called natural good-breeding.

Tailors. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 105.

They say it takes *nine* tailors to make a man—apparently, one is sufficient to ruin him.

Talent. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXIX., p. 867.

When a man of talent shows himself an able and useful partisan, his party will continue to protect and accredit him, in spite of conduct the most contradictory to their own principles. Some facts are, in such cases, denied—some are glossed over—and party zeal is permitted to cover at least as many defects as ever doth charity.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XIII., p. 577.

Strong talents will often go farthest when they seem to have least assistance.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XIV., p. 732.

Alas! where is the man of modest merit and real talent, who has not suffered from being outshone in conversation, and outstripped in the race of life, by men of less reserve, and of qualities more showy, though less substantial? and well constituted must the mind be that can yield up the prize without envy to competitors more unworthy than himself.

Tales. Rob Roy. Chap. I., p. 529.

The tale told by one friend, and listened to by another, loses half its charms when committed to paper; and . . . the narratives to which you have attended with interest, as heard from the voice of him to whom they occurred, will appear less deserving of attention when perused in the seclusion of your study.

Tasks. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XII., p. 789.

The task which seems easy at a distance, proves as difficult, upon a nearer approach, as the fording of a river, which from afar appeared only a brook.

Tattle. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXXII., p. 322.

He who is fond of tattle, being at the same time disposed to pay some consideration for gratification of his curiosity,

and not over-scrupulous respecting its accuracy, may always command a great quantity of private anecdote.

Tears. The Talisman. Chap. XVIII., p. 809.

A tear (unwonted guest).

Temper. Quentin Durward. Chap. II., p. 16.

Entering on life with no apprehension of the evils with which it is beset, and small means for struggling with its hardships, except a lively spirit and a courageous disposition; . . . it is with such tempers that youth most readily sympathizes, and for whom chiefly age and experience feel affectionate and pitying interest.

—— The Antiquary. Chap. I., p. 368.

This Christian temper of making the best of all occurrences.

Theatre. The Abbot. Chap. XXVII., p. 111.

They would err greatly, who should regulate their ideas of this dramatic exhibition upon those derived from a modern theatre; for the rude shows of Thespis were far less different from those exhibited by Euripides on the stage of Athens, with all its magnificent decoration and pomp of dresses and of scenery. In the present case, there were no scenes, no stage, no machinery, no pit, box, and gallery, no box-lobby; and, what might in poor Scotland be some consolation for other negations, there was no taking of money at the door. As in the devices of the magnanimous Bottom, the actors had a greensward plot for a stage, and a hawthorn bush for a green-room and tiring-house; the spectators being accommodated with seats on the artificial bank which had been raised around three-fourths of the playground, the remainder being left open for the entrance and exit of the performers. Here sat the uncritical audience, the chamberlain in the centre, as the person highest in office, all alive to enjoyment and admiration, and all therefore dead to criticism.

Theatrical. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 372.

Greatly as the profession has risen in character of late years, theatrical talent must still be found frequently allied with imperfect general education, low habits, and sometimes the follies and vices which arise out of them.

Thirst. Waverley. Chap. XVII., pp. 47, 48.

The allowance of whisky . . . would have appeared prodigal to any but Highlanders, who, living entirely in the open air, and in a very moist climate, can consume great quantities of ardent spirits without the usual baneful effects either upon the brain or constitution.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXIII., p. 649.

Scottish lairds and Dutch burgomasters; . . . each might be termed a thirsty generation.

Thoughts. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., pp. 44, 45.

It is a mercy our own thoughts are concealed from each other. Oh! if, at our social table we could see what passes in each bosom around, we would seek dens and caverns to shun human society! To see the projector trembling for his falling speculations—the voluptuary rueing the event of his debauchery—the miser wearing out his soul for the loss of a guinea,—all—all bent upon vain hopes and vainer regrets,—we should not need to go to the hall of the Caliph Vathek to see men's hearts broiling under their black veils. Lord keep us from all temptation, for we cannot be our own shepherd!

Thrift. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 98.

Make a little nest egg as soon as you can; the first little hoard which a man can make of his earnings is the foundation-stone of comfort and independence.

Time. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 382.

Our time is like our money. When we change a guinea, the shillings escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eye.

—— The Abbot. Chap. I., p. 5.

The time which passes over our heads so imperceptibly, makes the same gradual change in habits, manners, and character, as in personal appearance. At the revolution of every five years we find ourselves another, and yet the same—there is a change of views, and no less of the light in which we regard them; a change of motives as well as of actions.

Time. Old Mortality. Chap. XVIII., p. 777.

The formidable enemy called Time, with whom retired veterans, during the quiet close of a bustling life, usually wage an unceasing hostility.

It has been frequently remarked, that the tidings of important events fly with a celerity almost beyond the power of credibility, and that reports, correct in the general point, though inaccurate in details, precede the certain intelligence, as if carried by the birds of the air. Such rumours anticipate the reality, not unlike to the 'shadows of coming events,' which occupy the imagination of the Highland seer.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XXXVIII., p. 180.

Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending, and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.

—— Kenilworth. Chap. XII., p. 230.

A fidgety anxiety about the exact measurement of time, very common to those who have a great deal of that commodity to dispose of, and find it lie heavy upon their hands,—just as we see shopkeepers amuse themselves with taking an exact account of their stock at the time there is least demand for it.

—— Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. III., p. 682.

The slow mouldering touches of time, which communicate to buildings, as to the human frame, a sort of reverence, while depriving them of beauty and of strength.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XIII., pp. 205, 206.

The hours glided on, as on they must and do pass, whether winged with joy or laden with affliction.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XXXIV., p. 485.

Time, whose course rolls on with equal current, however it may seem more rapid or more slow to mortal apprehension.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. II., p. 744.

Time . . . had its usual effect in mitigating the subjects of his regret.

Times. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 275.

Every man soon falls behind, that does not aspire to keep up with the foremost in the race.

Timidity. Ivanhoe. Chap. XLIV., p. 669.

The multitude, like a timid cur which waits to bark till the object of its challenge has turned his back, raised a feeble shout as the rear of the squadron left the ground.

Tobacco. Redgauntlet. Chap. VI., p. 441.

Amusing himself, and aiding digestion, with a pipe of tobacco.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXVI., p. 855.

That vulgar herb, tobacco.

Toilet. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XIV., p. 653.

The toilet—as modern times would say—of the countess was not nearly so soon ended as that of Count Robert, who occupied his time, as husbands of every period are apt to do, in little sub-acid complaints, between jest and earnest, upon the dilatory nature of ladies, and the time which they lose in doffing and donning their garments.

Toilette. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXX., p. 270.

She sat herself down . . . at the foot of an oak, and by the assistance of a placid fountain, which had been dammed up for the use of the villagers, and which served her as a natural mirror, she began—no uncommon thing with a Scottish maiden of her rank—to arrange her toilette in the open air, and bring her dress, soiled and disordered as it was, into such order as the place and circumstances admitted.

Tolbooth. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. I., p. 159.

Adjacent to the Tolbooth or city jail of Edinburgh is one of three churches into which the cathedral of Saint Giles is now divided, called, from its vicinity, the Tolbooth Church. It was the custom that criminals under sentence of death were brought to this church, with a sufficient guard, to hear and join in public worship on the Sabbath before execution. It was supposed that the hearts of these unfortunate persons, however hardened before against feelings of devotion, could not but be accessible to them

upon uniting their thoughts and voices, for the last time, along with their fellow-mortals, in addressing their Creator. And to the rest of the congregation, it was thought it could not but be impressive and affecting, to find their devotions mingling with those who, sent by the doom of an earthly tribunal to appear where the whole earth is judged, might be considered as beings trembling on the verge of eternity.

Topics. The Two Drovers. Intro., p. 857.

Topics, like times, are apt to become common by frequent use.

Towns. The Antiquary. Chap. V., p. 378.

The *town* (by which he meant all the gossips, who, having no business of their own, fill up their leisure moments by attending to that of other people).

—— Waverley. Chap. IX., p. 27.

Waverley learned two things . . . that in Scotland a single house was called a *town*, and a natural fool an *innocent*.

Trade Combinations. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 124.

It takes only the hand of a Lilliputian to light a fire, but would require the diuretic powers of Gulliver to extinguish it. The Whigs will live and die in the heresy that the world is ruled by little pamphlets and speeches, and that if you can sufficiently demonstrate that a line of conduct is most consistent with men's interest, you have therefore and thereby demonstrated that they will at length, after a few speeches on the subject, adopt it of course. In this case we should have no need of laws or churches, for I am sure there is no difficulty in proving that moral, regular, and steady habits, conduce to men's best interest, and that vice is not sin merely, but folly. But of these men, each has passions and prejudices, the gratification of which he prefers, not only to the general weal, but to that of himself as an individual. Under the action of these wayward impulses, a man drinks to-day, though he is sure of starving to-morrow, he murders to-morrow, though he is sure to be hanged on Wednesday, and people are slow to believe that which makes against their own predominant passions, that mechanics will combine to raise the price for one week, though they destroy the manufacture for ever.

Tradition. The Black Dwarf. Chap. I., p. 96.

Tradition, which is as frequently an inventor of fiction as a preserver of truth.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XV., p. 800.

Tradition and superstitious eld, still most busy where real history is silent.

—— Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XXX., p. 535.

How accurately tradition will preserve the particulars of ancient events, even whilst forgetting, misstating, and confounding dates and persons.

Tranquillity. The Two Drovers. Intro., p. 857.

I have sometimes wondered why all the favourite occupations and pastimes of mankind go to the disturbance of that happy state of tranquillity, that *Otium*, as Horace terms it, which he says is the object of all men's prayers, whether preferred from sea or land; and that the undisturbed repose, of which we are so tenacious when duty or necessity compels us to abandon it, is precisely what we long to exchange for a state of excitation, as soon as we may prolong it at our own pleasure. Briefly, you have only to say to a man, 'Remain at rest,' and you instantly inspire the love of labour. The sportsman toils like his gamekeeper, the master of the pack takes as severe exercise as his whipper-in, the statesman or politician drudges more than the professional lawyer; and, to come to my own case, the volunteer author subjects himself to the risk of painful criticism, and the assured certainty of mental and manual labour, just as completely as his needy brother whose necessities compel him to assume the pen.

Travellers. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. II., p. 196.

Those useful envoys of the commercial community called by themselves and the waiters *Travellers, par excellence*—by others, Riders and Bagmen.

Travelling. The Abbot. Intro., p. 2.

If we have found any stage particularly tedious, or in an especial degree interesting,—particularly short, or much longer than we expected, our imaginations are so apt to

exaggerate the original impression, that, on repeating the journey, we usually find that we have considerably overrated the predominating quality, and the road appears to be duller or more pleasant, shorter or more tedious than what we expected, and, consequently, than what is the actual case. It requires a third or fourth journey to enable us to form an accurate judgment of its beauty, its length, or its other attributes.

Treason. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XXX., p. 718.

He stood in all that agony of terror, which is rendered the more discomfiting, because the traitor is conscious that, beset by various foes, his own fears are the most likely of all to betray him.

Triumph. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. VIII., p. 772.

Who can act composedly or prudently in the hour of triumph?

Truth. Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XV., p. 461.

Truth of sentiment and energy of expression always produce an effect on natural and generous characters.

Turf. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., pp. 256, 257.

The neighbourhood of Newmarket is certainly in some sort a snare for so young persons as attend College at Cambridge; but, alas! where is it that there be not snares of one kind or other? Parents, and those who have the more delicate task of standing in the room of parents, must weigh objections and advantages, and without expecting to find any that are without risk, must be content to choose those where the chances seem most favourable. The turf is no doubt a very forceful temptation, especially to a youth of high rank and fortune. There is something very flattering in winning, when good fortune depends so much on shrewdness of observation, and, as it is called, knowingness; the very sight is of an agitating character; and perhaps there are few things more fascinating to young men, whose large fortune excludes the ordinary causes of solicitude, than the pleasures and the risks of the racecourse; though, when indulged to excess, it leads to very evil consequences.

Utopia. The Monastery. Appen., p. 838.

That part of the *terra incognita* which is called the province of Utopia. Its productions, though censured by many (and some who use tea and tobacco without scruple) as idle and unsubstantial luxuries, have nevertheless, like many other luxuries, a general acceptation, and are secretly enjoyed even by those who express the greatest scorn and dislike of them in public. The dram-drinker is often the first to be shocked at the smell of spirits—it is not unusual to hear old maiden ladies declaim against scandal—the private bookcases of some grave-seeming men would not brook decent eyes—and many, I say not of the wise and learned, but of those most anxious to seem such, when the spring-lock of their library is drawn, their velvet cap pulled over their ears, their feet insinuated into their turkey slippers, are to be found, were their retreats suddenly intruded upon, busily engaged with the last new novel.

Vandalism. The Abbot. Chap. XV., p. 53.

The spirit of demolition, like other tastes, increases by indulgence.

Vanity. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XIII., p. 648.

There are few things more painful to the vanity of a person like the princess than the being detected in an egregious error, at the moment she is taking credit to herself for being peculiarly accurately informed.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XLI., p. 917.

When did personal vanity listen to the suggestions of prudence?

Varangians. Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XVIII., p. 667.

The virtues of the Varangian were all of that natural and unrefined kind which Nature herself dictates to a gallant man, to whom a total want of fear, and the most prompt alacrity to meet danger, had been attributes of a lifelong standing.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. II., p. 589.

This body of Varangians (which term is, according to one interpretation, merely a general expression for barbarians)

was, in an early age of the empire, formed of the roving and piratical inhabitants of the North, whom a love of adventure, the greatest, perhaps, that ever was indulged, and a contempt of danger, which never had a parallel in the history of human nature, drove forth upon the pathless ocean. 'Piracy,' says Gibbon, with his usual spirit, 'was the exercise, the trade, the glory, and the virtue of the Scandinavian youth. Impatient of a bleak climate and narrow limits, they started from the banquet, grasped their arms, sounded their horn, ascended their ships, and explored every coast that promised either spoil or settlement.'*

The conquests made in France and Britain by these wild sea-kings, as they were called, have obscured the remembrance of other Northern champions, who, long before the time of Comnenus, made excursions as far as Constantinople, and witnessed with their own eyes the wealth and the weakness of the Grecian Empire itself. Numbers found their way thither through the pathless wastes of Russia; others navigated the Mediterranean in their sea-serpents, as they termed their piratical vessels. The emperors, terrified at the appearance of these daring inhabitants of the frozen zone, had recourse to the usual policy of a rich and unwarlike people, bought with gold the service of their swords, and thus formed a corps of satellites more distinguished for valour than the famed Prætorian Bands† of Rome, and, perhaps, because fewer in number, unalterably loyal to their new princes.

But, at a later period of the empire, it began to be more difficult for the emperors to obtain recruits for their favourite and selected corps, the Northern nations having now in a great measure laid aside the piratical and roving habits which had driven their ancestors from the straits of Elsinore to those of Sestos and Abydos.‡ The corps of the Varangians must therefore have died out, or have been filled up with less worthy materials, had not the conquests made by the Normans in the far-distant west sent to the aid of Comnenus a large body of the dispossessed inhabitants of the islands of Britain, and particularly of England, who furnished recruits to his chosen Body-guard.

* 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' vol. x., chap. lv., p. 221, 8vo. edition.

† The household troops of the Roman emperors.

‡ From The Sound, Denmark, to the Hellespont.

Variety. The Monastery. Chap. XIV., p. 729.

Nay, let me have the friends who eat my victuals,
As various as my dishes.—The feast's naught,
Where one huge plate predominates. John Plaintext,
He shall be mighty beef, our English staple;
The worthy Alderman, a butter'd dumpling;
Yon pair of whisker'd Cornets, ruffs and rees:
Their friend the Dandy, a green goose in sippets.
And so the board is spread at once and fill'd
On the same principle—Variety.

New Play.

Veneration. Guy Mannering. Chap. XIV., pp. 231, 232.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound.

YOUNG.

The moral which the poet has rather quaintly deduced from the necessary mode of measuring time may be well applied to our feelings respecting that portion of it which constitutes human life. We observe the aged, the infirm, and those engaged in occupations of immediate hazard, trembling as it were upon the very brink of non-existence, but we derive no lesson from the precariousness of their tenure until it has altogether failed. Then, for a moment at least,

Our hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what?—a fathomless abyss,
A dark eternity,—how surely ours!——

When the general murmur announced that the unfortunate Mr. Bertram had broken his heart in the effort to leave the mansion of his forefathers, there poured forth a torrent of sympathy, like the waters from the rock when stricken by the wand of the prophet. The ancient descent and unblemished integrity of the family were respectfully remembered;—above all, the sacred veneration due to misfortune, which in Scotland seldom demands its tribute in vain, then claimed and received it.

Vessels. The Pirate. Chap. VII., p. 391.

The vessel—that rare masterpiece by which human genius aspires to surmount the waves, and contend with the winds.

Virtue. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. LI., p. 351.

Reader, this tale will not be told in vain, if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth, that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

Virtue and Honour. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 160.

Nobody is too old to die, like a man of virtue and honour, in defence of the principles he has always maintained.

Virtues. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 164, 165.

I love the virtues of rough-and-round men—the others are apt to escape in salt rheum, sal-volatile, and a white pocket-handkerchief.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLII., p. 314.

The great virtue of IF.

Voluptuaries. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXIX., p. 908.

He had none of those feelings of anxiety with which a man, even of the most vulgar mind, comes to the presence of the female whom he wishes to please, far less the more refined sentiments of love, respect, desire, and awe, with which the more refined lover approaches the beloved object. He had been, to use an expressive French phrase, too completely *blasé* even from his earliest youth to permit him now to experience the animal eagerness of the one, far less the more sentimental pleasure of the other. It is no small aggravation of this jaded and uncomfortable state of mind, that the voluptuary cannot renounce the pursuits with which he is satiated, but must continue, for his character's sake, or from the mere force of habit, to take all the toil, fatigue, and danger of the chase, while he has so little real interest in the termination.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXIX., p. 908.

The hackneyed voluptuary is like the jaded epicure, the mere listlessness of whose appetite becomes at length a sufficient penalty for having made it the principal object of his enjoyment and cultivation. Yet novelty has always some charms, and uncertainty has more.

Vulgar. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XVI., p. 805.

The usual idle exaggerations of the vulgar, which so frequently connect that which is unusual with what is supernatural.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., pp. 28, 29.

My love (to his daughter), you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar?* 'Tis only *common;* nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is *uncommon.*

Waiters. The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. II., p. 381.

As the waiter of a fashionable hotel receives double his proper fee from the hands of a country gentleman—that is, with a smile, in which pleasure at the gift is mingled with contempt for the ignorance of the donor.

Wants. The Abbot. Chap. XIX., p. 73.

Mortals, especially at the well-appetized age which precedes twenty years, are seldom so much engaged either by real or conjectural subjects of speculation, but that their earthly wants claim their hour of attention.

War. The Talisman. Chap. II., p. 740.

The distinction of religions, nay, the fanatical zeal which animated the followers of the Cross and of the Crescent against each other, was much softened by a feeling so natural to generous combatants, and especially cherished by the spirit of chivalry. This last strong impulse had extended itself gradually from the Christians to their mortal enemies, the Saracens, both of Spain and of Palestine. The latter were, indeed, no longer the fanatical savages who had burst from the centre of Arabian deserts, with the sabre in one hand and the Koran in the other, to inflict death or the faith of Mahommed, or at the best slavery, and tribute, upon all who dared to oppose the belief of the Prophet of Mecca. These alternatives, indeed, had been offered to the unwarlike Greeks and Syrians; but in contending with the Western Christians, animated by a zeal as fiery as their own, and possessed of

an unconquerable courage, address, and success in arms, the Saracens gradually caught a part of their manners, and especially of those chivalrous observances which were so well calculated to charm the minds of a proud and conquering people. They had their tournaments and games of chivalry; they had even their knights, or some rank analogous; and, above all, the Saracens observed their plighted faith with an accuracy which might sometimes put to shame those who owned a better religion. Their truces, whether national or betwixt individuals, were faithfully observed; and thus it was that war, in itself perhaps the greatest of evils, yet gave occasion for display of good faith, generosity, clemency, and even kindly affections, which less frequently occur in more tranquil periods, where the passions of men, experiencing wrongs, or entertaining quarrels which cannot be brought to instant decision, are apt to smoulder for a length of time in the bosoms of those who are so unhappy as to be their prey.

War. Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XXIX., p. 531.

The power of admiring and celebrating warlike merit is very different from possessing that quality.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XXXIII., p. 726.

In combat, as in food, the appetite increases with the exercise.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XXII., p. 106.

The miseries of war—more especially when waged by those most relentless of all agents, the mercenary soldiers of a barbarous age—men who, by habit and profession, had become familiarized with all that was cruel and bloody in the art of war, while they were devoid alike of patriotism, and of the romantic spirit of chivalry.

—— The Monastery. Chap. III., p. 692.

Those bloody and unsparing skirmishes which showed that a nation, though conquered, and overrun by invaders, may yet wage against them such a war of detail as shall in the end become fatal to the foreigners.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XXIX., p. 648.

In troublesome times men's vices are forgotten, provided they display activity, courage, and prudence, the virtues then most required.

War. Waverley. Chap. LX., p. 142.

The usual companions of war—a number of carrion-crows, hawks, and ravens.

—— Rob Roy. Appen., p. 691.

Sagacity, boldness, and prudence, qualities so highly necessary to success in war.

—— Talisman. Chap. VII., p. 764.

A considerable band of Scottish warriors had joined the Crusaders, and had naturally placed themselves under the command of the English monarch, being, like his native troops, most of them of Saxon and Norman descent, speaking the same languages, possessed, some of them, of English as well as Scottish demesnes, and allied, in some cases, by blood and intermarriage. The period also preceded that when the grasping ambition of Edward I. gave a deadly and envenomed character to the wars betwixt the two nations; the English fighting for the subjugation of Scotland, and the Scotch, with all the stern determination and obstinacy which has ever characterized their nation, for the defence of their independence, by the most violent means, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, and at the most extreme hazard. As yet, wars betwixt the two nations, though fierce and frequent, had been conducted on principles of fair hostility, and admitted of those softening shades by which courtesy, and the respect for open and generous foemen, qualify and mitigate the horrors of war. In time of peace, therefore, and especially when both, as at present, were engaged in war, waged in behalf of a common cause, and rendered dear to them by their ideas of religion, the adventurers of both countries frequently fought side by side, their national emulation serving only to stimulate them to excel each other in their efforts against the common enemy.

—— Woodstock. Chap. VI., p. 34.

In revolutions, stern and high principles are often obliged to give way to the current of existing circumstances; and in many a case, where wars have been waged for points of metaphysical right, they have been at last gladly terminated upon the mere hope of obtaining general tranquillity, as, after many a long siege, a garrison is often glad to submit on mere security for life and limb.

Washing-machines. Waverley. Chap. IX., p. 26.

> The scene, though pleasing, was not quite equal to the gardens of Alcina: yet wanted not the '*due donzellette garrule*' of that enchanted paradise, for upon the green . . . two barelegged damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, performed with their feet the office of a patent washing-machine. These did not, however, like the maidens of Armida, remain to greet with their harmony the approaching guest, but, alarmed at the appearance of a handsome stranger on the opposite side, dropped their garments (I should say garment, to be quite correct) over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and, with a shrill exclamation of 'Eh, sirs!' uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, sprung off like deer in different directions.

Watering-place. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. VII., p. 218.

> One of the chief delights of a watering-place is, that everyone's affairs seem to be put under the special surveillance of the whole company, so that, in all probability, the various flirtations, *liaisons*, and so forth, which naturally take place in the society, are not only the subject of amusement to the parties engaged, but also to the lookers-on; that is to say, generally speaking, to the whole community, of which for the time the said parties are members.

Watering-places. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. III., p. 202.

> In watering-places, as in other congregated assemblies of the human species, various kinds of government have been dictated, by chance, caprice, or convenience; but in almost all of them some sort of direction has been adopted, to prevent the consequences of anarchy. Sometimes the sole power has been vested in a master of ceremonies; but this, like other despotisms, has been of late unfashionable, and the powers of this great officer have been much limited. . . . Committees of management, chosen from among the most steady guests, have been in general resorted to as a more liberal mode of sway, and to such was confided the administration of the infant republic of Saint Ronan's Well. This little senate, it must be observed, had the more difficult task in discharging their high duties, that, like those of other republics, their subjects were divided into two jarring and contending factions, who every day ate, drank, danced, and made merry together, hating each other all the while

with all the animosity of political party, endeavouring by every art to secure the adherence of each guest who arrived, and ridiculing the absurdities and follies of each other with all the wit and bitterness of which they were masters.

Watering-places. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. VI., p. 212.

If you were ever at a watering-place, reader, you know that while the guests do not always pay the most polite attention to unmarked individuals, the appearance of a stray lion makes an interest as strong as it is reasonable, and the Amazonian chiefs of each coterie, like the hunters of Buenos Ayres, prepare their *lasso*, and manœuvre to the best advantage they can, each hoping to noose the unsuspicious monster, and lead him captive to her own menagerie.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Intro., pp. 187, 188.

The scene chosen for the Author's little drama of modern life was a mineral spring, such as are to be found in both divisions of Britain, and which are supplied with the usual materials for redeeming health, or driving away care. The invalid often finds relief from his complaints, less from the healing virtues of the Spa itself than because his system of ordinary life undergoes an entire change, in his being removed from his ledger and account-books—from his legal folios and progresses of title-deeds—from his counters and shelves—from whatever else forms the main source of his constant anxiety at home, destroys his appetite, mars the custom of his exercise, deranges the digestive powers, and clogs up the springs of life. Thither, too, comes the saunterer, anxious to get rid of that wearisome attendant *himself;* and thither come both males and females, who, upon a different principle, desire to make themselves double.

The society of such places is regulated, by their very nature, upon a scheme much more indulgent than that which rules the world of fashion, and the narrow circles of rank in the metropolis. The titles of rank, birth, and fortune are received at a watering-place without any very strict investigation, as adequate to the purpose for which they are preferred; and as the situation infers a certain degree of intimacy and sociability for the time, so, to whatever heights it may have been carried, it is not understood to imply any duration beyond the length of

the season. No intimacy can be supposed more close for the time, and more transitory in its endurance, than that which is attached to a watering-place acquaintance. The novelist, therefore, who fixes upon such a scene for his tale, endeavours to display a species of society where the strongest contrast of humorous characters and manners may be brought to bear on and illustrate each other, with less violation of probability than could be supposed to attend the same miscellaneous assemblage in any other situation.

In such scenes, too, are frequently mingled characters, not merely ridiculous, but dangerous and hateful. The unprincipled gamester, the heartless fortune-hunter, all those who eke out their means of subsistence by pandering to the vices and follies of the rich and gay—who drive, by their various arts, foibles into crimes, and imprudence into acts of ruinous madness, are to be found where their victims naturally resort, with the same certainty that eagles are gathered together at the place of slaughter. By this the Author takes a great advantage for the management of his story, particularly in its darker and more melancholy passages. The impostor, the gambler, all who live loose upon the skirts of society, or, like vermin, thrive by its corruptions, are to be found at such retreats, when they easily, and as a matter of course, mingle with these dupes, who might otherwise have escaped their snares. But besides those characters who are actually dangerous to society, a well-frequented watering-place generally exhibits for the amusement of the company, and the perplexity and amazement of the more inexperienced, a sprinkling of persons, called by the newspapers eccentric characters—individuals, namely, who, either from some real derangement of their understanding, or, much more frequently, from an excess of vanity, are ambitious of distinguishing themselves by some striking peculiarity in dress or address, conversation or manners, and perhaps in all. These affectations are usually adopted, like Drawcansir's* extravagances, to show *they dare*, and, I must needs say, those who profess them are more frequently to be found among the English than among the natives of either of the other two divisions of the united kingdoms. The reason probably is, that the consciousness

* Drawcansir was a name used in some of the controversial pamphlets connected with the 'Medical Wars' carried on in Edinburgh about the time this was written.

of wealth, and a sturdy feeling of independence, which generally pervade the English nation, are, in a few individuals, perverted into absurdity, or at least peculiarity. The witty Irishman, on the contrary, adapts his general behaviour to that of the best society, or that which he thinks such; nor is it any part of the shrewd Scot's national character unnecessarily to draw upon himself public attention. These rules, however, are not without their exceptions; for we find men of every country playing the eccentric at these independent resorts of the gay and the wealthy, where every one enjoys the licence of doing what is good in his own eyes.

It scarce needed these obvious remarks to justify a novelist's choice of a watering-place as the scene of a fictitious narrative. Unquestionably it affords every variety of character, mixed together in a manner which cannot, without a breach of probability, be supposed to exist elsewhere; neither can it be denied that in the concourse which such miscellaneous collections of persons afford events extremely different from those of the quiet routine of ordinary life may, and often do, take place.

It is not, however, sufficient that a mine be in itself rich and easily accessible; it is necessary that the engineer who explores it should himself, in mining phrase, have an accurate knowledge of the *country*, and possess the skill necessary to work it to advantage. In this respect, the Author of 'Saint Ronan's Well' could not be termed fortunate. His habits of life had not led him much, of late years at least, into its general or bustling scenes, nor had he mingled often in the society which enables the observer to 'shoot folly as it flies.' The consequence perhaps was, that the characters wanted that force and precision which can only be given by a writer who is familiarly acquainted with his subject. The Author, however, had the satisfaction to chronicle his testimony against the practice of gambling, a vice which the devil has contrived to render all his own, since it is deprived of whatever pleads an apology for other vices, and is founded entirely on the cold-blooded calculation of the most exclusive selfishness.

Watt, Mr. The Monastery. Appen., p. 838.

Amidst this company stood Mr. Watt, the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources to a degree perhaps even beyond his own

stupendous powers of calculation and combination; bringing the treasures of the abyss to the summit of the earth —giving the feeble arm of man the momentum of an Afrite—commanding manufactures to arise, as the rod of the prophet produced water in the desert—affording the means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man, and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician, whose cloudy machinery has produced a change on the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only now beginning to be felt—was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers as adapted to practical purposes,—was not only one of the most generally well-informed,—but one of the best and kindest of human beings.

There he stood, surrounded by the little band . . . of Northern literati, men not less tenacious, generally speaking, of their own fame and their own opinions than the national regiments are supposed to be jealous of the high character which they have won upon service. Methinks I yet see and hear what I shall never see or hear again. In his eighty-fifth year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man had his attention alive to every one's question, his information at every one's command.

His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist,—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another, a celebrated critic,—you would have said the old man had studied political economy and *belles-lettres* all his life,—of science it is unnecessary to speak, it was his own distinguished walk.

Waverley's Character. Life of Scott. Vol. IV., pp. 175, 176.

The hero is a sneaking piece of imbecility; and if he had married Flora, she would have set him up upon the chimney-piece, as Count Borowlaski's wife used to do with him.

Weakness. The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. III., p. 555.

The predominant weakness of his country, an overweening sense of the pride of birth, and a disposition to value the worth and consequence of others according to the number and the fame of their deceased ancestors.

Wealth. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. I., p. 191.

Although few, if any, of the countries of Europe have increased so rapidly in wealth and cultivation as Scotland during the last half-century, Sultan Mahmoud's owls might nevertheless have found in Caledonia, at any term within that flourishing period, their dowry of ruined villages. Accident or local advantages have, in many instances, transferred the inhabitants of ancient hamlets from the situations which their predecessors chose, with more respect to security than convenience, to those in which their increasing industry and commerce could more easily expand itself; and hence places which stand distinguished in Scottish history, and which figure in David M'Pherson's excellent historical map, can now only be discerned from the wild moor by the verdure which clothes their site, or, at best, by a few scattered ruins, resembling pinfolds, which mark the spot of their former existence.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IV., pp. 292, 293.

Wealth is no doubt *strength* in a country, while all is quiet and governed by law, but on any altercation or internal commotion, it ceases to be strength, and is only the means of tempting the strong to plunder the possessors.

—— The Black Dwarf. Intro., p. 90.

Wealth is power.

Wellington. Life of Scott. Vol. III., p. 313.

I rejoice with the heart of a Scotsman in the success of Lord Wellington, and with all the pride of a Seer to boot. I have been for three years proclaiming him as the only man we had to trust to—a man of talent and genius —not deterred by obstacles, not fettered by prejudices, not immured within the pedantries of his profession—but playing the general and the hero, when most of our military commanders would have exhibited the drill-sergeant, or at best the adjutant.

Welsh Bravery. The Betrothed. Chap. IX., p. 575.

Not even under circumstances so adverse did the descendants of the ancient Britons renounce their defence, or forfeit their old hereditary privilege to be called the bravest of mankind.

Welsh Genius. The Betrothed. Chap. V., p. 562.

The Welshman, with the acute genius of his country. . . .

Welsh Language. Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 288.

It is the language spoken by the Britons before the invasion of the Anglo-Saxons, who brought in the principal ingredients of our present language, called from thence English It was afterwards, however, much mingled with Norman French, the language of William the Conqueror and his followers; so if you can pick up a little of the Cambro-British speech, it will qualify you to be a good philologist, should your genius turn towards languages.

Welsh Patrols. The Betrothed. Chap. IX., p. 575.

The British, so alert at surprising their enemies, were themselves on many occasions liable to surprise. Their men were undisciplined, and sometimes negligent of the patient duties of the sentinel; and, besides, their foragers and flying parties, who scoured the country during the preceding day, had brought back tidings which had lulled them into fatal security. Their camp had been, therefore, carelessly guarded, and, confident in the smallness of the garrison, they had altogether neglected the important military duty of establishing patrols and outposts at a proper distance from their main body.

Widower. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 338.

A disconsolate widower, that most affected of all characters.

Wisdom and Age. The Abbot. Chap. XII., p. 41.

Nay, hear me, brother—I am elder, wiser,
And holier than thou—And age, and wisdom,
And holiness, have peremptory claims,
And will be listen'd to.

Old Play.

Wisdom, Worldly. Quentin Durward. Chap. XXV., p. 120.

No human quality is so well wove
In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it:
I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,
A wise man so demean him, drivelling idiocy
Had well-nigh been ashamed on't. For your crafty,
Your worldly-wise man, he above the rest,
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often caught in them.

Old Play.

Wit. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 230.

A wit should always have an atmosphere congenial to him, otherwise he will not shine.

Wolf. The Fair Maid of Perth. Chap. VIII., p. 236.

He stood at gaze, at some distance, like the wolf, which, though it retreats before the dogs, cannot be brought to absolute flight.

Women. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 311.

That most disagreeable of all things, a vain, cold, empty, beautiful woman, who has neither mind nor heart, but only features like a doll.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXIII., pp. 287, 288.

A woman must be much borne down indeed by pain and suffering when she loses all respect for her external appearance. The madwoman in Bedlam wears her garland of straw with a certain air of pretension; and we have seen a widow whom we knew to be most sincerely affected by a recent deprivation, whose weeds, nevertheless, were arranged with a dolorous degree of grace which amounted almost to coquetry.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. VIII., p. 181.

Sympathy and admiration, the feelings, perhaps, through which the female sex (the more deserving part of them, at least) is more easily attached.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. IX., p. 186.

Approaching to what is called in females the middle age, which is impolitely held to begin a few years earlier with their more fragile sex than with men.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. IX., p. 188.

In the higher classes, a damsel, however giddy, is still under the dominion of etiquette, and subject to the surveillance of mammas and chaperons; but the country girl, who snatches her moments of gaiety during the intervals of labour, is under no such guardianship or restraint, and her amusement becomes so much the more hazardous.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. IV., p. 540.

Those tender attentions which infancy exacts from female affection.

Women. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. VII., p. 219.

The fair hostess bestowed . . . one of those tender caresses which ladies—God bless them !—sometimes bestow on each other with unnecessary prodigality, to the great discontent and envy of the male spectators.

—— The Pirate. Chap. I., p. 364.

Women are always particularly desirous of investigating mystery, and of alleviating melancholy, especially when these circumstances are united in a handsome man about the prime of life.

—— The Pirate. Chap. I., p. 365.

The sex, to which, in our distresses, whether of mind or body, we generally apply for pity and comfort.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 357.

They say a man's fortune depends on a wife's pleasure. I do not know how that may be; but I believe a lady's comfort depends much on her *fille-de-chambre*.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XXI., p. 85.

That species of disguised yet cutting sarcasm with which women can successfully avenge themselves for real and substantial injuries.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. VIII., p. 183.

A woman who is bent upon a point is not easily pushed aside from it.

—— Old Mortality. Chap. IX., p. 747.

The last apology to which her sex trust, and usually not in vain; she pressed her handkerchief to her face, sobbed with great vehemence, and either wept, or managed . . . to go through the motions wonderfully well.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. XXVI., p. 703.

Women almost instinctively deny their first thoughts in favour of a suitor, and seldom willingly reveal them, unless time and circumstance concur to favour them.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. VIII., p. 184.

Her sex are said to admire men of courage, on account of their own deficiency in that qualification.

Women. St. Ronan's Well. Chap. XXXIV., p. 332.

Women's wits are said to be quick in spying the surest means of avenging a real or supposed slight.

—— Woodstock. Chap. XVIII., p. 89.

Denaturalized women had as usual followed the camps of both armies during the Civil War; who, on the one side with open profligacy and profanity, on the other with the fraudful tone of fanaticism or hypocrisy, exercised nearly in like degree their talents for murder or plunder.

—— The Pirate. Chap. IV., p. 375.

Mrs. Yellowley had a remarkable dream, as is the usual practice of teeming mothers previous to the birth of an illustrious offspring.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. III., p. 603.

Now the Emperor Alexius Comnenus had the same feeling with many an honest man in ordinary life when his wife begins a long oration, especially as the Empress Irene did not always retain the observance consistent with his awful rule and right supremacy, although especially severe in exacting it from all others, in reference to her lord. Therefore, though he had felt some pleasure in gaining a short release from the monotonous recitation of the princess's history, he now saw the necessity of resuming it, or of listening to the matrimonial eloquence of the empress.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. X., p. 637.

It was no difficult matter—in fact it happens every day—for the beautiful woman to lull the wise man into what is not inaptly called a fool's paradise.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. IV., p. 604.

The natural desire to please, which is easily created in the mind towards a fine person of the other sex.

—— Count Robert of Paris. Chap. III., p. 602.

'Our daughter speaks wisely!' said the Empress Irene, who, like most mothers who do not possess much talent themselves, and are not very capable of estimating it in others, was nevertheless a great admirer of her favourite daughter's accomplishments, and ready to draw them out on all occasions.

Women. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XI., p. 784.

No rules, not those of a nunnery or of a quaker's society, can prevent a little coquetry in that particular, where a woman is desirous of being supposed to retain some claim to personal attention.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. X., p. 778.

The good lady, in consideration, perhaps, of extensive latitude allowed to her in the more important concerns of the family, made a point of never interfering with her husband's whims and prejudices: and it is a compromise which we would heartily recommend to all managing matrons of our acquaintance; for it is surprising how much real power will be cheerfully resigned to the fair sex, for the pleasure of being allowed to ride one's hobby in peace and quiet.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. V., p. 754.

A woman's brain is sometimes as inconstant as a popular assembly.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. IV., p. 753.

There . . . remained, and especially amongst the old Cavaliers of the period, some glimmering of that spirit which inspired Froissart, when he declares that a knight hath double courage at need, when animated by the looks and words of a beautiful and virtuous woman. It was not until the reign which was commencing at the moment we are treating of, that the unbounded licence of the age, introducing a general course of profligacy, degraded the female sex into mere servants of pleasure, and, in so doing, deprived society of that noble tone of feeling towards the sex, which, considered as a spur to 'raise the clear spirit,' is superior to every other impulse, save those of religion and of patriotism.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XII., p. 788.

That exquisite delicacy which is imprinted in the female heart, to give warning of the slightest approach to impropriety.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XV., p. 600.

The regard of women is generally much influenced by the estimation which an individual maintains in the opinion of men.

Women. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXI., p. 875.

Felt . . . an instinctive apprehension that all was not right —a feeling in the human mind, allied, perhaps, to that sense of danger which animals exhibit when placed in the vicinity of the natural enemies of their race, and which makes birds cower when the hawk is in the air, and beasts tremble when the tiger is abroad in the desert.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXI., p. 875.

An experienced lady . . . one of those obliging creatures who are willing to discharge all the duties of a wife without the inconvenient and indissoluble ceremony.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XV., p. 802.

A mother is easily appeased, even when most offended.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. I., p. 742.

Lady Peveril, with the ready invention of a female sharpened by the sight of distress and the feelings of sympathy, tried on the sufferer one of those experiments by which grief is often awakened from despondency into tears. She placed in Bridgenorth's arms the infant whose birth had cost him so dear, and conjured him to remember that his Alice was not yet dead, since she survived in the helpless child she had left to his paternal care.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. II., p. 745.

She pitied him, she felt for him, she was grateful for former protection received at his hands—she had become interested in the child itself. What female fails to feel such interest in the helpless creature she has tended?

—— Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. V., p. 688.

Old women wear a hundred times better than the hard-wrought seniors of the masculine sex.

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XIII., p. 603.

In all civilized society the females of distinguished rank and beauty give the tone to manners, and, through these, even to morals.

—— The Betrothed. Chap. XXIV., p. 632.

Prudence, foresight, and tenderness, . . . and the softness of the female sex, with their officious humanity, ever ready to assist in alleviating human misery.

Women. The Betrothed. Chap. XVII., p. 604.

Like a good housewife, who, to keep her hand in use, will sometimes even condescend to dress a dish for her husband's sole eating.

—— St. Ronan's Well. Chap. VII., p. 216.

'This Mr. Tyrrel,' she said, in a tone of authoritative decision, 'seems after all a very ordinary sort of person—quite a commonplace man, who, she dared say, had considered his condition in going to the old ale-house much better than they had done for him, when they asked him to the Public Rooms. He had known his own place better than they did — there was nothing uncommon in his appearance or conversation—nothing at all *frappant*—she scarce believed he could even draw that sketch. Mr. Winterblossom, indeed, made a great deal of it; but then all the world knew that every scrap of engraving or drawing which Mr. Winterblossom contrived to make his own was, the instant it came into his collection, the finest thing that ever was seen—that was the way with collectors—their geese were all swans.'

'And your ladyship's swan has proved but a goose? my dearest Lady Pen,' said Lady Binks.

'*My* swan, dearest Lady Binks! I really do not know how I have deserved the appropriation.'

'Do not be angry, my dear Lady Penelope; I only mean that for a fortnight and more you have spoken constantly *of* this Mr. Tyrrel, and all dinner-time you spoke *to* him.'

The fair company began to collect around at hearing the word *dear* so often repeated in the same brief dialogue, which induced them to expect sport, and, like the vulgar on a similar occasion, to form a ring for the expected combatants.

—— The Surgeon's Daughter. Pref., p. 741.

A melancholy sweetness in the countenance that seemed to speak of woes endured, and injuries sustained, with that resignation which women can and do sometimes display under the insults and ingratitude of those on whom they have bestowed their affections.

—— The Abbot. Chap. I., p. 7.

The word 'Mother,' that epithet, of all others, which is dearest to the female ear.

Women. Anne of Geierstein. Chap. XXIV., p. 505.

Youth and good looks, . . . circumstances which seldom or never fail to produce some effect where the fair are concerned.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XIII., p. 575.

There was a sad and melancholy cadence in her voice, corresponding with the strange and interesting romance of her situation. So young, so beautiful, so untaught, so much abandoned to herself, and deprived of all the support which her sex derives from the countenance and protection of female friends, and even of that degree of defence which arises from the forms with which the sex are approached in civilized life,—it is scarce metaphorical to say, that my heart bled for her. Yet there was an expression of dignity in her contempt of ceremony—of upright feeling in her disdain of falsehood—of firm resolution in the manner in which she contemplated the dangers by which she was surrounded, which blended my pity with the warmest admiration. She seemed a princess deserted by her subjects, and deprived of her power, yet still scorning those formal regulations of society which are created for persons of an inferior rank; and, amid her difficulties, relying boldly and confidently on the justice of Heaven, and the unshaken constancy of her own mind.

—— Kenilworth. Chap. XIV., p. 238.

Person, features, and address, weapons so formidable in the court of a female sovereign.

—— The Abbot. Chap. I., p. 7.

'Why are none of these prattlers mine?' she continued, pursuing the tenor of her melancholy reflections. 'Their parents can scarce find them the coarsest food; and I, who could nurse them in plenty, I am doomed never to hear a child call me mother!'

The thought sunk on her heart with a bitterness which resembled envy, so deeply is the desire of offspring implanted in the female breast.

—— Anne of Geierstein. Chap. IX., p. 427.

It is dangerous for youth to behold beauty in the pomp of all her charms, with every look bent upon conquest—more dangerous to see her in the hour of unaffected and

unapprehensive ease and simplicity, yielding herself to the graceful whim of the moment, and as willing to be pleased as desirous of pleasing. There are minds which may be still more affected by gazing on beauty in sorrow, and feeling that pity, that desire of comforting the lovely mourner, which the poet has described as so nearly akin to love. But to a spirit of that romantic and adventurous cast which the Middle Ages frequently produced, the sight of a young and amiable person evidently in a state of terror and suffering, which had no visible cause, was perhaps still more impressive than beauty, in her pride, her tenderness, or her sorrow. Such sentiments, it must be remembered, were not confined to the highest ranks only, but might then be found in all classes of society which were raised above the mere peasant or artisan.

Women. The Monastery. Chap. XXIX., p. 789.

Listened, . . . and admired upon trust, as many a wise man has been contented to treat the conversation of a handsome but silly mistress.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XXXVI., p. 170.

Female wit seldom fails in the contrivance of means.

—— Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXIX., p. 910.

The fanciful and singular female . . . had one of those faces which are never seen without making an impression; which, when removed, are long after remembered; and for which, in our idleness, we are tempted to invent a hundred histories, that we may please our fancy by supposing the features under the influence of different kinds of emotion. Every one must have in recollection countenances of this kind, which, from a captivating and stimulating originality of expression, abide longer in the memory, and are more seductive to the imagination, than even regular beauty.

—— The Pirate. Chap. XXIV., p. 462.

It is an admirable quality in womankind, that, when a breach of the laws of natural affection comes under their observation, the whole sex is in arms. Let a rumour arise in a street of a parent that has misused a child, or a child that has insulted a parent,—I say nothing of the case of husband and wife, where the interest may be

accounted for in sympathy,—and all the women within hearing will take animated and decided part with the sufferer.

Women. Kenilworth. Chap. XV., p. 240.

There is no period at which men look worse in the eyes of each other, or feel more uncomfortable, than when the first dawn of daylight finds them watchers. Even a beauty of the first order, after the vigils of a ball are interrupted by the dawn, would do wisely to withdraw herself from the gaze of her fondest and most partial admirers.

—— Kenilworth. Chap. XXXIV., p. 321.

Saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger, . . . instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and . . . exclaimed, 'He is guiltless, . . . he is guiltless!'

—— The Fortunes of Nigel. Chap. XXII., p. 643.

Martha paid as little attention to the old man's injunctions as a predominant dame gives to those of a henpecked husband.

—— The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. IV., p. 388.

Softened with the grace which women so well know how to throw into their manner, when they mean to mediate betwixt the headlong passions of the ruder sex.

—— The Pirate. Chap. XIII., p. 416.

Perhaps, if our fair readers will take the trouble to consult their own bosoms, they will be disposed to allow that the distinguished good taste exhibited by any individual, who, when his attentions would be agreeable to a whole circle of rivals, selects *one* as their individual object, entitles him, on the footing of reciprocity, if on no other, to a large share of that individual's favourable, and even partial esteem. At any rate, if the character shall, after all, be deemed inconsistent and unnatural, it concerns not us, who record the facts as we find them, and pretend no privilege for bringing closer to nature those incidents which may seem to diverge from it; or for reducing to consistence that most inconsistent of all created things,—the heart of a beautiful and admired female.

Women. The Monastery. Chap. XI., p. 720.

That which a mother best loves to hear,—the proficiency and abilities of her son.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XXVIII., p. 785.

Where the will of woman is strongly bent on the accomplishment of . . . a purpose, her wit is seldom baffled by difficulties, however embarrassing.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XXVIII., p. 784.

Woman is naturally compassionate, and not less willingly so when youth and fair features are on the side of him who claims her sympathy.

—— The Pirate. Chap. XVI., p. 428.

A fair face looks yet fairer under the light of the moon, and a sweet voice sounds yet sweeter among the whispering sounds of a summer night.

—— Guy Mannering. Chap. LV., p. 345.

The women, ever delighted with the marvellous, and not less so when a handsome young man is the subject of the tale.

—— The Monastery. Chap. III., p. 694.

What will not a woman endure when her child is in danger?

—— The Monastery. Chap. XXXVIII., p. 785.

Love and generous compassion, which give singly such powerful impulse to the female heart.

—— The Monastery. Chap. II., p. 692.

Supposing her boys as precious in the eyes of the Englishman as in her own (the most ordinary of parental errors).

—— The Monastery. Chap. II., p. 691.

The mother, with many a *fie* and *nay pshaw*, and such sarsenet chidings as tender mothers give to spoiled children.

—— The Monastery. Chap. XXX., p. 793.

There is no time when a woman does so little justice to the character of a surviving lover, as when comparing him with the preferred rival of whom she has been recently deprived.

Women. The Talisman. Chap. XVII., p. 802.

What woman knows not?—her own road to victory.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XVIII., p. 90.

Speech, which was made in the tone in which a modern beauty, whose charms are rather on the wane, may be heard to condemn the rudeness of the present age.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XXI., p. 88.

'We fear we have detained you, my Lord of Lindesay,' said the queen, while she curtseyed with dignity in answer to his reluctant obeisance; 'but a female does not willingly receive her visitors without some minutes spent at the toilette. Men, my lord, are less dependent on such ceremonies.'

—— Waverley. Chap. XXII., p. 59.

Flora, like every beautiful woman, was conscious of her own power.

—— Redgauntlet. Letter VII., p. 392.

Next to discussing the affairs of the heart, the fair sex are most interested in those of their neighbours.

—— The Talisman. Chap. IV., p. 757.

When was the pride of woman too lofty to overlook the passionate devotion of a lover, however inferior in degree?

—— The Monastery. Chap. VIII., p. 708.

A woman of the good dame's condition was like a top, which, if you let it spin on untouched, must at last come to a pause; but if you interrupt it by flogging, there is no end to its gyrations.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VI., p. 298.

Young women are apt to injure their health by thinking themselves well too soon.

—— The Pirate. Chap. XIII., p. 415.

Much natural shrewdness—some appropriate humour—an undoubting confidence in himself—and that enterprising hardihood of disposition, which, without any other recommendable quality, very often leads to success with the fair sex.

Women. The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XXXVI., p. 295.

A voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman.

—— The Abbot. Chap. VIII., p. 32.

That affectionate and sedulous love which women bear to their nurslings, and the children dependent on their care.

—— The Abbot. Chap. XVII., p. 64.

Women's wits are proverbially quick.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 254.

What there is in our partiality to female beauty that commands a species of temperate homage from the aged, as well as ecstatic admiration from the young, I cannot conceive; but it is certain that a very large portion of some other amiable quality is too little to counterbalance the absolute want of this advantage. I, to whom beauty is, and shall henceforward be, a picture, still look upon it with the quiet devotion of an old worshipper, who no longer offers incense on the shrine, but peaceably presents his inch of taper, taking special care in doing so not to burn his own fingers. Nothing in life can be more ludicrous or contemptible than an old man aping the passions of his youth.

—— Life of Scott, Vol. VIII., p. 406.

Women, it is said, go mad much seldomer than men. I fancy, if this be true, it is in some degree owing to the little manual works in which they are constantly employed, which regulate in some degree the current of ideas, as the pendulum regulates the motion of the time-piece. I do not know if this is sense or nonsense; but I am sensible that if I were in solitary confinement, without either the power of taking exercise or employing myself in study, six months would make me a madman or an idiot.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. IV., pp. 69, 70.

Ladies are, I think, very fortunate in having a resource in work at a time when the mind rejects intellectual amusement. Men have no resource but striding up and down the room, like a bird that beats itself to pieces against the bars of its cage; whereas neeedlework is a

sort of sedative, too mechanical to worry the mind by distracting it from the points on which its musings turn, yet gradually assisting it in regaining steadiness and composure; for so curiously are our bodies and minds linked together, that the regular and constant employment of the former on any process, however dull and uniform, has the effect of tranquillizing, where it cannot disarm, the feelings of the other.

Women. Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 388.

If to have good sense and good humour, mixed with a strong power of observing, and an equally strong one of expressing—if of this the result must be *blue*, she shall be as blue as they will. Such cant is the refuge of fools who fear those who can turn them into ridicule; it is a common trick to revenge supposed raillery with good substantial calumny.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VIII., p. 313.

I do believe your destitute widow, especially if she hath a charge of children, and one or two fit for patronage, is one of the most impudent animals living.

—— Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 364.

A lady's society, especially when entering on life, should be, as they are said to choose their liquor, little but good.

Women: Imagination. Waverley. Chap. V., p. 17.

Even the most simple and unsuspicious of the female sex have (God bless them!) an instinctive sharpness of perception in such matters, which sometimes goes the length of observing partialities that never existed, but rarely misses to detect such as pass actually under their observation.

Women: Stuart Reign. Peveril of the Peak. Chap. XXXI., p. 875.

It was one, and not perhaps the least prejudicial consequence of the licence of that ill-governed time, that the bounds betwixt virtue and vice were so far smoothed down and levelled, that the frail wife, or the tender friend who was no wife, did not necessarily lose their place in society; but, on the contrary, if they moved in the higher circles, were permitted and encouraged to mingle with women whose rank was certain, and whose reputation was untainted.

World. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 71.

What is this world?—a dream within a dream: as we grow older, each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. The grave the last sleep? No; it is the last and final awakening.

—— The Highland Widow. Chap. II., p. 704.

The young see the present state of this changeful world more keenly than the old.

—— The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. XLVIII., p. 333.

This valley of strife and toil.

—— Waverley. Chap. XIII., p. 35.

This admirable compound of folly and knavery, called the world.

Worship. Quentin Durward. Chap. XVII., p. 88.

The distant sound of the choir, the solemnity of the deep and dead hour which he had chosen for this act of devotion, the effect of the glimmering lamp with which the little Gothic building was illuminated—all contributed to throw Quentin's mind into the state when it most readily acknowledges its human frailty, and seeks that supernatural aid and protection, which, in every worship, must be connected with repentance for past sins, and resolutions of future amendment.

York Minster. Ivanhoe. Chap. XLIV., p. 670.

The most august of temples, the noble minster of York.

Youth. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., pp. 14, 15.

More youths of high expectation have bolted from the course, merely because well-meaning friends had taken too much care to *rope it in*, than from any other reason whatever. There is in youth a feeling of independence, a desire, in short, of being their own master, and enjoying their own free agency, which is not always attended to by guardians and parents, and hence the best-laid schemes fail in execution from being a little too prominently brought forward.

Youth. Quentin Durward. Chap. XIII., p. 69.
Youth seldom thinks of dangers.

—— Quentin Durward. Chap. XVIII., p. 89.
Nothing gives such life and soul to youthful gaiety as the consciousness that it is successfully received.

—— Kenilworth. Intro., p. 178.
There is a period in youth when the mere power of numbers has a more strong effect on ear and imagination than in more advanced life.

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